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The Brown Book

A HISTORY OF CHARLES WILLIAM BROWN, MARTHA LETITIA ORGILL, THEIR CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN

by

Alyn Brown Andrus

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General

This history in its present form would not have been possible without help from historical societies, the LDS Church, a funeral home, siblings, and cousins. Specifically, historical societies include the Illinois State Historical Society; the Utah State Historical Society; the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers; and the Upper Snake River Valley Historical Society. Information both important and interesting was found in the Historical Department of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Also, needed information was obtained from the Bert Flamm Funeral Home in St. Anthony, Idaho. Siblings and cousins contributed life stories comprising Chapters 6, 7, and 8 in the history. Without their contributions, information in these chapters would have been a pallid and skimpy duplication of what is there. Getting some of the stories was like "pulling teeth," but at least some expressed that the exercise in writing a summary of their personal lives was beneficial, and they extended thanks for the motivation to write.

Finally, my sister Geniece and her husband David Smith, along with Gloria my wife, listened to every word in every chapter of the manuscript as I read to them. They evaluated what they heard, authenticated its historical accuracy — according to memory — and suggested a change now and then. I enjoyed these readings. I hope they did too. But their patient listening, recollections, recommendations, and encouragement certainly contributed to an improved endeavor.

Gloria

Beyond all doubt, the most helpful person during the writing of this history was my wife, Gloria. Without her, I would have labored much longer than I did. My eyes would have grown dim and my brain numb from over-use while searching legal records

which I thought were not only necessary, but vital. While I recovered from spinal surgery during February 2004, Gloria spent hours in the Fremont County Courthouse, and Brigham Young University-Idaho Library, searching and copying records. Then she spent additional hours transferring information from these records into chart form so it could become a meaningful part of this history's appendix. She read the manuscript and suggested minor changes here and there. She helped me key into the computer life-stories received from siblings and cousins — these stories numbered over 150 pages of material. And she transcribed several oral interviews. Without her assistance, I would have labored at the keyboard of my laptop far beyond the November deadline for completion of the manuscript. Besides I would have suffered from overworked fingers, carpel-tunnel, an aching back, and stiff neck.

Gloria also prepared the manuscript for publication, which is no easy task. To do so requires considerable expertise in WordPerfect software. Without her help, the book would not have appeared as professional.

But more important than all this is how many hours Gloria spent alone (when she probably desired companionship) while I labored in the computer room on this history — the number of hours would be difficult to compute. Yet, she never complained. And when money was needed for research and writing, she never complained about that either. Not once has she indicated displeasure in my undertaking this task, though it will take a full year to complete. She has given me her full devotion and support. We have laughed together during happy moments. We have cried together during melancholy moments in the lives of the Brown Family. Together, we have placed lilacs on the grave of little Joy Bowen, buried in the Ririe Cemetery, whose story will be told in subsequent pages.

I thank Gloria. I love her more than words can tell. Furthermore, I think Charles William Brown and Martha Letitia Orgill love her, too. That gives me great satisfaction.

Alyn Brown Andrus
February 10, 2005

INTRODUCTION

My name is Alyn Brown Andrus. I am the oldest grandchild of Charles William Brown and Martha Letitia Orgill, known henceforth as C.W. and Tish. For several years, the desire to write a history of these ancestors and their descendants has burned like a fire in my brain. Except for a few skimpy paragraphs in 2 books — Ebenezer Brown and His Descendants and Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984 — plus 4 brief funeral life-stories, no personal history of these good people was extant. To have ignored such a situation and neglected writing a family history would have constituted, in my view, a personal crime against the Brown Family — a crime that would have cried for justice in God's Court of Judgment. No family, especially one marked by college graduates who, presumably, are capable of writing their language should go unnoticed in the annals of history. Incredulously, C.W., himself a college graduate, left no record of his life, except in the memory of descendants. And I have failed to fathom the reason or reasons for his silence — after 8 months of research and writing, I do not understand why C.W. failed to write even a cursory history of his life. Perhaps he was too busy to be bothered. Perhaps he thought no one would be interested in what he might write. Whatever the reason or reasons may have been, I refuse to let him and Tish pass into literary oblivion.

No one should launch into eternity without leaving for posterity to ponder a record of his or her achievements, failures, frustrations, and joys. To do so is to descend almost to the level of beasts. An Elizabethan scholar, Sir William Dugdale, wrote: "Man without remembrance of things past falls into a beastlye sottishnesse and his life is noe better to be accounted than to be buried alive." For centuries beasts have come and gone, leaving no record of the time in which they lived and the lives they lived in it. How easy that is for man to do, and how regrettable. Like

beasts, how many Earth-dwellers with interesting, even fascinating tales to tell, have died without leaving even one shred of evidence that they experienced anything worth knowing. They have passed on for centuries and have been remembered only vaguely by a few living souls for a fleeting period of time. They are unknown and unknowable.

In today's history books, for the most part, only the royal and aristocratic classes in any society are remembered because they are the ones who have been written about — not the miserable subjects over whom they presided. And why were they written about? Because they were the ones who chronicled their lives — they were the ones who kept records.

Today, in this enlightened age blessed with computers and computer software which make writing easy and personal publication possible for almost anyone, I have, nevertheless, encountered the question from associates, friends, and loved ones — even educated family members — "Why should I write my history? Who will read it?" My answer to such questions usually has been, "Write it for yourself, if for no one else." Written family and personal histories enhance and enlarge memories of lives lived. Six-hundred pages of family or personal history may cover a lifetime of 85 years. To concentrate the experiences of a lifetime into that limited number of pages tends to give a picture of the whole, not just its parts. We are able to see the family, or ourselves, as though we were outside the limitations of body and mind. Moreover, these histories help identify attitudes, habits, patterns, and personal values that have helped shape the lives we have lived. They bring to remembrance relationships that may have contributed profoundly and significantly to the better parts of our nature. And they may enable us to perceive life-patterns involving Divine assistance, direction, and protection. In short, family and personal histories help us understand ourselves better, much better, than otherwise. In addition, surely somewhere down our personal time-lines, someone will read our histories, enjoy them, and benefit by them. That is my sincere belief.

So given the absence of a history worthy of C.W., Tish, their children, and grandchildren, when circumstances permitted, I undertook the writing of their history. Records were researched. Information was assembled. And writing put into readable form

the life stories of these relatives. That process commenced in earnest during December 2003. It has proceeded in earnest since then till now (July 2004), and will continue until November (2004) when the manuscript will be submitted to the printer for publication.

An important and sizable part of chapters in the history consists of oral interviews conducted with various people at different times. Each interview in its entirety may be found in the appendix.

Also in the appendix may be found maps of Parker and eastern Idaho; a chart portraying legal transactions involving C.W.; selected items from a small black box obtained from Wilma Quayle (this box contained various time-worn treasures belonging to C.W., some of which were vital in the writing of the history); patriarchal blessings given to Ebenezer and Ann Brown (C.W.'s grandparents); and finally, family group sheets which contain vital data relating to families comprising the bigger Brown Family. The appendix is a significant part of the history.

Appropriate pictures follow each chapter in the history. These, for family members, should prove interesting. They certainly enhance the written material.

The history begins long before C.W. and Tish were born. It tells the story of their grandparents and families, their parents and families. It discusses their early lives in as much detail as possible. It brings them from marriage in Utah to the Upper Snake River Valley in Idaho. It describes C.W.'s involvement in farming and sheep-raising, including achievements and failures. It identifies their children and chronicles their lives. It also identifies grandchildren and embodies a brief autobiography of each. Chapter 1 delineates the geology and history of Egin Bench, the Upper Snake River Valley, Teton Valley, communities in eastern Idaho, and the Oregon Country of which Idaho is a part. Chapters 2, 3, and 4 compose the corpus of the history. Chapter 5 embodies biographies of the Brown children. Chapters 6, 7, and 8 present personal biographies of the Brown grandchildren. And Chapter 9 constitutes the conclusion.

An attempt is made throughout the history to describe what is going on in Utah, Idaho, and the nation at given times. In other words, the Brown Family history is set within the broader

history of Parker, Idaho and that, in turn, is described with reference to state and national history. Every attempt — within my limited powers of perception, understanding, and written expression — has been undertaken to make the history accurate and meaningful. Nothing has been assumed or made-up. What is expressed is that which can be documented. What could not be documented is either discussed in those terms or not discussed at all.

Finally, I have enjoyed collecting material, researching, and writing this history. My endeavor has been like spending a winter, spring, and summer with the Brown Family in Parker — an educational and interesting experience to say the least — a respite with loved ones, some of whom have passed on, but now live again through the medium of their history. I loved C.W., Tish, children, and grandchildren before this endeavor commenced, but I appreciate and love them even more now. To reconstruct the story of their past has been no sacrifice, but an honor and privilege.

Alyn Brown Andrus
February 10, 2005

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS iii

INTRODUCTION v

CHAPTER 1 EGIN BENCH: GEOLOGY AND EARLY HISTORY 1

* Geological development 1
* Agricultural potential 4
* Aborigines 4
* Trappers 6
  * John Colter
  * Andrew Henry
  * Fort Henry
  * John Jacob Astor, the Pacific Fur Company, and Wilson Price Hunt
  * Teton Valley, and fur trading/ trapping activities
  * Richard "Beaver Dick" Leigh
* Settlers 15
  * The first settlers of Egin Bench, and irrigation problems
  * The settlement of Parker
  * Organization of Egin Branch and Parker Ward
* Parker and its development 21
  * Parker's business district
  * Egin/Parker postal service
  * The Parker church house
  * The Parker school house

Page

* Coming of the Browns, and concluding considerations

Pictures 30

CHAPTER 2 CHARLES WILLIAM BROWN AND MARTHA LETITIA ORGILL 35

* Charles William Brown 35
  * Ancestry
  * Birth
  * Early years
  * University of Utah
* Martha Letitia Orgill 51
  * Ancestry
  * Birth and early years
* Marriage and after 55
  * Marriage
  * Moving to Parker

Pictures 63

CHAPTER 3 LIFE IN PARKER 71

* The sheep ranch 71
  * Location
  * Living in a sheep camp
  * Birth of Melba Phyllis
* Moving into the village 74
  * Location and description of the village house and lot
  * Birth and death of Charles Milton
  * Birth of Therel
  * Birth of Wilma
* World War I, and economic depression 78
  * World War I
  * Economic depression
  * Economic depression and selling the sheep
  * Life after selling the sheep

Page

* A sheep operation in Idaho 90
  * Sheep in Idaho
  * Selling and record-keeping
  * Herders, dogs, and horses
  * Lambing
  * Docking and castrating lambs
  * Shearing
* Other considerations 97
  * Honoring debts, and employment following loss of the sheep and farm
  * C.W.'s love of animals
  * C.W.'s love of baseball
  * C.W., Tish, and family
  * Civic and church responsibilities
  * Charity and tragedy
  * C.W.'s politics
* A summary of national history from early 1900 to World War II 111
  * Presidents, depression, and war
  * Technological advances, and other developments

Pictures 118

CHAPTER 4 MOVING ON 127

* The Brown girls: marriage, children, and maintaining family ties 127
* Death of Tish 128
* Death of C.W. 132
* Settling the estate 137
* C.W. and Tish remembered 138
  * Alyn's reminiscences
  * Geniece's reminiscences
  * Robert's reminiscences
  * Kendall's reminiscences
  * Portia's reminiscences

Page

* Therel's reminiscences
* Rich's reminiscences
* Jean's reminiscences
* Betty's reminiscences
* Marilyn's reminiscences
* Paul's reminiscences
* Tom's reminiscences
* Bill's reminiscences
* Doug's reminiscences
* Scott's reminiscences
* Phillip's reminiscences

* A brief national and world history from World War II to 1960 167
  * The death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and cold war
  * Truman's election and the Korean war
  * Dwight D. Eisenhower, domestic problems, and the U-2 incident

Pictures 179

CHAPTER 5 BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN CHILDREN . . . 183

* Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus 183
  * Birth, early childhood, and baptism
  * Education, and employment
  * Marriage and married life
  * Church activities
  * Ending years, death, and burial
  * Patriarchal blessing
  * Testimony
  * Childrens' tributes
* Charles Milton Brown 216
* Therel Brown Ricks 217
  * Birth, early childhood, and baptism
  * Education, and employment
  * Marriage and married life
  * Church activities

Page

* Ending years, death, and burial
* Tributes to Therel
* Patriarchal blessing
* Testimony

* Wilma Brown Quayle 244
  * Birth, early childhood, and baptism
  * Education, and employment
  * Marriage and married life
  * Church activities
  * Ray's ending years, death, and burial
  * Wilma's living alone
  * Wilma's tribute to her sons
  * Tributes to Wilma and Ray from their sons

Pictures 276

CHAPTER 6 BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN GRANDCHILDREN 289

* The children of Melba Phyllis and Samuel Reed Andrus 289
  * Alyn Brown Andrus 289
  * Geniece Andrus Smith 305
  * Gordon Reed Andrus 327
  * Charles Robert Andrus 332
  * Kendall Wayne Andrus 342
  * Portia Andrus Morgan 355
  * Therel Andrus Frei 371
  * Gaylon Rich Andrus 389
  * Mary Jean Andrus Brink 402

Pictures 409

CHAPTER 7 BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN GRANDCHILDREN 427

* The children of Therel and Rulon Secrist Ricks 427

Page

* Betty Ann Ricks Williams 427
* Marilyn Ricks Harris 444
* Paul Rulon Ricks 465
* Thomas Charles Ricks 468

Pictures 482

CHAPTER 8 BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN GRANDCHILDREN 491

* The children of Wilma and Stanley Ray Quayle 491
* William Ray Quayle 491
* Clair Douglas Quayle 500
* Marshall Scott Quayle 504
* Phillip Lee Quayle 512

Pictures 526

CHAPTER 9 CONCLUSION 537

* The writer and this history 537
* Why should this history be written? 538
* C.W. and the absence of a family or personal history 540
* What may be learned by reading this history? 541
  * Differences in personalities do not translate into dysfunctional families
  * The combined testimony of 19 judges cannot be wrong
  * C.W. and Tish, challenged and tried
  * Judging past generations by modern standards
  * From horse and buggy to jet planes
  * A great heritage

Page

APPENDIX 553

* Family Group Sheets 555
* Patriarchal blessings — Ebenezer Brown, Ann Weaver 582
* Maps — Western States: Points of Historical Interest and Settlements; Early Heman/Parker Area; Early Parker Townsite 585
* Legal transactions (a chart) 591
* Time-line for C.W. Brown Family 599
* Memorabilia 603
* Oral interviews:
  - Melba Brown 629
  - Therel Brown 659
  - Wilma Brown 697
  - Ivan Richard Miller 745
  - Eldon Keith Grover 763

BIBLIOGRAPHY 771

INDEX 777

Chapter 1

EGIN BENCH: GEOLOGY AND EARLY HISTORY

Geological Development

Long ago, God created heaven and Earth. And God said, Let there be light. And God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness Night.

And God made the firmament. And God called the firmament Heaven.

And God said, Let the waters under Heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let dry land appear. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters, He called Seas.

And God said, Let Earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit. And God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let there be lights in Heaven to divide Day from Night, and let them be for signs, seasons, days and years. And let them give light upon Earth. And let them rule over Day and Night.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly, great whales and every living creature, and fowl that may fly above the earth. And God blessed them, saying be fruitful and multiply.

And God made the beast of the earth, and cattle, and everything that creepeth upon the earth. And God saw that it was good.

And God created man in his own image. Male and female created he them. And God blessed them and said, Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon Earth. And God said, Behold I have given you every herb, and every tree to be for meat. And

every beast of Earth, and every fowl of the air, and everything that creepeth upon Earth, wherein there is life, I have given for meat. And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. (Genesis, Chapter 1).

And so, Egin Bench was born.

When God placed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, that could have been Egin Bench, given the fertility of its soil. What made the Bench so fertile? Geologists have something to say about that.

Many years ago in geologic time, earthquakes pushed mountain ranges skyward. The Teton Range was born to grace surrounding environs with unique and towering peaks. The Centennial, Beaverhead, Lemhi and Lost River Ranges added beauty to rugged scenery. These mountains provided Snake River Valley, and other regions, with yearly snow pack from which water was used to turn thirsty soil into a virtual breadbasket.

Also, volcanic eruptions spewed forth ash, and fissures in Earth's crust gave birth to rivers of lava. Literally, all of southern and eastern Idaho were covered with ash and lava as volcanoes belched high into the sky their fiery fragments, and molten rivers issued from fissures deep in Earth.

What dynamic, spectacular splendor as frightening forces of nature molded a friendly, habitable home for man. Had one come upon such a terrible scene, and looked down from a perch high in the sky, lust for magnificent fireworks and unbridled violence certainly would have been sated in absolute enthrallment. Actually, some prehistoric aborigines may have stood transfixed as they witnessed at least some of the volcanic activity described.

Then, after fireworks subsided, and volcanoes shut down, the atmosphere cooled, and accumulations of heavy snows formed mighty glaciers covering much of North America. Still later, as glaciers melted and receded they left large reservoirs of ice-melt behind moraine dams. Then as pressure built, dams failed and enormous volumes of water cascaded through Island Park and upper reaches of Snake River Valley, depositing layers of fertile soil over Egin Bench. Later, Snake River (much larger than now) deposited silt in Market Lake where the River flooded.

As time passed, Snake River shrank. Flood waters at Market Lake either sank into the ground or evaporated, leaving huge beds of sand. Eventually, this was carried by Idaho's fierce southeasterly winds overland across the southwestern reaches of Egin Bench to the Juniper Hills north of Rexburg and west of Parker. This sand piled up against and moved around the hills. The wind never ceased to blow. The sand never ceased to move. Today, geologists estimate movement of the sand to be at least 5 feet per year. Red Road between Parker and Kilgore must be "plowed out" from time to time because sand dunes are building on the road's east side from large dunes on the west side. Significantly, volcanic ash, glacial silt, and river sand combined to make Egin Bench fertile soil for farming. This is the story geologists tell, but Egin Bench story-tellers say otherwise. According to them,

> the devil tried to tear up the world, as evident by surrounding lava beds, but the Lord stopped him at the edge of the Bench and prepared a place for a few of his chosen people (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, p. 283).

Devil or no devil, soil over Egin Bench is sandy and without sufficient density to allow land to be flood-irrigated — the water simply sinks into the soil faster than it can move down field. However, in times past, the phenomenon was discovered that water running down canals and field ditches could bring up the sub and keep plants well-watered. With all farmers irrigating together, the

> level of sub-water comes toward the surface to the desired height. This level is easily (but carefully) maintained by regulating the flow issuing from the canals (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1994, p. 283).

Today, sprinkling systems have lowered the water table sufficiently that sub-irrigation is no longer possible. Two benefits derive from this. First, though the water table is lowered, sprinkling conserves water. Second, today mosquitos are less

bothersome than before. Fewer mosquitos may be reason enough to justify sprinkling.

Agricultural Potential

With or without sub-irrigation, the agricultural potential of Egin Bench is remarkable. Soil can be worked without damage to farm implements — generally, there are no rocks. Crops can be planted relatively late in the season yet, through rapid growth, catch and surpass crops planted in other regions. Yields, whatever the crop may be, are usually heavy. The writer grew up among rock-strewn farms 30 miles south of Egin Bench. As a farm boy, he envied farmers of the Bench and remarked, more than once from personal observation, that Egin Bench farms were among the best — the most productive — in the world. He still believes this. Though, today natural fertility has been exhausted. To produce well, the soil needs heavy annual coverings of commercial fertilizer. But there is still an absence of rocks which would make any farmer smile.

Aborigines

Early aborigines were not interested in how many tons per acre a hay crop would produce, or how many bushels per acre a grain crop would yield. Four-hundred potato sacks per acre meant nothing to them. Generally, they were not interested in Egin Bench as a homeland or hunting ground simply because it did not promise good hunting. Besides, during winter months temperatures were cold. In fact, Egin is an aborigine word meaning "cold."

Usually, aborigines passed through Egin Bench on their way to Camas Meadows south of the Centennial Mountains to the north. Camas, a staple in their diet, was pulverized, cooked in earthen ovens, mixed with a little water, and shaped into loaves to dry in the sun. The Meadows, then, provided a popular annual attraction to supply a life-sustaining tuber. Egin Bench just happened to lay across a route taken to reach the tubers.

Prehistoric aborigines made their way into eastern Idaho about 15,000 B.C. Through the passing of years, they and their

way of life changed until they became the Indians of historic time (about 6,000 B.C.). Earth and her life-forms, through geologic history, had undergone manifold changes. Each change represented a new creation — a new world. God told Moses, "Worlds without number have I created" (Moses1:33). As each world fulfilled the measure of its creation, it faded into a later, newer creation, until Adam's world emerged with its life-forms known by names with which we are familiar.

Indians of eastern Idaho at first were afoot. They hunted with spears, much as predecessors had done. But sometime after about 600 B.C. they used bows and arrows. Also, during the mid-18th century (1700's), they acquired horses. With bows, arrows, and horses they ranged far in search of game.

Eastern Idaho Indians lived first as extended families, then as tribes for protection against enemies. Before the horse, they lived in semi-permanent grass lodges and traveled, when necessary, by means of travois — 2 connected poles on which belongings were placed. These were hitched to a dog and were drug along the ground. Movement was slow and changes in location were infrequent. With coming of the horse, however, grass lodges were replaced by tipis (poles spread out on the ground in a circular pattern, then raised and tied at the top; these were covered with animal skins). Tipis could be assembled and disassembled easily and quickly, permitting frequent changes in location. Clothing consisted of animal skins, scraped, cured, and beaded. During winter months, buffalo robes served as beds, bed-coverings. and robes. With well-made tipis, adequate skins and robes, Indians could keep warm and reasonably comfortable. For meat they ate buffalo, deer, elk, and whatever other animals they could catch, snare and kill. Streams teemed with fish, and bushes provided berries. These were the Indians that "white men" encountered when they crossed into Idaho from Montana and Wyoming.

The white men, of course, were American fur trappers. Indians they befriended were Shoshone-Bannock, Snakes, Tukarikas, and Lemhis. The Snakes and Lemhis were "pale face" names. The name "Snake" came from sinuous hand movements as Indians communicated by sign language with trappers. The name "Lemhi" came from Mormons who settled south of Salmon.

Lemhi was a Book of Mormon name which was given to the area, river, and Indians where Mormons settled. The name, "Tukarika" was an Indian word, meaning those who eat sheep. The Tukarika's, generally, lived in central Idaho where they depended on mountain sheep for survival. Bannock was a compound of 2 Shoshoni words which referred to the way hair was worn. By the time trappers crossed the divide into Idaho, Shoshoni and Bannock had merged into one people. They numbered about 3,000.

Trappers

Following Lewis and Clark into the Pacific northwest (1804-1806), fur trappers spilled over Montana's Continental Divide into Idaho seeking beaver pelts. At the time, hats made from beaver pelts were in demand both in America and Europe, so pelts brought "good" money ($10 per pelt) and the busy beaver were doomed.

John Colter

The first trapper to enter eastern Idaho, so far as we know, was John Colter. Colter was a Virginian, born in 1775. Not much is known about his early life, but he received some formal education. He was a patient man and loyal to his friends. He has been described as a "true frontiersman, of a Daniel Boone type, formed by nature for endurance and hardship" ((Mumey, Teton Mountains, p. 31).

Colter stood 5 feet 10 inches, which would make him taller than the average man for his time. He had broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and "long, sinewy legs." He possessed "remarkable and unusual strength," was "quick and alert," and was an "excellent marksman with a rifle" (Mumey, Teton Mountains, p. 31).

In 1803, Colter joined the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He performed his assignments faithfully and competently. He was liked well enough that when he asked permission to leave the Expedition, on its journey home, permission was granted. Colter then returned to the mountains with 2 trappers, Joseph Dickson and Forrest Hancock.

Colter and companions crossed Twogwotee Pass in the Wind River Mountains and made their way to the Yellowstone River. Here they trapped until the spring of 1807. Colter then started down the Missouri River alone, headed for St. Louis. However, at the mouth of Platte River, he met Manuel Lisa and a band of trappers on their way to the mountains. They needed a guide, so Colter agreed to lead them.

In November 1807, Lisa and his men constructed a trading post at the mouth of Big Horn River. Lisa sent Colter on a 500-mile journey to tell Indians about the trading post and invite their business. Colter walked the 500 miles alone during midwinter. On his trek, he saw the thermal area known as "Colter's Hell," outside the eastern boundary of Yellowstone Park. He explored headwaters of Snake River; crossed over Teton Range into Teton Valley; walked through the Valley with a band of Crow Indians, then re-crossed the mountains into Jackson Hole. He crossed the Wind River Mountains, and returned to Lisa's trading post. Imagine such a trek, laboring across a wilderness expanse of snow, placing one snowshoe in front of the other mile after mile, with no sound to break the monotony except what nature might produce in midwinter. Colter was, indeed, an extraordinary person for courage and physical endurance.

After many exciting adventures in the western wilderness, Colter returned to St. Louis (1810). He settled a tract of land along the south bank of the Missouri River in Franklin County. Here his life was "guarded with a deep silence" (Mumey, Teton Mountains, p. 40). We know he married a girl named Sally and they had a boy named Hiram. Hiram fathered 8 children.

Colter died at age 38 in November 1813 either from jaundice or tuberculosis. His grave was unmarked and its location was soon forgotten. His wife could not write, so she left no record of their relationship. After Colter's death, she remarried. Colter's property was sold at auction.

What stories we have of Colter's wilderness experiences were told either by his companions or by him after he returned to St. Louis. Some of these were published in the Louisiana Gazette under title of "New Discoveries in the Far West," dated April 18, 1811.

Andrew Henry

The first trapper to come into the Upper Snake River Valley was Andrew Henry. Henry was a Pennsylvanian, born in 1775. He was tall, dark, and personable. He liked good food and expensive clothes. He also liked adventure. When the United States acquired the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, Henry went to Missouri and settled on land there. He married in 1805, but divorced his wife 2 years later. They had no children. Subsequently (1808), he succumbed to the lure of the wilderness, with its promise of wealth in the fur trade, and joined Manuel Lisa in organizing the Missouri Fur Company.

Henry went up the Missouri River to the "trapping grounds," and in 1810 led a party of trappers to Three Forks, Montana. Three Forks involve the Gallatin, Jefferson, and Madison Rivers which converge to form the Missouri River.

John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition which had journeyed through Montana on its way to the Pacific, warned Henry and his men of 2 enemies to be encountered in western wilderness. These were the Blackfeet Indians and Grizzly bears. Of the 2, Grizzlies were especially fierce and should be avoided. In fact, both bears and Indians were so bothersome that Henry and his trappers, laden with furs by now, went back down-river to where Bighorn River empties into the Missouri River. There Henry sent his season's "catch" to St. Louis. The catch numbered about 30 packs of pelts, each pack consisting of 80 pelts. If a pelt brought $10, this meant the monetary value of Henry's catch was $24,000 — a worthwhile endeavor.

Henry then led his trappers back up the Missouri River to Three Forks. From there, they followed the Madison River upstream, crossed the Continental Divide at Raynold's Pass, and descended into a beautiful valley featuring a sizable lake which today bears Henry's name. From Henry's Lake, the trappers followed a stream, later known as Henry's Fork, into the Upper Snake River Valley. They passed Ashton (which wasn't there), made their way past St. Anthony (which wasn't there), and settled for the winter on a spot located 4 miles directly north of Sugar City and 2 miles south of Parker (neither of which was there). The spot of settlement was located along the south river bank, about 1/4 mile east of the Rexburg/Parker oiled road (which at that time

was neither road nor trail). Today, a marker near the bridge which spans the River gives a brief acknowledgment of Henry's "fort."

The fort consisted of 1 or more crude log structures, sufficient to provide at least minimum protection against the wintry blasts of an east Idaho winter. Had Henry known how severe winters were in this region, he would, undoubtedly, have moved down river where the weather was less severe, probably near where Pocatello is today. But he didn't know, so the snows came, deep snows. The winds blew, fierce winds. And temperatures plummeted to well below zero. Moreover, trapping during winter months was poor. The trappers spent a lean winter — they nearly starved to death. Hunger finally drove them to kill and eat their horses. When spring broke, they abandoned their fort, left Egin, and never returned. Henry led some of his men back over the route they had followed into the Valley. Three other trappers — John Hoback (after whom Hoback Canyon and River are named), Edward Robinson (after whom Robinson Creek is named), and Jacob Rezner — trapped eastward, into the Teton Mountains, along what is today Teton River.

Andrew Henry returned to Missouri where he invested in other expeditions for furs with a partner named William H. Ashley, a successful businessman in St. Louis. Before he was through trapping, Henry made 3 trips to the Rocky Mountains. His last was in 1822 for a 2-year stint. When he returned to Missouri after this expedition, he was 50 years old. His hair was gray. He had endured many hardships and was ready to settle down. He did until death in June 1833. He was 58 years old at death.

Fort Henry

Andrew Henry never described Fort Henry. Neither did he identify where it was located. Other trappers who came after Henry (Wilson Price Hunt and his party of Astorians) saw the fort, but never described it. Researchers discovered ashes where they supposed the fort to have been, so they speculate that it burned to the ground. Merrill D. Beal indicates this and talks about the fort in his History of Idaho, Volume 1, p. 93. He wrote that

> two Idaho history researchers undertook to locate the exact fort site. At various times, Joseph A. Harrington of

Boise, and Frank Miller of St. Anthony, called upon the farmer who dwelt along the river bottoms between Teton River and the St. Anthony townsite. In 1927, Mr. Miller contacted William McMinn who made a homestead entry located on Section 20 in 1881. A trapper and stockman, McMinn had never heard of Henry, Hunt or any such persons, but conversation disclosed that he had found a curious gun barrel, an axe, and a piece of homemade, long-linked chain upon his premises. Furthermore, there were several piles of lava rocks in sort of a semicircle near the spot where he chose to build his cabin. In fact, McMinn utilized some of these rocks in the construction of the chimney for his house. Springs and woods were near at hand, but the river had obviously shifted from an old channel within a few rods, to a newer one a hundred yards away.

Close examination by Miller and McMinn revealed a definite depression in the earth where the pile of rocks was found. The two men decided to do a bit of digging and agreed to meet on September 27. However, attorney Miller was detained, so McMinn dug a hole about five feet deep and four feet wide. He turned up some ashes and a number of stones. One bore the inscription, "Govt Camp 1811-H. Wells." A closer examination of the unearthed stones at a later date disclosed a second stone bearing the phrase, "Al the cook but nothing to cook." McMinn turned these markers over to attorney Miller, who in turn informed me (Merrill D. Beal) of the facts. I visited with old trapper McMinn, carefully viewed the situation and finally accepted his story as the truth. Sometime later, I decided to make a more thorough excavation at the site, with the help of my son and several history students. As our excavation progressed, we discovered broken lines of charcoal roughly conforming to a ten by ten foot room with considerable ashes upon a base at a five-foot depth. We also found the top of a gallon crock; but the prize find was a river-worn basalt rock bearing the inscription, "Fort Henry 1811 by Capt. Hunt." Participation in this enterprise of discovery further confirmed our confidence

in the authenticity of the site, rocks included, but we cannot prove it. The inscriptions do no violence to the facts or the times. We do not know who "Al the cook" was — neither do we know who was with Henry, or even how many, except for a few principal men before mentioned. "Govt Camp 1811-H. Wells," is little less inexact than "Fort Henry" as a description of a few cabins. No proper case can be made against "Fort Henry 1811 by Capt. Hunt." The Astorians were there, and if the two inscribed stones were in a dugout, so was the suggestion to add another by direction of "Captain Wilson Price Hunt." Of course, Henry, Hunt and every brigade leader was a captain; their parties were companies and posts were garrisons. Why quarrel with this pioneer spirit of Manifest Destiny? Especially since no jokers have been discovered, and generally, any such are easy to find — they show themselves. More than thirty years have passed since the site of Fort Henry was first pinpointed, and although considerable effort has been made to affirm or deny its validity, nothing has transpired to shake the confidence of the careful researchers mentioned in the conclusions given.

John Jacob Astor, the Pacific Fur Company, and Wilson Price Hunt

As mentioned previously, Andrew Henry came to Idaho in 1810. That was the very year in which an American entrepreneur named John Jacob Astor organized the Pacific Fur Company and sent a party of trappers to establish a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River in Oregon. Astor's trappers were led by Wilson Price Hunt who, on his way through Idaho, found Andrew Henry's abandoned Fort.

When Hunt and his men saw how placid the river was which flowed past the fort, they decided to float down river to the Pacific. They hewed canoes out of trees, left their horses to graze on meadow lands surrounding the fort, and continued their expedition. Of course, they portaged around Idaho Falls, then around American Falls, but these were only minor inconveniences. However, when they reached a place in the river they called

Caldron Lin (Devil's Scuttle Hole), down river from where Milner Dam is today, they encountered severe rapids. A canoe overturned, and a man was drowned. The decision was then made to abandon Snake River. Hunt sent men back for the horses, which were never recovered, and the main party continued to the Pacific on foot.

Teton Valley and Fur Trading/Trapping Activities

In 1818, about 6 years after Wilson Price Hunt passed through the Egin Bench country, an Iroquois Indian, Vieux Pierre, trapping for the British Hudson's Bay Company, discovered Teton Valley (30 miles southeast of Egin Bench) and reported it to his superiors. They named the Valley after him (Pierre's Hole) and the name stuck among fur trappers. Pierre's Hole, the Teton Range, and its western foothills must be considered whenever Egin Bench is discussed. The 2 regions are adjacent to each other. Geographically, they are connected.

Both British and American trappers frequented Pierre's Hole. It was a beautiful place with plentiful game. Indians too liked it. In fact, a great rendevous of Indians, traders, and trappers was held there during the summer of 1832.

Following the rendezvous, Nathaniel Wyeth, a fur trader, and trappers Jim Bridger and Joe Meek visited Teton Valley. Also, 2 missionaries, Samuel Parker (a Presbyterian) and Father Pierre J. DeSmet (a Catholic) passed through the Valley on their way west. Parker was headed for Nez Perce country in 1835, and DeSmet was going to live with the Flathead and Pend d' Orielle Indians in 1840. DeSmet held the first religious service in the Valley, probably the first in eastern Idaho.

From 1840 to 1880 gold-seekers and surveyors passed through the Valley. Trappers were pretty well gone from eastern Idaho by 1840, except for "Beaver Dick" Leigh.

Richard "Beaver Dick" Leigh

Richard "Beaver Dick" Leigh, after whom Leigh Lake and Leigh Creek were named, was the last of eastern Idaho's colorful and famous trappers. He was born in Manchester, England in January 1831. In 1847, when he was 16 years old, he came to the United States with his sister, Martha. For a time, they lived in

Pennsylvania, but the lure of western adventure overpowered Leigh and he joined the Hudson's Bay Fur Company as a trapper.

As a trapper, Leigh worked his way into the Northwest, but then war developed between the United States and Mexico. Leigh joined the army and helped win the west for the United States.

After the war, Leigh returned to the Northwest to hunt and trap. His favorite haunt was Teton Valley, but he spent considerable time along Henry's Fork of the Snake River in the Egin Bench and west Rexburg areas. There was not a part of the Teton Range, Big Hole Mountains, and Upper Snake River Valley with which he was not familiar. As a result, during his later years, he served as guide to government surveyors and Theodore Roosevelt who came to Idaho for big game.

Leigh stood 5 feet 10 inches, was well-built with blue eyes and red hair. He had a fiery temper, but was not violent. He was known for speaking his mind and telling the truth. He was a keen observer of his environment, an excellent shot with a gun, and a man of sound judgment in the wilderness — this is evident in the fact that he did not die until he was 68 years old.

During Leigh's hunting and trapping days, big game was plentiful in eastern Idaho. His diary is full of references to antelope, deer, elk, moose, bear, mountain goats, and mountain sheep. The streams were full of beaver, muskrat, and fish. During his lifetime, he lived entirely off the land. His diet consisted of fish, meat, berries and roots. He wore deerskin clothing and lived in an Indian lodge (tipi) made of poles covered with animal skins. He was never without his knife and gun. He kept a small remuda of horses and donkeys, and in time acquired a dog.

In Leigh's day, Indians sometimes were a menace. Leigh solved that problem by marrying Indian women. His 1st wife was a Shoshone Indian maiden named Jenny (after whom Jenny Lake is named). The 2 were happy together. That is evident from references to her in his diary.

Six children were born to Beaver Dick and Jenny — 3 boys, 2 girls and an infant who died at birth and whose gender was not identified. Beaver Dick loved his children as he did his wife. He was a compassionate man, so when a pregnant Indian woman without family or tribe to take care for her requested help, he

made her a lodge near theirs. Jenny experienced a premonition and asked him not to do it, but he could not turn away a woman in such need. The woman was infected with smallpox (that is why she had no family or tribe to care for her). She finally died in childbirth.

Soon Jenny and the children were sick with the disease. Beaver Dick too was sick, but recovered. His family did not. They passed away in December 1876, all of them. Beaver Dick buried the bodies in frozen ground near the junction of Teton River and Henry's Fork.

Following the death of Jenny and children, Beaver Dick married another Indian girl. Her name was Susan. They, too, were happy together. Three children were born to the couple, each child spaced 5 years apart — a girl named Emma, born in 1881, a boy named William, born in 1886, and a girl named Rose, born in 1891. Beaver Dick's only grandchildren came through Emma and her husband, Charley Thompson. William Leigh Thompson and his wife wrote a book about Beaver Dick from which most of this biographical material has been taken. Its title is Beaver Dick, The Honor and the Heartbreak. Beaver Dick also kept a brief diary which is interesting to read.

The last 10 years of his life were miserable for Beaver Dick. He developed stomach problems which caused him to vomit when he ate. He ate little and wasted away in pain. He died on March 29, 1899. His body rests in a grave on the north rim of Teton Canyon east of Wilford.

When Beaver Dick passed from this life, an era in the history of this country also passed. It was an interesting era — one in which the west was explored and settled. It was an era of adventure, hardship, and peril for many. With its passing came a different lifestyle for Americans, a lifestyle in which there would be no place for a Beaver Dick Leigh. Perhaps that is progress, but we bid goodby to Beaver Dick and his times with a certain nostalgia.

Now before we return to Egin Bench, and undertake to discuss its settlement, we need to justify space given in this history to fur trappers and their activities. Where they went and what they did is important because their presence in the Pacific northwest strengthened United States claims to the Oregon

Country. The Oregon Country was a vast block of territory between the Pacific Ocean and Rocky Mountains, stretching from the southern boundaries of Idaho and Oregon to the northern boundary of British Columbia. Both Britain and the United States claimed this territory. American fur trappers, traders, and their trading posts not only helped strengthen United States claims at the negotiating table with Britain, but helped open this western wilderness to settlement. Egin Bench was part of the Oregon Country. This in itself provides a substantial connection between early Teton Valley history and Egin Bench, but there is another connection that begs mention.

In 1862, Ebenezer Brown, grandfather of C.W. Brown, about whom this history is written, accompanied an expedition from Salt Lake Valley into Teton Valley pursuing troublesome Indians. Before its pursuit terminated, the expedition claimed to have reached headwaters of the Snake River (Journal History of the Church, August 13, 1862). Technically, this would have required crossing Teton Range from Teton Valley into Jackson Hole. Whether that occurred or not, Ebenezer penetrated a wilderness country nearly 40 years before his grandson moved into environs of that same wilderness country.

Settlers

The First Settlers of Egin Bench, and Irrigation Problems

Seventy years following the building of Fort Henry, Egin Bench welcomed its first settlers. In 1879, Stephen Winegar and sons came to the Bench from Randolph, Utah. After spending a summer there, they returned to Randolph to recruit additional settlers. In 1880, the Winegar families, and 2 other families of friends, came to the Bench prepared to stay. They called the place where they settled Garden Grove after the "profusion of yellow flowers" growing on the Buck Brush and Gump Weed, so named because the brush was "tough" and the weed "so stupid it would grow anywhere." Both of these plants had long, tough roots that dealt the settlers "untold misery" in efforts to plow the soil and uproot the plants. Besides the soil was "too dry and porous even for sagebrush." Though the landscape was beautiful,

its soil posed a genuine challenge to settlers in clearing it of wild flora and preparing it for cultivation (Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 36).

The climate of Egin Bench was semiarid with an annual precipitation of 11 inches. Rainfall was, therefore, infrequent. Besides, as already indicated, the soil was so porous that moisture from rain could not accumulate near the surface. Settlement obviously would require water channels from river to farms. As a result, the first settlers established themselves in the river bottoms south of present-day Parker. They built cabins, harvested feed for livestock from wild grass then prepared for winter's onslaught. They, like Henry and his trappers, suffered hardship and privation during winter's long months. In fact, an ice-clogged Henry's Fork overflowed its banks, and "raging" waters wiped out 2 cabins and destroyed all livestock feed. Thereafter, 20 people crowded into a single cabin for survival and "many" cattle died of starvation.

Nevertheless, other settlers arrived during the summer of 1881. These included Dick Broadhurst, George Spencer, Tom McMinn, Bill McMinn, William Rawson, John Powell, and Harry Smith. Another was Wyman M. Parker who later gave his name to the community. These settlers filed "claims on land adjoining the river." After all, Henry's Fork was the only source of irrigation water.

Beginning in 1881, with an acute need for irrigation water, canals were dug along the Bench, providing needed water and allowing settlers to live above flood waters. These canals (5 in number) were dug between 1881 and 1899 with "superhuman" effort and endurance, featuring horse-drawn "slip scrapers," and sweat-sanctified labor for 12 hours per day, day after day. Work on the Egin Canal has been compared to slave labor in Egypt responsible for pyramid-building, as noted in the following quote:

> The town of St. Anthony was not even a plan at the time of the starting of the digging of the "Egin." The place to withdraw the water from the Snake River and to install a head gate was just above the falls that the town later got its name from. To start, there was 1/4 mile of near solid lava rock to cut. Sweat and tears and brawn

beat the chisels through the rock, rock that was used to build the dam that protruded into the river to divert the stream flow.

And then came another quarter mile of rock down to the measuring flume. This made a total of 1/2 mile of laborious rock cutting done not so differently from that of Egyptian slaves in Biblical times. For two years the pioneers, and that was all the men and boys who first came to Parker and surrounding area, struggled with only a promise in their minds of what might be (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, p. 282).

Water was turned into the Egin Canal on June 1, 1883. At that time its channel terminated at Heman, 2 miles west of Parker. The canal, when completed in 1886, extended 16 miles west from St. Anthony and was a successful pioneer attempt at canal-building for purposes of irrigation.

However, when water was turned into the St. Anthony Canal (begun in 1888), hope degenerated into despair when water from ditches flooded thirsty soil. The water quickly sank into the ground. Flood irrigation would be difficult to say the least. Nevertheless, faith and hard work prevailed, and as described previously, sub-irrigation developed as a way to exploit the agricultural potential of Egin Bench. An interesting story involving sub-irrigation involves Wyman Parker and a well he dug in 1883 to a depth of 84 feet without finding water. Jokes circulated among settlers about Parker's "dry well," but "Bishop L.W. Hardy of the Presiding Bishopric," who was in the area with William B. Preston and Thomas E. Ricks to locate a permanent location (or headquarters) for members of the recently organized Egin Branch (organized in 1881), put an end to the joking when he told Wyman the well would produce water shortly. Two days later, with no further work on the well, it filled with "cold, clear water." Apparently, water from the recently completed Egin Canal had "raised the water level and had penetrated into the heretofore dry well" (Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 36).

However, clear evidence that sub-irrigation was a distinct possibility was discovered by William Leonard Flint in the

"summer of 1889" who was walking across a "20 acre field," originally claimed by Gilman Fulsom Fletcher. Flint observed

> a damp place on the surface. Digging a few feet down he discovered water. All over the farm he dug and found the same thing. He ran over to his neighbor, William Carbine's, where they discovered the same phenomenon — sub on Egin Bench. It was first found on the Fletcher farm (Parker Centennial Chronicles, 1884-1984, p. 86).

Now we return to Egin Bench canals. Before canal digging ended, 5 canals meandered over Egin Bench for a combined distance of 87 miles. These were in order of commencement: Egin Canal (1880), St. Anthony Union Canal (1886), St. Anthony Canal (1888), Independence Canal (1895), and Last Chance Canal (1899). Through the years, these canals have served the Bench beneficially, to say the least, raising the water table for sub-irrigation and sprinkler wells.

The Settlement of Parker

Wyman M. Parker and his son, Wyman M. Jr., came to Egin Bench with their families in 1881. They came as substantial settlers with "3 wagons, 30 horses, and 125 cattle." They settled on the Bench near the Winegars who had moved from the river bottoms to escape flood waters. These first settlers filed on land bordering the present-day oiled road which runs south through Heman, 2 miles west of present-day Parker. In 1886, Parker sold his land to Heman Hunter for $3,000 and moved east 2-1/2 miles where he and family settled permanently. Their permanent location put them on land which extended south 80 rods and east 1 mile from the intersection of present-day River Road and Center Street (a street running north and south past the Parker church house). Wyman Parker's home stood about 1/2 mile east of the intersection on the south side of River Road. It was made of adobe brick, the mud for which was mixed by riding a horse through it until needed consistency was achieved. Parker's home became a

> rendezvous in the full meaning of the word, a place for the weary traveler to find rest, a place for the honored guest to be feated, a social gathering place, and a place for church meetings (Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 37).

Part of Parker's land, which had already been identified by Hardy, Preston, and Ricks in June 1883, was surveyed as a townsite by Andres S. Anderson in May 1884. The town which developed on this site was named Parker in commemoration of its benefactor and leader. So important were Wyman M. Parker and his wife, Eliza Ann Grover, to the community that bears their name, perhaps a brief tribute to them would be in order here.

Wyman M. Parker and his wife, Eliza Ann Grover, had been married before they married each other. Wyman was left with 3 children from his previous wife who had died. Eliza had given birth to a child by her previous husband, who had died accidentally. Their child had died when 18-months old.

After marriage, Wyman and Eliza lived in Morgan, Utah where they "prospered." There Eliza "learned the basics of doctoring" from a doctor who rented part of their house for a "medical school." When she and Wyman moved to Egin Bench in 1881, Eliza's medical knowledge would benefit, immeasurably, members of the pioneer community in which they lived. Moreover, Wyman was a natural leader among associates and was a generous man. He was supported in his leadership adventures and generosity by Eliza. Both of these remarkable people gave their lives in service to others. From one source of information can be read the following:

> The Parkers were exceedingly generous. Their home was open to everyone. Whatever they had was for their fellowmen. They insisted on sharing their blessings. Grandma Parker, as Eliza Ann became known, was the area's midwife, doctor and consoler. At any hour she was called upon to help the needy. "Grandma Parker" was a household name (Parker Centennial Chronicles, 1884-1984, pp. 195-196).

Organization of Egin Branch and Parker Ward

Not only was part of Parker built on Parker's land, but he became the community's ecclesiastical leader as well. On November 28, 1881 Egin Branch, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter--day Saints (the LDS or Mormon Church), had been organized with Wyman M. Parker as branch president. The meeting was held in Stephen Winegar's home in Heman. The visiting authority was President W.W. Merrill, President of Cache L.D.S. Stake, centered in Logan, Utah. At the meeting's close, President Merrill dedicated Egin Bench "to the Lord for the use of His people." Perhaps that is why the Bench has prospered through the years.

Egin Branch was extensive. It included saints residing not only on the Bench, but in Camas (Hamer) and Market Lake (Roberts) as well. Only 5 other ecclesiastical organizations, throughout the entire Pacific northwest, preceded Egin Branch. These were a mission established by Jason and Daniel Lee in Oregon (Methodists 1835); missions established by Marcus Whitman, Samuel Parker and Henry Spaulding in eastern Washington and northern Idaho (Presbyterians 1836); a mission established by Father Nicholas Point in northern Idaho (Catholics 1842); and a mission established by Latter-day Saints in Lemhi Valley 15 miles south of Salmon (1855).

The first meeting house for Egin Branch was built on Stephen Winegar's land in Heman, 2 miles west and 1 mile south of present-day Parker. This building, constructed in 1882, was used as a church and school until 1886 when it burned to the ground. Also on December 18, 1882, Bannock Ward was organized, as part of Cache Stake headquartered in northern Utah. The new ward encompassed a "vast area" extending north, east, and west of Portneuf Canyon (near present-day Pocatello) "as far as there were members of the Church" to be found (Crowder, Rexburg, Idaho, p. 13). Bishop Thomas E. Ricks presided over Bannock Ward. He was also authorized to preside over "several" scattered, "small branches," as part of the Ward. Egin Branch was one of these.

Subsequently, on January 26,1884, Bannock Ward became Bannock Stake, with headquarters in Rexburg, and Bishop Ricks

became President Ricks (president of the stake). Four months later on June 11, 1884, Egin Branch became Parker Ward, the first L.D.S. ward organized north and west of Snake River throughout the Pacific northwest. Wyman M. Parker was sustained as bishop. This ecclesiastical change was supervised by Apostles Wilford Woodruff and Heber J. Grant. On that occasion, Elder Woodruff said

> he had traveled 15,000 miles and this was a different country than any he had ever seen. It is a nice country. I want you to understand that you did not come here to get rich, but because you had a work to perform (Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 37).

So far as impressions and prophecies are concerned, on August 14, 1884, 2 months following organization of Parker Ward and Apostle Woodruff's declaration to Egin Bench saints, Church President, John Taylor, accompanied by Apostles George Q. Cannon, F.M. Lyman and George Teasdale, visited Parker Ward. On that occasion, Apostle Lyman said, "I am under the impression that the Lord designed this country as a home for His people" (Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 37). Following the meeting, as Alonzo Stoddard was taking these brethren back to Market Lake (the nearest railroad station), President Taylor had him stop the team and wagon as they passed the butte west of Rexburg. President Taylor then walked part way up the butte's slope and dedicated the land that lay before him for God's purposes and His people. As Rexburg, Parker, and surrounding areas have developed through the years since that dedicatory prayer was offered, its fulfillment seems validated.

Parker and Its Development

After Wyman M. Parker moved his family 2 miles east of Heman in 1886 (probably in response to a request by church leaders) and settled on land there, a new settlement took root and grew. As already stated, Parker donated some of his land for a village. It had been surveyed in May 1884 and named after him.

Parker's Business District

The community of Parker thrived during its early history. Its business district included blacksmith shops (forerunners to a present-day machine shop operated by Darrell Wayne Davis); stores selling food, dry-goods, and farm tools; meat markets; cafes; pastry shops; ladies millenary shops; a small lumber yard; an automotive garage; granaries; potato cellars; a roller-skating rink, dance hall and recreation center; a baseball diamond and park; a post-office; a church house and tithing office; an amusement center; and a school house.

During early days (about 1910) Jed Earl's store was a popular meeting place, even for Indians. According to Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984,

> Shoshone-Bannock Indians often stopped at this store to trade goods — or to try to bargain with the locals for horses and livestock outside the building. The Indians came in the fall on their annual trek to Camas Meadows to dig camas root and hunt game. This caused real fear for Mary Alice Earl (Mame Jenkins) because the Indians always tried to barter for her (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, pp. 284-285).

The Jed Earl store operated until 1944 when it was sold to Vernessa Nagle who, in turn, sold it to J.G. Millward. Millward operated the store until 1947 then moved to a new building. The new building was constructed of cinder blocks and was located at the intersection of Cedar and Center Streets. It was called the Parker Cash Store, and featured "cold storage" facilities. Today it is dilapidated and empty — a reminder of better times for Parker's business district. As a matter of fact, all other Parker businesses identified in this history closed and left the scene. As roads and means of transportation improved, Rexburg and Idaho Falls served as shopping centers for people of Parker. Even St. Anthony, at one time a flourishing small city, succumbed to the modern affliction of business atrophy, as access to bigger and more distant business centers improved.

Prices of goods in Parker's early stores are interesting to note. The following information was taken from Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 39:

* Eggs were "usually credited" at 15 cents per dozen.
* Potatoes sold from 35 to 50 cents per bushel.
* Wheat sold at $1 per hundred weight, corn and oats from 50 to 75 cents.
* Five bushels of Beets sold for $1.50 (30 cents per bushel).
* Five bushels of turnips sold for $1.50 (30 cents per bushel).
* Carrots sold for 30 cents per bushel.
* Cabbage sold at 2-1/2 cents per pound.
* Seventy-two pounds of onions sold for $2.50.
* Eleven squash sold for 44 cents.
* Twenty-five pounds of molasses sold for $1.67.
* Hay sold from 2-4 dollars per ton.
* Cedar posts sold for 10 cents each.
* Chickens sold for 25 cents each.
* Pigs sold for $1 per head.
* Cows sold for $15 (yearlings) and $10 (2 years old)

Obviously, differences between these prices and prices today are substantial. They reflect either how far astray we have gone from the "good old days," or the inexorable, forward march toward the "better life."

The most versatile building within Parker's business district was one built by Eli Lee "early in the century." Today, it stands empty next to the Parker Post Office. It had a theater downstairs, as well as a residence, and a dance hall upstairs. Before long the building also housed a confectionary. By 1921 the building would house a store, a confectionary, the Post Office, a residence and the upstairs dance hall (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, p. 285).

The store in this building was operated by Dave Beddes (early 1930's) and Joe Maddock (1935-1947). The building's dance hall, also served as a roller-skating rink and basketball court. For many if not most Parker residents, the building stimulated memories of happy times and pleasant experiences. Today, for older people of Parker, it is replete with nostalgic memories.

Egin/Parker Postal Service

The Egin/Parker Post Office has provided work for many masters and mistresses. Mail was first brought from Market Lake by a horse-drawn wagon, probably a freight wagon. The first post-master was A.F. Parker. The first "mail carriers" were Welrose and Lionel Parker, all of whom lived at Heman. Later, the post office was operated by Georgeanna McMinn who also lived at Heman. Other early post-masters were Ray McComber and Joseph Rudd Sr. Early post-mistresses included Annie Smith, Emmeline Brower, and Lucy Workman. During early years of the Nineteenth Century, Eli Lee, for about 3 years, operated the post office before turning it over to Elva Beddes. Eventually, she purchased the "old Eli Lee building (described previously) and received permission to move the post office there (Snake River Echoes, "Parker Another View," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 43). She served as post-mistress for 30 years, longer than any other who occupied that position of public trust.

The Parker Church House

On February 14, 1886 the Parker Ward bishopric (Bishop Wyman M. Parker, First Counselor Francis Rawson, Second Counselor Arnold D. Miller) conducted a meeting in which the decision was made to build a facility which would serve as a church house and school. The building was ready for use by April 18, 1886, and A.D. Miller delivered its first sermon. This building was made of logs and was 3 stories long (3 logs long). It had a "shingle roof" and "rough" wood floor. As indicated, school was also held in this building for "several years" (Snake River Echoes, "History of Parker Ward," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 38).

In June 1894, eight years after this first church/school building was built, James T.B. Mason and wife deeded to the Church, for 9 dollars land on which Parker's present church building stands. The first building on that land underwent numerous modifications through the years, but remained until the early 1990's when it was demolished and replaced with an attractive modern building, dedicated on December 11, 1994. The modern building, however, in its attractiveness, cannot compare with the old one clothed in beauty and dignity enhanced by the passage of time.

In conjunction with the church building, another building called the Tithing Office was constructed. It stood on the south side of the church building, and provided space for Sunday School classes as well as storage for tithing-in-kind. An additional building was constructed adjacent to and on the south side of the Tithing Office, and was called the Amusement Hall. It was spacious with a stage on the east end. Parker's people had good times and were well entertained through the years in this building. Special presentations involved traveling entertainment groups, M.I.A. and Parker school plays, rehearsed Primary activities, the coming of Santa Claus at Christmastime, and Ward socials.

Ward socials during winter were held inside the Amusement Hall and outside in the snow. For example,

> the men would shovel snow into a huge pile approximately 10 to 12 feet high. This would be packed down very solid. On one side was a gradual slope to the top where it abruptly dropped off. This was a ski jump. A rider on a horse would pull contestants at the end of a rope. The horse would gallop along with the skier behind who would go up and off the jump — hopefully to land on his skis (Wilma Brown (Quayle), Personal History, Appendix, p. 1).

The Parker School House

Reference to the first Egin Bench school house has already been recorded in this history. It was a log house in Heman, built in 1882, which served as both church house and school. In that building George Wood taught the "first school ever held on Egin Bench" (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, p. 288).

In those early days, schools were private — there was a school for Latter-day Saints and another for non-LDS. Not until January 1885, did a public school materialize on Egin Bench. At that time, the Bench was part of Bingham County and "constituted school district number 17." The building where school was held stood at "Heman corner" where the present-day oiled road turns west.

The first Parker school house stood on land settled by Wyman M. Parker southeast of the present townsite. Subsequently, it was moved first to "where the Jed Earl store was," (east of where River Road and Center Street intersect, and on the south side of River Road), then later (sometime during the first decade of the 20th century) to a site across Center Street from the post office. Grades 1 through 8 were taught in these first buildings until construction on a new building was begun at which time, grades 7 and 8 were taught in the upper story of the church building. When the new building was finished at the school's present location, it accommodated grades 1 through 8. A Parker high school was "started in 1920" (Parker Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, pp. 288-289). All Parker students, however, did not attend that high school. Some attended and graduated from Ricks Academy in Rexburg. Those who did attend Parker High School went only through the first 2 high school years (freshman/sophomore years). The last 2 years (junior/senior years) were available at St. Anthony High School.

Interestingly, during these early years, school board members running for election ran illegally. Why? Because Latter-day Saints, since Joseph Smith's time had been Democrats — they had tended to vote as a block for Democratic candidates and issues. They were a significant political force in the frontier environment. For instance, during latter years of the 19th century, a sufficient number of Latter-day Saints lived in Idaho to swing elections. Of course, they were Democrats. During these years, 25% of Idaho's territorial electorate were Latter-day Saints. Yet, a majority of Idaho's remaining electorate were Republicans, or at least voted Republican. Idaho's political leaders during these years were Republicans, just as national leaders were.

One of Idaho's influential and powerful territorial leaders was Fred T. Dubois, a dedicated Republican and Latter-day Saint hater who became a Federal Marshal. One reason, perhaps the most valid reason, why he hated Latter-day Saints was because they were Democrats and posed a threat to his political future. Consequently, he initiated a hunting rampage during which Latter-day Saints who believed in or practiced polygamy were arrested and incarcerated. Moreover, Dubois once boasted he

could assemble a jury that would "convict Jesus Christ." So he was both feared and hated by Latter-day Saints.

Idaho's territorial legislators, caught up in Radical Republican politics born of the Civil War, endorsed a Test Oath in January 1867 which, among other things, required a person to say whether he was a polygamist or bigamist, and whether he belonged to any organization which taught or counseled him to practice polygamy or bigamy. Affiliation with such an organization would negate voting privileges. In 1888, Idaho's Attorney-General decided that the only Mormons who couldn't vote were those who actually practiced bigamy or polygamy — a small percentage of the LDS population. Dubois and others, however, opposed the Attorney-General's decision, and persuaded the Idaho Territorial Legislature to pass a retroactive law in January 1889 which excluded anyone from voting "who had been a Mormon on January 1, 1888." Neither could that person hold office, nor serve on a jury (Arrington, History of Idaho, Volume 1, p. 380).

This law, then, prohibited polygamists, identified by the Test Oath, from voting in Idaho elections. This meant that Latter-day Saints in Idaho (25% of Idaho's territorial electorate) lost the right to vote. The United States Supreme Court declared the Test Oath constitutional in February 1890. It remained a part of Idaho law until 1895 when it was repealed, an action following President Wilford Woodruff's counsel to Latter-day Saints, in October 1890, that no future plural marriages should be contracted (Wilford Woodruff was president of the LDS Church). However, sensing what was coming, Dubois convinced the Idaho Legislature (a state legislature by now) to adopt the Idaho Election Act of February 25, 1891 which "retained the proviso that anyone who had been a member of the Mormon Church on January 1, 1888 still could not vote" (Arrington, History of Idaho, Volume 1, p. 430). So Latter-day Saints in Idaho continued to be legally excluded from the democratic process. The Election Act of 1891 continued as an Idaho law until the 1980's when it was voted down by referendum during a statewide election. However, since its passage this law was never enforced, so Latter-day Saints were not affected by it.

Coming of the Browns, and Concluding Considerations

What has been written in this chapter is an attempt to define both history and environment of the country into which Charles William Brown and his wife, Martha Letitia Orgill, came in 1901 and 1902 respectively. They came to establish residence and develop a life together. Charles William came 21 years after original settlers came. By that time, the Village of Parker had grown for 17 years. Idaho had been a state for 11 years. Bridges spanned Snake River, and a railroad passed through St. Anthony, 4 miles east of Parker. Farms flourished on Egin Bench. Five canals had been dug, and sub-irrigation contributed to the agricultural promise of prosperity. Basic vestiges of the 19th century had faded, and characteristics of the modern 20th century were discernible. So the Browns were not early pioneers, but were pioneers, nevertheless. Perhaps more appropriate would be to see them as a link connecting the 19th and 20th centuries. They represented a pre-modern as well as a modern way of life. In that sense, the lives they lived, and the times they represented, make their story interesting and worth telling.

Now in conclusion, 2 considerations need attention. First, just as LDS ecclesiastical units of jurisdiction were extensive to begin with in Idaho, so political administrative units at first were also extensive, but with passage of time both became geographically smaller. For example, with regard to political administrative units, when the original settlers came, Egin Bench was part of Oneida County (created in 1864) with headquarters at Malad. Through ensuing years, the Bench became part of Bingham County (created in 1885) with headquarters at Blackfoot, and Fremont County (created in 1893) with headquarters at St. Anthony. This meant that early settlers had to file land claims and conduct other legal business at county seats far removed from the Bench. This was significant during a time when travel was either by rail or horse.

Second, Egin Bench and Parker pioneers were hardy, practical people. They lived by faith and hard work, resulting in a multitude of miracles which probably were not regarded by them as miracles at all. Solutions to problems revealed a personal practical approach. For example, during Parker's early days,

a social was in progress in the chapel; Ann Jackson needed some milk for the refreshments. She looked out the window and there on the lawn near the Amusement Hall was a cow grazing. She stepped out and milked the cow, thereby saving the day and the party (Snake River Echoes, "Parker-Another View," Volume 6, Number 2, p. 41).

So with that story, this chapter shall conclude. In it, achievements have been chronicled of great people in a great country — an appropriate introduction to the Brown history.

Sanddunes ½ mile northwest of C.W./Tish Brown's ranch

High plateau looking northeast toward the Centennial Mountains from the Brown ranch

Above: Back view of the old Parker Store and dance hall (the Beddes store and dance hall).

Left: Front view of the Beddes store and dance hall. At one time, the post office, too, was housed in this building.

Below: The Parker Cash Store, confectionary and snack bar, built in 1947 on the northwest corner of Center and Cedar Streets. Today (2004), it is empty. (Photos taken in 2004)

Historical marker standing on the northeast corner of Center and Cedar Streets. Sub-irrigation helped make Parker an agricultural paradise. (Photo taken in 2004)

Looking east through the intersection of South River Road and Center Street. As C.W. turned right to go south, little Joy Bowen ran in front of his car. (Photo taken in 2004)

Left: The old Parker Church house (built in 1896) before it was added onto in 1904. It was demolished in the early 1990s.

Below: The new Parker Church house dedicated December 11, 1994. (Photo taken in 2004)

**Old Parker School house, accommodating grades 1 – 10.
Built in 1917 and demolished in 1965.**

New Parker school house. Built on the same ground where stood the old Parker school house. (Photo taken in 2003)

Chapter 2

CHARLES WILLIAM BROWN AND MARTHA LETITIA ORGILL

Charles William Brown

Ancestry

Ebenezer Brown, Charles William Brown's grandfather, was born in Salisbury, Herkimer County (then Montgomery County), New York on December 6, 1801. He was the 2nd son of William and Hannah Sweet Brown. William was from Scotland and had come to America with British troops as a drummer boy to fight in the American Revolutionary War. During the war he was taken prisoner, and after the war decided to stay rather than return. Hannah was born in Rhode Island. She descended from John Sweet, an Englishman.

Life for Ebenezer was hard; survival was a constant struggle; and there was little or no time for him to acquire a formal education. During his growing-up years, and even after marriage, we know he could not write. For example, a deed in 1836 bears the signature of his wife, but Ebenezer signed with an "X." Yet, when he enrolled in the Mormon Battalion 10 years later, records indicate that all Battalion members signed their names. Apparently, Ebenezer learned to write, at least he learned to write his name, during this period of time.

On July 20, 1823, Ebenezer married Anne Weaver. She and Ebenezer had 5 children: Joseph Gurnsey, Harriet, Norman, John Weaver, and Ann who died shortly after birth. Ann, the mother, also died as a result of complications associated with the birth of her baby daughter.

Ebenezer and Ann commenced their life together on a frontier farm. They were poor. They owned "two horses, five yards of cloth, twenty-seven yards of flannel, and thirty-four yards of linen"

(Brown/Brown, Ebenezer Brown and Descendants, p. 2). Apparently, Ann Weaver, true to her name, was a weaver. She owned a loom and manufactured cloth in her home. This was sold to a company which bought cloth from several home manufacturers in the area.

In 1829, Ebenezer and Ann moved onto "new land" in Summerhill (Crawford County), Pennsylvania. Here, Ebenezer cleared 50 acres and farmed it for 3 years. He then sold this farm and bought 100 acres (also located in Crawford County) for $350. In 1836, he sold his 100-acre farm for $1010 and headed west to live with the Latter-day Saints (Mormons). He and Ann had been baptized into the Church on June 13, 1835.

Ebenezer, Ann, and children (Joseph Gurnsey, Harriet and Norman), on their way west to be with the saints, stopped for a respite in Peru (LaSalle County), Illinois. Here their son, John, was born. Then in August 1838 — along with recently found friends, William and Zemira Draper with their widowed sister Phoebe (Phebe) Draper Palmer and her children — they commenced their journey to Far West, Missouri. On the way, they joined with Kirtland Camp led by Hyrum Smith.

In Far West, Ebenezer, Ann, and family suffered persecution and were driven from the state into western Illinois. According to a book by Beverly Thompson entitled The Faith of Phoebe, the Browns and Drapers, instead of settling in or near Quincy, where most of the migrating saints settled, journeyed south to Pleasant Vale, now known as New Canton (Pike County) and settled in an attractive, fertile valley created by the Mississippi River. Pleasant Vale was about 60 miles south of Quincy, near a community called Atlas. The Browns and Drapers prospered there. Ebenezer raised cattle and, financially, was relatively well-off — a little above the average Illinois settler. All was going well when Ann gave birth to a baby daughter who, as mentioned previously, died shortly after birth. She was named Ann, after her mother. Subsequently, on June 24, 1842, Ann also died of complications as a result of the birth. Until death, she was nursed by her friend, Phoebe Draper Palmer.

Following Ann's death, Ebenezer married Phoebe. She had helped care for his children. He needed a mother for his family, and she needed a father for hers. They were married in 1842.

And while they had no children of their own, their combined families numbered 10. Both of these families (the Browns and Drapers) would figure prominently in the founding of Draper, Utah years later.

Ebenezer and Phoebe, undoubtedly responding to a call from the Prophet Joseph Smith to help build the Nauvoo temple, moved from their farm at Pleasant Vale to a site along Honey (Sugar) Creek near Nauvoo. There they remained until after Joseph and Hyrum were martyred. Then when the Saints began to leave and wend their way slowly across the Iowa plains to Council Bluffs, Ebenezer, Phoebe, and children also left and became a part of that migration.

While in Nauvoo, Ebenezer was loyal to Joseph Smith during the stressful days leading to the Prophet's martyrdom. In fact, History of the Church, Volume III, p. 211, documents Ebenezer's having been incarcerated with Joseph in Richmond, Missouri during 1838. Moreover, he and Phoebe had responded to Joseph's call for temple workers, even though they were settled, well-off, and happy. Then when the temple was finished, he and Phoebe received their endowments before leaving Nauvoo for Council Bluffs.

During the summer of 1846, while Ebenezer, Phoebe and families were on the Iowa plains, a call came from President James K. Polk for 500 Latter-day Saint volunteers to fight in a war against Mexico. Ebenezer and Phoebe volunteered. Ebenezer was 44 years old and Phoebe 48. Phoebe went as a laundress. She was one of 4 women who completed the journey from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas to San Diego, California. Other women started with the Battalion but, along with sick and afflicted Battalion members, were sent from the Battalion to Pueblo, Colorado. Later, from Pueblo, they joined the main body of Saints on their way to Salt Lake Valley.

Ebenezer and Phoebe's younger children — 5 in number: Norman (age 15), John (age 9) and three belonging to Phoebe, the youngest of whom could not have been younger than 10 years — were left with the Saints under the care of Joseph Gurnsey (age 22), Harriett (age 19), who by now was married to Oliver Stratton, and Phoebe's two married brothers, William and Zemira Draper. Phoebe's son, Zemira Palmer, went with Ebenezer and Phoebe.

At this point, three facts must be emphasized with reference to the Mormon Battalion: (1) It was part of a larger United States army under the direction of Stephen W. Kearney. The entire army, however, did not travel as one unit. For most of the march, the Mormon Battalion traveled alone and behind the others. (2) Membership in the Battalion was voluntary. Members were not drafted. When the call came from Brigham Young, it was a call for volunteers. (3) Battalion members received pay from the United States Government. The money they received was given by them to the Saints from whom they had departed to help with the journey across the plains. The total amount received by Battalion members, and given to the Saints, was $20,000. In addition to this, Battalion members were permitted to keep their guns, issued to them by the government. Ebenezer, Phoebe, and family, then, profited materially as a result of Ebenezer and Phoebe's participation with the Battalion. They understood this. That understanding is what motivated Ebenezer and Phoebe to enlist, and their decision to do so was approved by other members of their family.

The Mormon Battalion, then, was considered by the Saints to be a blessing, not an encumbrance or unwanted obligation. By enlisting and marching to California, the Saints would be aided materially; they would be among the first to help settle western territory; and they would be able to prove their allegiance to the United States, citizens of which had already driven them from western Missouri and western Illinois.

Ebenezer was designated Second Sergeant of Company A in the Battalion. He performed his duties faithfully and well, as expected of good soldiers, and today his name appears under the officers' listing on a plaque in the Mormon Battalion Visitors' Center in Council Bluffs, Iowa and in San Diego, California.

The Battalion marched from Council Bluffs on July 20, 1846. It arrived in San Diego on January 29, 1847. There is no record of Ebenezer and Phoebe's personal experiences, but the Battalion march was brutal in terms of physical hardships. Heat, dust, hunger, thirst, illness, inadequate supplies, and inept doctoring plagued Battalion members all along the way.

The Battalion marched to Santa Fe, New Mexico then down the Rio Grande into Mexico. It turned west and made its way back

into what is now southern Arizona, spending a day or two near the tiny Mexican village of Tucson. The trail it blazed from Tucson to San Diego was later followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad and Interstate Highway 8.

After arriving in San Diego, the Battalion's march gave the United States a claim to what had been a vast western territory called New Mexico. The Battalion, though it never fought any battles against Mexico during its march, could claim the territory by conquest.

Ebenezer and Phoebe, following Brigham Young's counsel, remained in California to work in recently-discovered gold fields for money with which to help them and their migrating families when reunited in Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley late in the summer of 1849, just one week after Joseph Gurnsey, Oliver, Harriet, William, Zemira and children arrived.

In the Valley, while searching for land to farm, Ebenezer discovered a cove fed by springs. He invited the Drapers to share his discovery. They called the place South Willow Creek. In time, however, it became known as Draper.

Ebenezer served in a branch presidency, and to meet the demands of this call, he married 2 more women — Elsie Samantha Pulsipher and Mary Elizabeth Wright (church leaders were expected to practice polygamy). Ebenezer also responded to a priesthood call to help settle Iron County in southern Utah, and later to help settle Carson Valley, Nevada (which was then in Utah). He took his 2 young wives, Elsie Samantha and Mary Elizabeth, with him to Carson Valley. This was in 1856. One year later, when Johnston's Army threatened an invasion of Utah Territory, all outlying settlements were closed and their settlers returned to Utah. Ebenezer and wives were among those who returned.

Three years following Ebenezer's return to Salt Lake Valley, his youngest son, John Weaver, was crushed to death while digging a canal. In the evening of May 3, 1860 Brigham Young called at the Church historian's office and said that

> John W. Brown of Willow Creek had been crushed to death by a large stone while digging a ditch in the canyon of Dry Creek. Brown's breast was cut open. His right arm

from the shoulder to the elbow was crushed to a jelly. He was the son of Ebenezer and Ann Brown, was born June 17, 1837, in the town of Peru, Ill.; came to this valley in 1848; went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) in 1856, May 5th. Left the Islands May 1, 1858; staid in Carson Valley that winter and reached home May 8th , 1859. He was in the 23d year of his age, and leaves a wife whom he married in November last (Journal History of the Church, May 3, 1860).

John Weaver's death was the beginning of Ebenezer's family sorrows during older age. Mary Elizabeth died March 29, 1870, leaving 4 children. Faithful Phoebe helped care for these children. Then on April 19, 1877, Elsie Samantha died, leaving 7 children. To meet this crisis, Mary Elizabeth's daughter, Elizabeth, moved into the family and became its mother. These crises, and how family members came to the rescue in times of need, indicate successful polygamous relationships. Evidently, Ebenezer was a sensitive, loving husband and father.

Ebenezer's health remained stable until 1877. Then he spent part of a winter ill. He died on January 25, 1878. He was 77 years old. The Journal History of the Church noted his passing in these words: "Elder Ebenezer Brown of Draper died today. He was a member of the Mormon Battalion and lived the life of a consistent Latter-day Saint" (Journal History of the Church, Friday, January 25, 1878).

Phoebe followed Ebenezer in death. She died on February 28, 1879. She was 81 years old.

Before he died, Ebenezer expressed his greatest concern to Bishop Stewart. That concern was, he should now leave all his young children with no parent to care for them. Nevertheless, the children survived and became branches on a sturdy family tree that would continue to grow through the years. Ebenezer and his wives provided a firm foundation on which later generations could build. They were as firm as the mountains around them.

Norman Brown, Ebenezer's 2nd son and 3rd child, was the father of Charles William Brown. Norman's mother was Ann Weaver. He was born November 16, 1830 in Crawford County,

Pennsylvania. His parents were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon Church) on June 13, 1835. One year later, they moved to Kirtland, Ohio to be with the saints.

In 1838, the Browns, along with other Latter-day Saints, settled in Far West, Missouri only to be driven from that state a year later. They settled in Pleasant Vale, Illinois (about 60 miles south of Quincy) where they prospered until they were called to Nauvoo to help build the temple. They settled along Honey (Sugar) Creek, about five miles from Nauvoo.

Norman was present when the cornerstone of the Nauvoo Temple was laid, and when Joseph Smith delivered his last address to the Nauvoo Legion. The date for Joseph's address was June 18, 1844, just 9 days before he and his brother Hyrum were murdered. At that time, Norman would have been 14 years old. He was probably not a Legion member, but was present with many others who heard Joseph speak. This was Joseph's last address to the Legion, and was loaded with feeling and portent of future happenings.

In his address, Joseph said:

> It is thought by some that our enemies would be satisfied with my destruction; but I tell you that as soon as they have shed my blood they will thirst for the blood of every man in whose heart dwells a single spark of the spirit of the fullness of the Gospel. The opposition of these men is moved by the spirit of the adversary of all righteousness. It is not only to destroy me, but every man and woman who dares believe the doctrines that God hath inspired me to teach this generation.
>
> We have never violated the laws of our country. We have every right to live under their protection, and are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed by our state and national constitutions. We have turned the barren, bleak prairies and swamps of this state into beautiful towns, farms and cities by our industry; and the men who seek our destruction and cry thief, treason, riot are those, who themselves violate the laws, steal and plunder from their neighbors, and seek to destroy the innocent, heralding

forth lies to screen themselves from the just punishment of their crimes by bringing destruction upon this innocent people. I call God, angels and all men to witness that we are innocent of the charges which are heralded forth through the public prints against us by our enemies. . . . (Then drawing his sword and presenting it to heaven, he said) I call God and angels to witness that I have unsheathed my sword with a firm and unalterable determination that this people shall have their legal rights, and be protected from mob violence, or my blood shall be spilt upon the ground like water, and my body consigned to the silent tomb. . . .

I do not regard my own life. I am ready to be offered a sacrifice for this people; for what can our enemies do? Only kill the body, and their power is then at an end. Stand firm my friends; never flinch. Do not seek to save your lives, for he that is afraid to die for the truth, will lose eternal life. Hold out to the end, and we shall be resurrected and become like Gods, and reign in celestial kingdoms, principalities and eternal dominions, while this cursed mob will sink to hell, the portion of all those who shed innocent blood.

God has tried you. You are a good people; therefore I love you with all my heart. Greater love hath no man than that he should lay down his life for his friends. You have stood by me in the hour of trouble, and I am willing to sacrifice my life for your preservation.

May the Lord God of Israel bless you for ever and ever. I say it in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, which He hath conferred upon me (History of the Church, Volume VI, pp. 498-500).

Norman, regardless of his young age, could not have helped being moved emotionally and spiritually by the powerful peroration ending Joseph's discourse. That experience not only remained with him throughout life, but gave direction and meaning to his life.

When the Saints left Illinois on their westward trek, Norman and parents left too. They settled in Winter Quarters (Nebraska).

By now, Norman's mother had died, and his father had married Phoebe Draper Palmer, a widow.

When the United States Government enlisted about 500 Latter-day Saint men to help fight Mexico, Norman's father and stepmother enlisted. Both completed the march to California while Norman and 2 brothers accompanied a sister and her husband to Salt Lake Valley.

In the autumn of 1849, Norman, his brother, Joseph Gurnsey, and their father herded cattle in that part of the Valley which became Draper. They fattened their cattle on grass then sold them to emigrants going to California.

In 1850, Ebenezer, Phoebe and children built the 1st house in Draper, and homesteaded 175 acres there. At that time, however, the place was called South Willow Creek.

During 1849-1850, Norman crossed the plains by ox team 3 times, leading immigrants from Winter Quarters into Salt Lake Valley. Also, in 1850 he was called to Provo for a "few days" to fight Indians at war with the Saints. He "narrowly escaped death" when a bullet burned his ear and clipped off a lock of hair (Brown/Brown, Ebenezer Brown and Descendants, p. 363).

In 1850, Norman went to California to mine gold. He lived there for 7 years. While there, he contracted typhoid fever, resulting in complications which made amputation of a leg likely. He refused amputation, however, and nursed a painful leg during later life.

In 1857 when Albert Sidney Johnston's army approached Utah to crush a reported Mormon insurrection against the United States Government, Norman returned to Utah and spent 52 days with Lot Smith and his Mormon Raiders, burning government supply wagons and harassing the army.

In April 1858, Alfred Cumming replaced Brigham Young as Utah's governor. Norman was one of Cumming's escorts from Fort Bridger through Echo Canyon to Salt Lake City. Escorting the governor into Salt Lake Valley marked an end to the Utah War.

Norman married Annie Smith November 1, 1858. They lived in Draper for 60 years and had 10 children: Annie Elizabeth, John Sivil, Martha Jane, Joseph Gurnsey, Mary Ellen, Harriet Eliza, Charles William, George Michael, Norman Frederick, and Ebenezer.

Norman was short, stocky, and of remarkable physical strength and endurance. The story is told that when the Saints were driven from Missouri, his father instructed him to take a fresh horse across a river to Brigham Young. He did, but to return he had to swim the river amidst chunks of floating ice. At age 90, he would walk from Draper to Sandy, a distance of 5 miles, to have his "hair cut and beard trimmed" (Brown/Brown, Ebenezer Brown and Descendants, pp. 363-364). Insects were not attracted to Norman. He handled beehives without covering face or hands and was never stung.

Norman had little formal education. He encountered, however, a variety of experiences contributing to the development of good sense and practical skills.

Norman died at age 91 on March 25, 1921. His obituary read:

> Norman Brown died at his home in Draper on March 25, at the age of 91 years, as the result of an accident the day before, when he stumbled over a baby carriage and fell, fracturing three ribs on his right side. One of the ribs pierced the lung, causing his death. Mr. Brown was born in Crawford County, Pa., and came to Utah in the spring of 1848. He came to Draper in 1849 and made two trips to California and three trips across the plains with ox teams, conveying immigrants and provisions (Journal History of the Church, 25 March 1921, p. 5).

Annie Smith (Brown) was Norman's wife, and mother to Charles William. She was born January 6, 1839 at Worchestershire, England. Her parents, John Sivil Smith and Jane Wadley were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when Annie was 1 year old. She, then, was raised in the Church.

Annie and her parents left England for America in 1841. They settled on a farm outside Nauvoo. Later they moved to Kirtland, but were forced by persecution to return to Nauvoo. They were driven from Nauvoo with the rest of the Saints and crossed the Iowa plains to Council Bluffs where Annie's father served as a carpenter and wheelwright, preparing wagons to cross the plains.

Finally, in May 1850 they crossed the plains, entering Salt Lake Valley in October.

In 1851, Annie's family settled in South Willow Creek, subsequently known as Draper. Five years later they moved to Kaysville where they farmed and kept a large, well-furnished house.

Annie married Norman Brown on November 1, 1858. They settled permanently in Draper. They were parents of 10 children (see Norman Brown), three of whom preceded Annie and Norman in death (Annie Elizabeth, John Sivil, and Harriett Eliza).

Annie's home became a regular stop for stage coaches, and she had a difficult time keeping lice, continually brought into the home by travelers, from becoming attached to her children.

Annie and Norman spent much of their time helping the sick and others in need. They were devoted to each other; when Annie lost her sight in an operation to remove a cataract, Norman tended her for 10 years until he died March 25, 1921. Grieving and alone, she died at age 82 on May 2, 1921, just 6 weeks after Norman was buried. They were married 62 years.

Annie was reared in a home of refinement and culture. She was short in stature and determined in spirit. These were traits observable in her seventh child, Charles William Brown.

<u>Birth</u>

Charles William Brown (or "C.W." as he was called) was born November 4, 1874 in Draper, Utah Territory. He was the 7th of 10 children born to Norman Brown (1830-1921) and Annie Smith (1839-1921). In this family of 10 children, there were 6 boys and 4 girls. Eight were born in Draper and 2 in Kaysville, Utah. The 2 oldest children, Annie Elizabeth and John Sivil, died before marriage.

C.W. was born only 27 years following entrance into the Salt Lake Valley of the first pioneer company of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) on July 24, 1847. At C.W.'s birth, the Valley was still rural, and life in it was comparatively primitive. Several communities were scattered out from Salt Lake City in every direction. One of these was Draper, named for William Draper, the brother of Phoebe Draper Palmer who had married Ebenezer Brown, C.W.'s grandfather. Draper originally was named

Brownville, but was changed when that name conflicted with another older community of the same name, which eventually became Ogden, Utah.

When C.W. was born, Brigham Young was President of the Church. The Salt Lake Temple had been under construction for 22 years, but would not be finished for another 18 years. The University of Utah was known as the University of Deseret. Its name would not be changed until 1892, another 18 years.

Brigham Young died August 29, 1877, three years after C.W. was born. Brigham Young was followed by President John Taylor, who spent most of his remaining days (he died July 25, 1887) hiding from federal officers who were after Latter-day Saint polygamists.

Ulysses S. Grant was president of the United States. Rutherford B. Hayes would be elected President almost 2 years to the day following C.W.'s birth. Thirteen states were still territories, 10 of which were in the west, including Idaho and Utah. New York was the largest city with a population of 942,292. Life expectancy for males was a little less than 48 years; for females it was about 50 years. The American Civil War was only 9 years in the past; the Spanish-American War was 24 years in the future. America, before the Civil War, had been primarily agricultural, but between the war's end and turn of the century, it would become one of the leading industrial nations in the world. Moreover, the 1st transcontinental railroad became reality (May 10, 1869), only 5 years before C.W.'s birth, when the Central Pacific and Union Pacific met at Promontory Point near the northern shore of Great Salt Lake. The railroad would have a beneficent impact on stock-raising in the American west.

Stock-raising brings to mind long cattle drives from grazing lands to railheads, and range wars between cattle and sheep interests. C. W.'s growing up years were those during which the popular conception of the American cowboy as some sort of western hero would take root. Range wars, fought over grazing rights, became brutal, resulting in the death of cowboys, sheep-herders, cattle and sheep. And the agricultural potential of arid western states was still only a dream in the minds of a few dreamers. That potential would not begin to be realized for another 30 to 50 years when canals would be dug and dams would

impound water in reservoirs, making it available for irrigation. So C.W.'s early years were dynamic years, in terms of how the nation was changing.

Early Years

C.W. was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church on June 29, 1884. He was baptized by Peter N. Garff and confirmed by James Jorgensen. At that time, he was 10 years old. That would be 2 years late according to the age for baptism. The record does not indicate why.

C. W. grew up on his father's farm in Draper. He earned spending money by trapping muskrats, cleaning the school house, raising pet lambs and working with horses. Family lore has C.W. riding race horses for Allen Brothers Livestock Company which specialized in purebred Cotswold Sheep and Percheron horses. He may have, but no literature has been found to document that story. However, he did work for Allen Brothers. According to material supplied by the Utah State Historical Society, Allen Brothers "founded one of the finest sheep operations in the state of Utah." A substantial assumption is that C.W.'s pet lambs came from purebred Cotswold sheep raised by Allen Brothers.

Perhaps working for the Livestock Company is when C.W.'s love of animals took root and began to grow. He would manifest that love throughout the rest of his life.

The 1870's and 1880's, undoubtedly, demanded work and responsibility from young men such as C. W., but they also provided days full of adventure and fun. For the Church, however, they were days filled with persecution and trial.

The Morrill Anti-bigamy Act, passed by Congress in 1862, was intended to

> strike at both polygamy and Church power by prohibiting plural marriage in the territories, dis-incorporating the Church, and restricting the Church's ownership of property to fifty thousand dollars (Church Educational System, Church History In The Fullness Of Times, p. 425).

President Abraham Lincoln signed the Act into law, but it was never used against the Church because it failed to set aside funds

for its implementation and enforcement, and was overlooked by the more momentous issue of civil war. Nevertheless, with the Church no longer a legal organization, and with its wealth severely restricted, tithe-paying declined and the Church became destitute of funds — it teetered on the brink of economic ruin.

In 1882, Congress undertook another thrust against the Church. This time it passed the Edmund-Tucker Act which also became law. This law defined "unlawful cohabitation" as supporting and caring for more than one woman. It also

> disenfranchised polygamists and declared them ineligible for public office. Not only those who practiced but also those who believed in plural marriage were disqualified from jury service. All registration and election officers in Utah Territory were dismissed, and a board of five commissioners was appointed by the president of the United States to administer elections (Church Educational System, Church History In The Fullness Of Times, p. 426).

Consequently, Latter-day Saint polygamists, including President John Taylor, were hunted and many incarcerated. The United States Supreme Court upheld the law. Church leaders either went underground or were scattered, many seeking refuge in Canada and Mexico. As indicated, Church members, at least many of them, had ceased paying tithing, and the Church came perilously close to financial ruin. Not until 1890, when President Wilford Woodruff counseled the Saints to contract no future plural marriages, did the situation improve for Church and Saints. Nine years later, President Lorenzo Snow encouraged the Saints, during a conference in St. George, Utah, to commence paying tithing (a full tithing) once more. Thereafter, church finances improved until indebtedness was eliminated.

Just as C.W.'s early years were dynamic in terms of national changes, so were they dynamic and stressful in terms of what went on in the Church as it dealt with the nation. C.W. was born and grew up during some of the most dynamic years in the history of this country and the Church. In the nation these years were a transition from pre-modern to modern times. In the Church, they

were a change in lifestyle from polygamous to monogamous marriages with associated stresses and trauma.

University of Utah

In the Autumn of 1893, C.W. enrolled at the University of Utah which was located at 241 North 3rd West where West High School is presently situated. He financed 4 years of education by working with threshing crews, shoveling gravel on the Rio Grande railroad west of Draper, and with money borrowed from his older sister, Nellie, who was a school teacher. Part of the time, he walked 3 miles to school and 3 miles back each day. Board cost him $3 per week. During his 4th year at the University, he boarded with Wilhelmina Sudberry, Karl G. Maeser's sister-in-law. (Karl G. Maeser was a prominent Utah educator who helped found Brigham Young Academy, predecessor to Brigham Young University, currently a competitor and frequent nemesis of the University of Utah).

C.W. loved sports. While at the University, he helped organize an athletic club, and served as captain of the baseball team. He remained a baseball enthusiast throughout his life. He caught pitches for the St. Anthony, Idaho baseball team, and managed the Parker, Idaho team for several years. While at the University, besides playing baseball, he also participated in track and field events, winning gold medals in the hurdles and broad jump.

An interesting note about baseball seems appropriate before future events in C.W.'s life are noted. Baseball was organized under a system of rules in the 1840's by Alexander Cartwright and New York's Knickerbocker Baseball Club (Lasur, Autumn Glory, Baseball's First World Series, p. 193). By 1866, it had grown sufficiently as an outdoor competitive sport that it was described as "America's National Game" (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 581). By 1901, both the National and American Leagues had been organized (each with 8 teams), and by 1903 the first world series was played between the National League Pittsburg Pirates and the American League Boston Americans. The Americans won the series 5 games to 3.

The baseball diamond then was the same as now, but other aspects of the game reveal some differences. For example, in baseball's early days, there were no batting helmets or gloves; the

catcher wore no protective gear, including a mask. Masks were not used in either major, minor or city leagues until about 1877 (Cannon, Deserets, Red Stockings, and Out-of-Towners: Baseball Comes of Age in Salt Lake City, 1877-79, pp. 143-144). Gloves came into use over the years between the 1870's and turn of the century. By C. W.'s time, catchers usually wore masks and gloves. However, the writer remembers C.W.'s telling him of games caught without gloves and other protective gear. Now, anyone who has caught baseball behind the plate, as C.W. did, knows the physical abuse to which the body would be subject, given those conditions. Evidence of such abuse could be seen in C.W.'s hands when he was an older man — split nails, swollen hands, and misshapen knuckles where they had been broken. Broken teeth, however, were not in evidence — apparently, he was effective behind the plate, and this has no reference to food.

C.W. graduated from the University of Utah in the Spring of 1897 with a diploma certifying him to teach in "any of the grades of the public schools of Utah." At that time the University was a 4-year school offering a 3-year "normal" course, the purpose of which was to prepare school teachers. Interestingly, C.W.'s certificate of graduation was signed by James E. Talmage, President.

C.W.'s graduating class numbered 52, one of whom was David O. McKay who later became president of the Church. In fact, C.W. and David O. were close friends. They had played baseball together. James E. Talmage — noted church apostle, scholar and writer — presided, but also taught C.W. at the University. With Talmage as his mentor, C.W. was certainly well-taught.

An article in the Salt Lake Tribune (June 15, 1897) spoke of the graduation and graduation services in the following words:

> The class of '97 of the University of Utah yesterday made its final bow and stepped from the stage of undergraduate life to the comparative obscurity of alumni.
>
> The scene at the Salt Lake theater, where the commencement exercises were held, was a brilliant one. The members of the class, 52 strong, with the faculty of

the university, were seated upon the stage amid a perfect shower of flowers and plants.

The dainty white costumes of the young ladies, in contrast with the somber black worn by the men, the whole set in a framework of many-hued blossoms, made a charming picture.

The class day "programme" in University hall:

Opening address, Class president R.L. McGhie; song, "Vive La U. of U."; Class history, Miss Nettie McKay; Class song, "We're the Class of '97"; Class prognostication, Miss Grace Hicks; Song, "Our Alma Mater"; Oration, "Ignorance of Ignorance," David O. McKay; Class Poem, Howard R. Driggs, and song, "The Dear Old Buildings."

In S. L. Theater:

Address to the graduates, Mrs. Emma J. McVicker, member board of regents; normal class essay, "The True Education," Miss Elsie Poll; collegiate class oration, "The State as a Promoter," Milton Bennion.

The regular exercises closed with benediction pronounced by Rev. F.L. Arnold, but the greater part of the audience remained to witness the pretty ceremony of distributing the numerous floral gifts with which the stage was heaped, to the members of the graduating class.

According to University of Utah records, C.W. re-enrolled at the University during 1899. The reason for his re-enrollment is not clear. Perhaps, he felt a need to "brush up," or perhaps he just wanted additional knowledge presented in a classroom environment.

Martha Letitia Orgill

Ancestry

Joseph Orgill, Jr., Martha Letitia Orgill's grandfather, was born January 22, 1814 at Hartson, Derbyshire, England. As a young man he worked for Green's Pot Works in Derbyshire.

He was religious, and an ardent church goer. On Sundays he walked 7 miles to attend religious services. He befriended Latter-day Saint missionaries who were always welcome in his home.

Joseph met, and married Elizabeth Lowe in 1834. Elizabeth grew up on a dairy farm where she learned to milk cows. She was a skilled knitter, and possessed a beautiful soprano voice with which she sang the songs of Zion after she was contacted by Latter-day Saint missionaries and converted to the gospel.

After marriage, Elizabeth also worked at Green's Pot Works. Together, she and Joseph hoped to save sufficient money to emigrate them and their children to Utah where they could be with the Saints. However, to go together as an entire family would be impossible. So they departed, as individual family members, when funds were available. Eventually all but one emigrated, including Joseph and his wife Elizabeth.

The first to leave was Joseph Orgill III (oldest son of Joseph Orgill Jr. and Elizabeth Lowe) and his wife Phoebe Croxall, a daughter of Samuel Croxall and Ann Bettridge or Bethridge. Both Phoebe and Joseph were Latter-day Saints. When Phoebe was converted and joined the Church, her father, an affluent coal mine owner, was displeased. When she and Joseph revealed plans to emigrate to America, he was even more displeased and warned her not to go — her going there to join with Mormons would forfeit any claim she might have to his estate. He kept his promise. Phoebe struggled to make her own way through life, independent of her father.

Joseph and Phoebe married in August 1858 at Castle Gresley, Derbyshire, England. Their first child, Sarah Ann, died in England on June 16, 1861. They sailed for America early in 1865 with 3 other children: Joseph Croxall, William Croxall, and Mary. Mary was only a baby, born December 16, 1864 in Derbyshire. She died on July 29, 1865 while Joseph, Phoebe, and children crossed the plains with a covered wagon company led by Tom Taylor.

Joseph drove one of the wagons in Taylor's company for the privilege of traveling with the train and for what he understood would be a payment to him of $400 at the end of the journey. Because there was not sufficient room in the wagon, Phoebe walked most of the way carrying her baby, Mary, in her arms and

her son, William, on her back — he was sick and too weak to walk much. The distance traveled each day was determined by the strength of the draft animals, not by Phoebe's fatigue. As they traveled, baby Mary became ill and, according to family lore, Joseph walked all night to a nearby town where he attempted unsuccessfully to sell his treasured violin for medicine with which to treat ailing Mary. He returned to find his daughter dead and a grave dug for her burial. How difficult to bury a child along the trail, in a shallow grave, knowing wolves would undoubtedly find the sacred spot, uncover and devour the body.

Another twist to this story is that Joseph and family were members of a handcart company instead of a wagon train, but no documentation has been found to validate this version of the story. In fact, schedules indicate that Joseph and family rode the train to Omaha, Nebraska. This would negate the handcart version because handcarts were built in Iowa City, Iowa, and handcart companies usually were organized there. Iowa City is 150 miles east of Omaha.

After arrival in Salt Lake Valley, Phoebe brought into the world 10 other children before she ran her course. They were, in order of birth: Elizabeth, Phoebe, triplets (Eliza, Elica, and a baby stillborn), Harriett, Jane, Caroline Fletcher, Martha Letitia, and Andrew. This numbered a family of 14 children, 3 boys and 11 girls. Four were born in England, 2 boys and 2 girls. The rest were born in Utah. Four died as children. One was stillborn. So 10 brothers and sisters lived to maturity — 3 were men and 7 were women. Letitia and her brother Andrew were the youngest of the 10 children.

Joseph Orgill was a successful turkey farmer. He was also a musician. He was accomplished with the violin, as already indicated. He composed his own music, organized a band, and played for dances.

Phoebe, Joseph's wife, died on August 15, 1893 at the age of 56, leaving Letitia at age 15 to help her father, and care for 13-year-old Andrew. All the other living children by this time were married and gone from home.

Birth and Early Years

Martha Letitia Orgill (or "Tish" as she was called) was born June 9, 1878 in Draper, Utah. As previously indicated, she was the 13th of 14 children born to Joseph Orgill (1837-1916) and Phoebe Croxall (1837-1893).

Tish was baptized by Peter N. Garff, but the record gives no date of either baptism or confirmation. We may suppose, however, that her meticulous and religiously-oriented parents would have made certain she was baptized on schedule. That is, she was baptized when 8 years of age.

Since Tish's father was a turkey farmer, she helped raise turkeys. She also kept the family's coal-oil lamps filled with fuel. She skimmed milk, learned how to make butter, stripped sugar cane, polished shoes, and helped keep the house clean and tidy. She was a tidy and immaculate housekeeper.

Tish attended an "ungraded" school (where all grades met in 1 room) until she was 13 years old. Why she did not continue her formal education is not clear. Perhaps the first 8 grades were all to which the Orgill family had access at the time. As indicated previously, 2 years later (August 15, 1893), when Tish was 15 years old, her mother passed away at age 56. At that time, all the children were married except Tish and her brother, Andrew. So, she became sole cook, housekeeper and mother to Andrew. Thereafter, a relationship which had already been close became even closer between her, her father Joseph, and her brother Andrew.

Frequently, as Joseph Orgill played for dances with his band, Tish went with him. She learned to dance gracefully, and developed an interest in music. She possessed a beautiful singing voice (perhaps inherited from her Grandmother Elizabeth Lowe) and sang in the ward choir which her father conducted. She passed on to her daughters those musical interests and talents. Her daughter, Melba, sang beautifully at various gatherings in the Upper Snake River Valley. Her daughter, Therel, became a pianist and organist whose services were in demand most of her adult life. Her daughter, Wilma, for years, led the Parker Ward Choir.

Joseph Orgill lived out his life in Draper, dying on April 6, 1927. His obituary, printed in the Deseret News, contains information that some may find interesting. It read:

> Draper, April 8 — Special funeral services for Joseph Orgill, 88, who died Wednesday at his home here, will be held Sunday April 10, at 2:00 p.m. in the Draper Ward chapel under Direction of Bishop M. B. Andrus. The body may be viewed at the residence prior to the services. Interment will be in Draper cemetery under direction of the Deseret Mortuary.
>
> Mr. Orgill came to Utah in 1865 as an ox-team pioneer. He settled on a farm in the vicinity and lived there the remainder of his life. Mr. Orgill was a bugler in the state militia during the Black Hawk Indian War, and choir director in Draper for many years. He organized a number of orchestras and bands there (Deseret News, Friday, April, 8, 1927).

The article went on to list names of children who survived Joseph. One, of course, was Mrs. C. W. Brown of Parker, Idaho. Another was Nephi Orgill of Egin, Idaho.

This occasion (the funeral) certainly would have constituted one of many trips to Utah taken by C.W., Tish, and family from their home in Parker. However, being in Utah for these funeral services was never mentioned in any interviews involving the three daughters of C.W. and Tish.

Marriage and After

Marriage

Two years before he graduated from the University, Tish met C. W. Brown. She was 17 years old. He was 21. They courted for 5 years. In the meantime, from 1898 to 1900, C.W. taught an ungraded school in Crescent, Utah. Crescent was a tiny settlement about 3 miles south of Sandy, Utah. It was an outgrowth of nearby Draper.

Apparently, by 1900, C.W. felt sufficiently secure to ask Tish to marry him. She accepted his proposal and they were married

on December 20, 1900 in the Salt Lake Temple. They lived in Draper, Utah.

Moving to Parker

Meanwhile, C.W.'s purebred Cotswold pet lambs had grown into a sheep herd. At least, that is a logical statement. How many pet lambs C.W. had, and how many sheep resulted from those lambs, is not known. But according to family lore, the herd increased to "a considerable size" when C.W.'s brother, George, who also owned sheep, sold his animals to C.W. However, that may not have been until C.W. and Tish moved to Idaho.

C.W., then, left Utah in July 1901 with a growing herd of sheep, needing room in which to expand. We suppose he shipped his sheep in railroad cars to Egin Bench where he had "purchased" 160 acres of irrigated land from Andrew Amandson for $700. This land was located near the sand dunes north and west of Parker about 2 miles. Later, for $800, he bought another 40 acres from his brother Joseph, with whom he lived during the summer and fall of 1901. Tish joined him on his sheep ranch in January 1902.

Legal descriptions of land purchased from Andrew Amandson and Joseph Gurnsey Brown follow:

Andrew Amandson (160 acres)

The North Half of the Southeast Quarter (N2 SE4); the Southwest Quarter of the Southeast Quarter (SW4 SE4), Section Twenty-nine (29), Township 8 North, Range Forty (40), East of the Boise Meridian, containing 160 acres. Together with all water rights thereto belonging, particularly four shares of stock in the Last Chance Canal Company.

Joseph Gurnsey Brown (40 acres)

The Northwest Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section Twenty-eight (28), Township Eight (8) North, Range Forty (40), East of the Boise Meridian, containing 40 acres.

Questions, in connection with C.W.'s move to eastern Idaho, beg answers. First, why did he go to Idaho? There was grazing land in Utah. In fact, Utah was noted as a sheep-grazing state. One thousand head of sheep were brought into Salt Lake Valley in 1848. By 1883, that number throughout the Territory had increased to 450,000. In 1932 (31 years after C.W. came to Idaho), sheep raising was the "leading livestock enterprise" in the state of Utah (Hunter, Utah In Her Western Setting, pp. 496-497).

Perhaps an answer to the question is found in the fact that C.W.'s older brother, Joseph Gurnsey Brown, had gone to Parker in March 1889. He acquired 80 acres of land which he cleared and planted to dry-land corn. (If he acquired this land under the Homestead Act of 1862, then planting the acreage to dry-land corn would have satisfied requirements of the Act.) Joseph then returned to Utah where he worked for his uncle, George Smith, herding sheep. He married Mary Ann Gooch in the Logan Temple on December 16, 1896. For 2 months the newlyweds boarded with the George Smith family, then somewhere near the end of February or early March, a covered wagon was loaded with essentials — "Mary Ann's trunk, featherbed, some household articles" — and with "five chickens, a cow, a heifer calf, and Joe's prize Arabian pony and a team of horses," Joseph, with his bride, returned to Idaho (Parker Centennial Chronicles, 1884-1994, p. 31). Joseph and Mary Ann arrived in Parker on May 18, 1897 and settled in a cabin close to Joseph's 80-acre farm.

Joseph undoubtedly talked to C.W. about the agricultural potential of the Egin Bench area. Not only did the area promise rich agricultural benefits, but was ideal for sheep raising as well. North of Parker were excellent grazing lands during spring season. With onset of summer, the animals could be moved to nearby mountains. In the fall, they could find forage in cultivated fields. Besides, the Homestead Act of 1862 made purchase of unclaimed land easy.

The Homestead Act allowed the purchase of 160 acres of land to anyone who would pay a $10 registration fee and agree to live on the land and improve it for a period of five years. Under this Act, the United States Government gave away 48 million acres of land to private citizens and corporate business. In addition, another 128 million acres were given to railroad companies as an

inducement to lay track across the sparsely settled western states and territories. Between 1862 and 1900 "nearly 600,000 families claimed free homesteads" under the Act (Divine, America Past And Present, p. 518). The Browns (Joseph/Mary Ann), and those who preceded them, were among those families.

Another question begging an answer is, how arduous was the journey from Salt Lake Valley to the Egin Bench area? We know there was a railroad (the Utah and Northern Railroad) at that time from Salt Lake City to near Butte, Montana. By early summer 1879, it had gone beyond Market Lake (Roberts). By July it had reached Camas (Hamer); by September, it had reached Beaver Canyon (Spencer) (Arrington, History of Idaho, Volume I, p. 320). So it had been in place 10 years before Joseph first came. Before C.W.'s coming, it had been in place 22 years.

When Joseph Brown first made his way to Parker, according to one source, he journeyed south from Kilgore (consult Parker Centennial Chronicles, 1884-1994, p. 31). The only way that makes sense is to assume he rode the train from Salt Lake City to Montana, probably expecting work in the mines. When that failed to materialize, he made his way from Montana into eastern Idaho. Another assumption is that he rode the train to Camas or Beaver Canyon, then journeyed by horse past Pine Butte and over the "breaks" to Parker. The first assumption makes more sense than the second because of the motive associated with it.

Of course, as indicated, when he returned to Idaho with Mary Ann, they came in a covered wagon pulled by a team of horses (Centennial Parker Chronicles 1884-1994, p. 31). Coming by covered wagon, how many miles did they travel in a day's time? That would depend on traveling conditions. But given when they left Utah (perhaps Cache Valley) during the latter part of February or the first part of March and when they arrived in Parker on May 18, they probably traveled 3 to 4 miles each day for 5 days a week.

An obstacle easy for us to overlook was that rivers needed to be crossed. In northern Utah there was Bear River. In Idaho there were the Portneuf River, southeast of Pocatello, and 2 forks of the Snake River in eastern Idaho. In addition, there was the Dry Bed which was associated with the South Fork of Snake River between Heise and Menan.

Until the mid-1890's rivers in eastern Idaho were either forded or crossed on ferries. A ferry operated across the North Fork of Snake River, about six miles west of Rexburg, during the 1880's. This made trade with Market Lake (Roberts) feasible. The first wagon bridge at Lorenzo was constructed in 1896. A railroad bridge was constructed there a year later. This encouraged commerce between Upper Valley settlements and Idaho Falls. While river bridges were not common during eastern Idaho's pioneer history, neither were other aspects of life in the Upper Snake River Valley.

By 1901 when C. W. came to Parker, Idaho had been a state for 10 years. The Upper Snake River Valley was dotted with fledgling settlements all the way from Ashton (1906) in the north to Eagle Rock (1863) or Idaho Falls (1891), in the south. The 1st of these settlements was Menan, settled in 1879 by John C. Poole and Joseph C. Fisher. These men cleared land of giant sagebrush (indicating its fertility), then dug a water channel from Snake River through land they had cleared. With this effort, irrigation in the Valley commenced. Other settlements, mostly Mormon, followed in rapid succession, Lewisville (1879-1880), Rexburg (1883), Iona (1884), Ucon (1885), Saint Anthony (1888), Rigby (1889), Ammon (1898), and Ririe (1915).

When settlers first came into the Upper Snake River Valley, the whole land was covered with giant sagebrush. The climate was cold in winter and hot in summer, though it could be cold during summer as well. In fact, frost has been reported in the Valley every month of the year, and snow in July, though not usual, was, according to early settlers, in evidence on occasion. The climate, then, was harsh, a climate that did not attract those who were not willing to face hardships.

Moreover, the Valley in its pristine condition had been a habitat to antelope, deer, elk, moose, badgers, bear, beaver, cougars, coyotes, foxes, wolves, and water fowl. Rabbits, too, were legion. And streams, of course, teemed with fish. By turn of the century, after communities had become established, and wildlife habitat either had been destroyed or severely restricted, animals stayed in surrounding mountains, coming down only when winters were especially severe. Coyotes and wolves, of course, were a constant menace to livestock, especially sheep.

Indians, before settlers came, either passed through the Valley on their way to harvest camas south of the Centennial Mountains, or camped in it temporarily from time to time, but generally the mountains surrounding it with their smaller basins and valleys were more attractive to Indians. So except for its wildlife, the Valley remained relatively uninhabited until Mormons made their appearance. Mormons were farmers and came to settle. They came in substantial numbers, endured the climate, cleared the land of sagebrush, and solved problems of irrigation.

Clearing land of sagebrush, generally, was done by pulling out the plants with teams of horses. The brush was then piled and burned.

Getting water to farmland was a more difficult undertaking. Hundreds of men with teams of horses and slip scrapers dug channels several miles long to carry water directly from Snake River to thirsty soil. In addition to these channels, surveyed by the "naked eye," there were head-gates and diversion dams to build. The Egin Bench, however, was sub-irrigated. That is, the water table was close enough to the surface that a few ditches, running with water, through a field would bring the water table sufficiently high to water plants. Flood irrigation was not needed.

Pioneer cabins were crude. They were constructed of logs with dried mud between cracks. At first, windows were open, and doors were without locks. Strangers were welcome to go in and help themselves to food when no one was home. People, generally, were responsible and did not abuse this privilege and practice.

Doctors were either scarce or non-existent. Settlers relied on personal resourcefulness and faith in God to pull them through sickness and injuries.

During closing years of the 19th century and opening years of the 20th, Idaho range lands provided excellent grazing for cattle and sheep. Moreover, the Upper Snake River Valley provided an ideal setting for stock rustling. It was high mountain country, relatively isolated from major centers of population; it was near stock ranches in Montana and Wyoming; it provided abundant feed, water, and shelter for rustled stock. Stock rustling, then, though illegal, became a profitable business for some. An accommodating hideout for rustlers was where the North and

South Forks of the Snake River come together near the buttes west of Rexburg. Here hundreds of stolen animals (cows and horses) were hidden along river bottoms while grazing meadowlands in preparation for drives to Corinne, Utah, a mainline railhead.

Another favorite hideout for rustlers was the Big Hole Mountains east of Rexburg. Rustlers who sought clandestine security in these mountains used the Teton Valley for stock grazing.

Occasionally, rustlers visited Rexburg to buy supplies. In one instance (1884), three rustlers from Montana, with pistols and rifles, appeared asking for food and a place to sleep. A resident, Brigham Ricks, relative of Thomas E. Ricks, fed them and allowed them to sleep on his living room floor. But while the men slept, plans were made for their arrest in the morning. Accordingly, at dawn when the rustlers went outside to wash and prepare for breakfast, a Montana sheriff and his deputies who were in pursuit, surprised them by shouting, "Put your hands up!" The rustlers fled for the house. Shots were fired. One fell, wounded. The others gave up. Soon, he who was wounded died. The others died too. They were hung in a grove of trees near the river — an example of quick western justice.

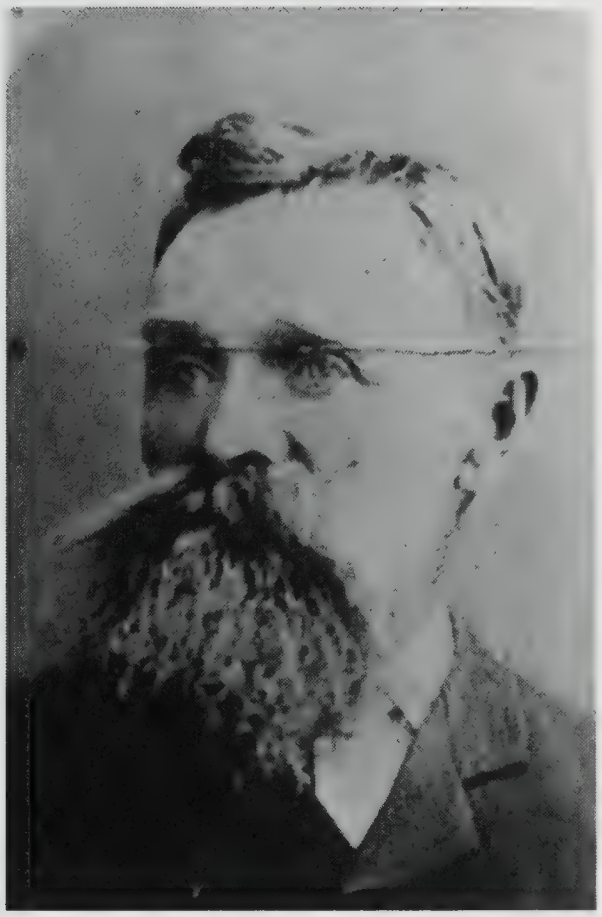
So the Valley witnessed a taste of the "wild west." Seventeen years later, by the time C. W. went to Parker, life had calmed somewhat. But it was never without challenges.

Finally, in discussing the Upper Snake River Valley immediately prior to and during the Browns' migration from Utah to Idaho, mention must be made that Rexburg, soon after its founding by Thomas E. Ricks, boasted an academy (Ricks Academy, honoring Thomas E. Ricks). The Academy, founded in 1888, had its first permanent building by 1902 (the Spori Building, named after Jacob Spori, a driving force behind the school). That was the very year when Tish Brown joined her husband C.W. in Parker, 12 miles north of Rexburg. A few years later, their daughter, Melba, attended Ricks Academy just before its name was changed in 1923 to Ricks College. Later still, grandchildren attended Ricks College.

So C.W. and Tish came to the Upper Snake River Valley in eastern Idaho only shortly after the first settlers came (about 21-

22 years to be exact). They were, themselves, pioneers who served as a link between pre-modern and modern times.

Annie Smith Brown

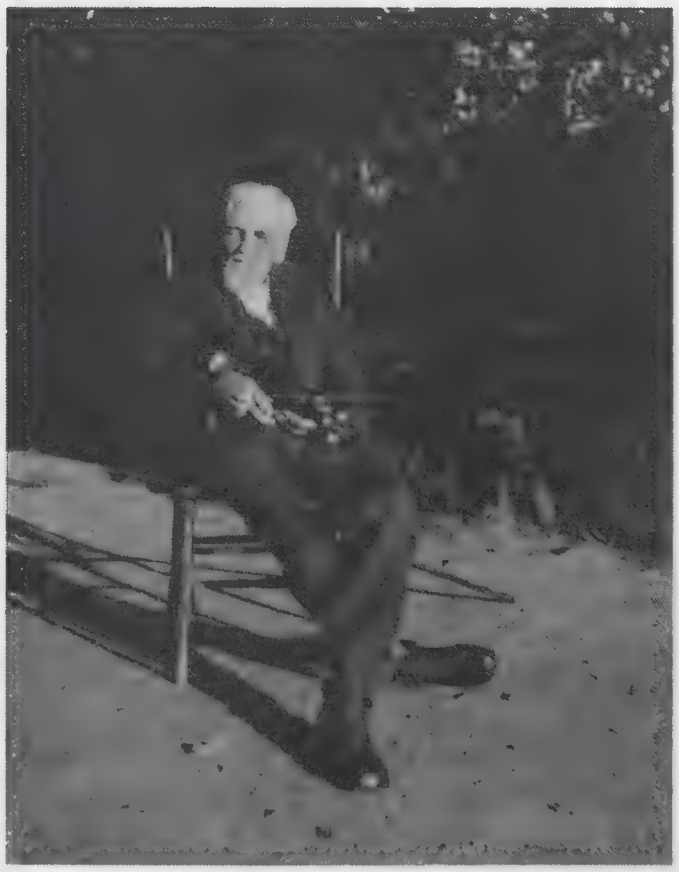


Norman Brown

Charles William (C.W.) Brown

Martha Letitia (Tish) Brown

Phoebe Croxall Orgill and Joseph Orgill III
Mother/Father of Martha Letitia Orgill



Joseph Orgill III and his violin

Martha Letitia Orgill and her sister Caroline Fletcher Orgill

L to R: Elizabeth, Eliza, Harriet, and Letitia Orgill

Orgill house in Draper, Utah. Martha Letitia was born in this house.

This was the first house in which Joseph and Phoebe Orgill lived. Situated in Draper, Utah.

University of Deseret, predecessor of the University of Utah, C.W.'s Alma Mater. Located (1884-1900) at 324 W. 100 North, where West High is today (2004).

University of Utah track and field team.
C.W. Brown, left, front row;
David O. McKay, 3rd from left, back row.

University of Utah graduating class 1897.
C.W. Brown, center, 2nd row.

Chapter 3

LIFE IN PARKER

The Sheep Ranch

Location

When C.W. Brown came to Parker in July 1901 he bought from Andrew Amundson 160 acres of land northwest of Parker, near the sand dunes. Part of this land was elevated, covered with sagebrush, and not arable. It was ideal for sheep pens, however. The rest was lowland, fit for cultivation. The legal description of this purchase has already been given (see Chapter 2.)

Living in a Sheep Camp

When Tish joined C.W. in January 1902, she and he lived in a sheep camp during that winter and summer. While living in the cramped space of that movable camp, C.W. remodeled a log house on the ranch. To appreciate the trials of life in a sheep camp, a description is necessary.

A sheep camp was a wagon on four wheels (iron-tired wheels) with a canvas stretched over arched ribs. It was similar to a pioneer "covered wagon" except it was closed at both ends. A small window was in the back end, and a door was over the tongue on the front end. The camp was moved by a team of horses. Later versions of the sheep camp featured rubber tires and metal instead of canvas. These more modern versions were moved by pickups rather than horses.

Inside the camp, as one entered, a small wood-burning stove stood to the right. A chimney went through the canvas overhead. Above the stove hung pots and pans for cooking. Beyond the stove on the right was a cupboard which housed food essentials, tin cups, tin plates, knives, forks and spoons. On the left, as one entered the camp, was a bench with towel, wash basin, drinking

cup, and a bucket of water. Further along the bench was a table that could be folded up against the canvas. The bench was enclosed and within its enclosure were food items such as flour, sugar, salt, potatoes, and canned goods. The space between bench, stove and cupboard was narrow, not more than three feet. At the back end of the camp was a bed with enclosed storage space beneath, and open storage above which usually accommodated books and magazines. A kerosene lamp provided light. The stove, of course, provided heat whether needed or not. In winter time when fuel in the stove had burned to ashes, the camp turned cold, very cold, sufficiently cold that water in the bucket, by morning, might be topped with a layer of ice.

To a young boy, living in a sheep camp was an adventure, an opportunity, a privilege to be treasured. But to a young married couple, it must have been trying to say the least. It would be somewhat akin to living in a strait jacket. One thing is for certain though: with Tish in charge, the camp was clean and tidy, very clean and very tidy.

Remodeling the log house, providing for his sheep, increasing the herd, and buying additional land required money. To get it, C.W. taught school in Parker during the winter of 1902-1903. His salary was $75 per month.

Birth of Melba Phyllis

While living on the ranch, C.W. and Tish's 1st child, a daughter, was born on January 4, 1906. She was named Melba Phyllis. When she was able to get out and about, she followed C.W. over the ranch as much as possible. She loved the sheep, though they butted her around some.

On April 23, 1982, at age 76, Melba (Andrus) was interviewed in her home at Ucon, Idaho. In the interview, she described the relationship between her and her father while they lived on the ranch.

> When out on the ranch when I was a real little girl and father was a real busy man, cutting out sheep and keeping the farm going, I used to go with him every day. I would run almost as fast as he did when he was running to catch a sheep when he was cutting them out. We had

a large barn and many sheep sheds west of where the house was in which we lived. I don't remember how large the herd was Father maintained at that time, but it was a large herd of sheep and we had many sheep sheds to take care of the sheep. So I used to go out with him when he was cutting the sheep out and putting them in the pens. I tried to run as fast as my father did. I would go out in the fields with him. I remember one time in the summer when Mormon crickets were so thick in one of our fields that you couldn't stand without stepping on them. I was frightened of them and I would go hopping along holding tight to Father's hand trying not to step on them. When he was out turning water and irrigating, I went with him too. When I got thirsty, he would get a drink from the canal. We would drink out of his cupped hands or out of his hat. It doesn't sound very clean, but it tasted good to me to drink out of my father's hat.

Question: I remember your telling a story of how one of Grandpa's sheep took after you one time and bunted you.

Answer: Yes, he bunted me on sort of a rocky hill that was on the barnyard side. He bunted me down the hill, and made me really dizzy. Father came and got me and took me down to the house. That is the time we had a hired man. He and his family lived in the house we had lived in when I was a real little girl (before moving to Parker). I sat there on one of their chairs the biggest part of the afternoon trying to get over the dizziness that had been caused from bumping down that rocky hill.

I remember when I was a little larger, maybe about 11 or 12 years old, Father used to take me out in the fields west of the ranch to gather up the sheep at night. It was the fall of the year when they were grazing off the farmland where grain had been raised. There was one sheep that had been a pet lamb. Whenever he saw me, he'd run after me and, of course, I was afraid of him because I was afraid he was going to bunt me. So I watched for that sheep to come and when I saw him coming, I'd try and get around so I could jump on his

back and ride him in with the rest of the sheep (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Moving into the Village

Location and Description of the Village House and Lot

In June 1908, C.W. and Tish bought the Al Richardson house in Parker and moved from the ranch. They lived the rest of their lives in this house, situated on the northeast corner where Cedar and Pine Streets intersect. Its address was 36 West Cedar Street. It was 1 block west and ½ block south of the church house. Its legal description was:

> The South half of Lot Three (3), and all of Lot Six (6), Block Thirty-two (32), Parker as per the recorded plat thereof.

Compared to the sheep camp and log house at the ranch, the village house was spacious and elegant. It served the family, without basic modification, for 95 years. It consisted of a kitchen, bathroom, dining room, living room, 2 bedrooms, and storage room. It had an open front porch and a back "landing" (a ground-level deck without railing). It had no basement (sub-water would not allow that) and no upstairs. It was clean, tidy, and full of pleasant odors.

A 1930 census listed 59 families in Parker. Houses valued at $2500 and above totaled 17. C.W. and Tish's house was listed in this category with a value of $2500. This placed 42 houses below theirs in value. The point is, their house, for that day, was one of the better houses in Parker. C.W., apparently, desired to provide the most comfortable and commodious living arrangements possible for his family that personal income would allow.

A large lot (house and yard together comprised 1-1/2 legal lots out of a block of 6 lots) surrounded the house, large enough for a barnyard, garage, outhouse, wood/coal shed, chicken coop, flower garden, vegetable garden, and orchard. The vegetable garden was extensive, but always free of weeds. The flower

garden produced sweet odors and presented a multitude of pleasant variegated colors.

In the barnyard could be seen cows, horses and pigs, all bearing, perhaps, C.W.'s brand (see Appendix). Usually a dog, Jack, or one with another name, was a tame and beloved pet. Of course, C.W. had his sheepdogs, always a necessity in the sheep business.

Though their permanent residence was the village house, during lambing time each spring, C.W., Tish, and Melba moved back to the ranch where they lived in a 2-room pump house (a crude structure housing a hand-operated culinary water pump). By this time, the ranch house (remodeled by C.W. while he and Tish lived in the sheep camp) provided living quarters for a hired man and his family. The Brown family lived in the pump house for about a month, while pregnant ewes dropped their lambs.

Birth and Death of Charles Milton

Shortly before moving into Parker, a son was born to C.W. and Tish. They named him Charles Milton. He was born February 23, 1908 and died September 14, 1908 at the age of 6-1/2 months. He died of "summer complaint"(dysentery).

Speaking of Charles Milton and his death, Melba said:

> My brother, Charles Milton, was born in February 1908. In that summer he became very ill with what they called at that time "summer complaint." Babies got that quite often then. The medical world didn't have anything to combat it with, and many babies passed away. So he died in September 1908. It was a great disappointment to Mother and Father. I remember him very faintly. I remember when he was sick and playing outside. I can remember the day of his funeral and going to the cemetery with father and mother and the rest of the people who were at the funeral, and I remember the open grave (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Therel (Ricks), born six years after Charles Milton, was interviewed on September 8, 1996 in her home at Parker. She was 80 years old at the time. In part of that interview, she talked

interestingly about Charles Milton's death and her parents' reaction to it.

Question: Do you know what that disease (summer complaint) was? What would we call it now?

Answer: I think it was diarrhea. My mother always said he would pass stones in his diaper. She saved them. I saw the stones she had.

Question: Were they big?

Answer: No, not too big — about like a match-head. Mother was heart broken about losing her little boy.

Question: Did she talk to you very much about losing Charles Milton?

Answer: No. She told me once she went to visit Grandma Parker. She lived in an old house about a mile and a half out of town, and Mother went there visiting, and one day when she took Charles Milton to visit with her, she (Grandma Parker) said, "I don't want you to plan on raising this baby. He does not belong to this world."

Question: So she didn't talk very much about his loss. Was Grandma like that? Did she keep things to herself?

Answer: Yes, very much so. The cemeteries in those days didn't look like they do now. Our cemetery here in Parker was just sagebrush and sand. And we never missed a time on Memorial Day, and cleaned that lot off. She always went during the summer. She never missed hardly a week of taking flowers to his grave.

Question: Did you ever hear your father talk about the loss of Charles Milton?

Answer: No. I never can remember if he ever mentioned it.

Question: Was he like that too? Did he keep things to himself?

Answer: Yes, quite a bit. You never knew what he was thinking. He was a good dad, a real good dad. I never remember him scolding me, never. It was the way we were raised.

Question: But do you think they (C.W. and Tish) were deeply affected by the loss of their boy?

Answer: Yes, very much so. I'm sure they were.

Question: I remember when I (Alyn) was just a little boy, I would come up here and stay with Grandpa and Grandma. And I have nothing but fond memories of Grandma. She never, that I remember, put her arms around me or showed any affection for me that way. But somehow, I knew she loved me. She was always very kind to me, and took good care of me while I was here. And I've often wondered, in my later years, if one reason why I remember her that way was because since I am the oldest of her grandchildren, I wonder if I sort of took the place of the boy she lost. Do you think there is anything to that?

Answer: Yes, I do. But she would never say, would she (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Birth of Therel

Therel, the one involved in the foregoing interview, was the next child born to C.W. and Tish. She was the 3rd child and 2nd daughter. She was born in the Parker house on August 6, 1914. She, too, suffered from "summer complaint." Speaking of Charles Milton's death and her own illness, she said:

And when I was a year old, I had the same thing happen to me. And the doctor tried everything that he had in those days. Of course in these days, it would be different, but he told her (Tish) he had gone to the extent of the medicine. He said, "If you'll consent and rely upon strong black coffee with nothing in it for 6 weeks, I think she'll get better." That's what mother did. Mother said there was nothing left of me but just skin and bones.

Question: How old were you?

Answer: A year old.

Question: for 6 weeks after you were a year old, you lived on coffee?_

Answer: Straight black coffee, nothing else (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

One might easily surmise that because Therel had a brush with death from the same disease that sent Charles Milton to his grave, Tish developed feelings that were unique in her relationship with Therel. She and Therel "bonded" in a caring, close, lifetime relationship.

Birth of Wilma

The 4th child and 3rd daughter born to C.W. and Tish was Wilma (Quayle). Wilma was born November 10, 1917. She, too, was born in the Parker house. The mid-wife attending was Mabel Johnson who had helped a myriad of other Parker children come into the world. At Wilma's time of birth, C.W. was in Omaha, Nebraska selling sheep. He arrived home the day after Wilma was born. He had probably hoped for a boy, so Wilma became his boy. She went with him when possible. She, like he, was a good jumper and fast runner. She also loved tap dancing, dolls, and rabbits.

One day after removing straw from rabbit pens, she set the straw on fire. The pens were close to a sheep camp in which she played. The sheep camp caught fire and partially burned. It was never repaired. It was probably the last vestige of a bygone time. C.W. sold his sheep in the depression following World War I.

World War I and Economic Depression

World War I

Therel was born when World War I commenced in 1914. Wilma was born when the United States declared war on Germany and entered the war in 1917.

On February 1, 1917, Germany announced unrestricted submarine warfare. This meant United States ships (neutral ships) would now be sunk when found by German subs in war zone waters. On April 2, President Woodrow Wilson used a diplomatic note intercepted from the German foreign minister to the German ambassador in Mexico to convince congress that war should be declared. The note suggested that if the United States entered the war, Mexico should be assured that Germany would help her recover lands lost to the United States in California, Arizona and New Mexico. Congress and the nation were incensed. War was

declared. And military units were sent to patrol the border between Mexico and the United States.

In an interview with Melba, questions were asked with regard to World War I and patriotism in Parker:

> Question: Tell us a little bit about World War I and what you remember about that. How did the war affect the people of Parker? Did they think we were doing the right thing when we entered the war, or did they think we ought not to get involved in it? What do you remember about that?
>
> Answer: I remember that patriotism ran high in those days all over America. Of course, I was just young then, 11 or 12 years old. But as I remember, people were glad we went to help France. We really owed it to France, for when they came and helped us when we were trying to win our independence.
>
> Our neighbor boy from across the street went to France, and he wrote me letters all the time he was there. He was a lot older than I was, so it was interesting to get those letters from him. There were many of the young fellows from Parker who went to France. My father was just over the age that they couldn't draft him (C.W. was 43 years old).
>
> Patriotism did run high in our country during those years. At school we knitted wash cloths to send to the soldiers in France. I don't remember what we made them out of, but we made rolled bandages to send. We used to write stories in school about being Red Cross nurses, and the boys would write stories about being soldiers over there. It was very interesting (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

United States troops first reached France in June 1917. By the time Wilma was born, the United States was deeply involved in the war effort, sending millions of tons in supplies to Allied Powers by means of ship convoys. The convoys involved so many ships that German submarines could not possibly destroy all of them. Thus, desperately needed supplies got through war zone

waters and helped strengthen the Allied cause. By the time Wilma was 1 year old, Germany was defeated, and the war ended.

Economic Depression

Important during the War's aftermath was an economic depression in the United States. As a result of this depression, C.W., along with other sheepmen, gave up sheep-raising and farming as a primary business. Operations, large and small, lost animals and farms to banks, insurance and mortgage companies simply because they were unable to meet expenses and pay taxes. C.W. was sufficiently farseeing, and disciplined, that apparently he sold his animals before they were taken from him by those to whom he was indebted. These were stressful times for the Brown family. Just how stressful, we do not know. But some comments by Wilma may help.

Wilma was interviewed during February/March 1996 in her house at Parker. She was 78 years old. In that interview, she said:

I used to want a wagon so bad when I was a kid.

Question: You mean a little wagon that you could pull?

Answer: A little red wagon.

Question: So, you never got your wagon?

Answer: No.

Question: Did you have ice skates?

Answer: Oh no. I always wanted roller skates. I think we never ice skated, but I did wish I had a pair of roller skates. And I wanted a bicycle so bad. Grant Humphrey, Bishop Humphrey's son, was the only one who had a bicycle. And when he got it new, he would let us ride it around the block. I learned to ride a bicycle down in Ucon when I stayed with your mother.

Question: Bicycles were pretty expensive, I guess.

Answer: I don't know.

Question: At least more expensive than Grandpa could afford.

Answer: Well, he could afford some things, but he couldn't afford other things, as far as I'm concerned. I

> don't know how he afforded all Therel's music lessons, but he would never buy me a bicycle. I would have loved a bicycle. A bicycle wouldn't have cost half as much as some of the music lessons. But I did enjoy having that dog (Jack). Melba and Reed gave me that dog for Christmas one year. And Dad bought me one of those harnesses. The harness was just like the harnesses that are on dog racing teams (Wilma trained Jack to pull her on a sleigh). I used to go down to Mrs. Hibbert's for Mother. That was fun. We flew (Interview, February/March 1996, Parker, Idaho).

What Wilma said is difficult to challenge. To assume that C.W. loved one child more than another is not reasonable to anyone who knew him. Perhaps the most meaningful explanation is this: With losing the sheep then later losing the farm, and with a "mountain" of debts to liquidate, C.W. committed most of his future earnings to liquidating those debts. There was, simply speaking, little money left for personal purchases. Tish, on the other hand, was a frugal woman. Any money that came to her, including milk check money from the local creamery, was handled with great care. She was noted for saving money (a deposit slip from First Security Bank of Idaho, dated September 25, 1957, reveals that Tish had a personal savings account totaling $1402.16). At least some of whatever money she may have accumulated went to pay for Therel's music lessons. Without doubt, given Tish's love of music, the value of music lessons as opposed to a red wagon or bicycle was not even an issue. In the final analysis, C.W. had little to do with the situation. Tish had everything to do with it.

Just how severe the post World War I economic depression was for C.W. and Tish, we will never know. Their children hardly remember it. In an interview with Melba, she was asked:

> Question: Tell us a little bit about the economy during this period of time (post World War I days). Was there a lot of money to be had? Or was money pretty scarce? How did Grandpa and Grandma fare during those days?

Answer: Well, during the war days, money didn't bother me much, but as I remember, the economy wasn't bad. My father always seemed to get along pretty well. He made quite well off the sheep, and the farm produce.

Question: Mother, can you remember any financially severe times during this period of time we are talking about now?

Answer: No. The time I remember most is during the 30's when we had that severe depression.

Question: Are you talking about the Great Depression?

Answer: Yes (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Describing the post World War I economic depression, a historian wrote, in part:

> Hardest hit of all was agriculture. American farmers had expanded production to meet the demands of World War I, when they fed their own nation and most of Europe as well (This is what Melba remembered). A sharp cutback of exports in 1919 caused a rapid decline in prices. By 1921, farm exports had fallen by more than $2 billion. Throughout the 1920's, the farmers' share of the national income dropped until by 1929, the per capita farm income was only $273, compared to the national average of $681 (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 763).

So, we can assume that times were rough, financially, for C.W., Tish, and children, though the children have little or nothing to say about those times. Their memory is somewhat more focused on C.W.'s selling his sheep during the depression.

Economic Depression and Selling the Sheep

In an interview with Wilma, the following colloquy developed:

Question: Did Grandpa always have a cow or cows, and did you learn to milk?

Answer: No. Mother never wanted us girls to learn to milk. She said if we learned how to milk, then we would have to. We never learned to milk. Mother milked a lot.

Question: Grandma milked?

Answer: Oh, yes.

Question: So, if Grandpa left for Chicago or some other distant place and there were cows to be milked, Grandma milked the cows.

Answer: Yes, Grandma milked the cows, but by the time I had grown enough to remember anything, Grandpa was out of the sheep business. I can just barely remember when Grandpa lost the sheep and everything. It seemed like a sad day that day. I can just vaguely remember that. I knew something was wrong.

Question: Did somebody come and take the whole herd?

Answer: I don't know where the whole herd was, but Dad and A.D. Miller had the sheep together and they went bankrupt. I guess the bank took the sheep. I don't know. The price of hay was so high (Interview, February/March 1996, Parker, Idaho).

In an interview with Therel, the question was asked: "My understanding is, he (C.W.) lost the sheep in the depression after World War I. Is that correct?" Therel responded to the question by saying: "See, the bank went broke. And then Dad had a hard time" (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

According to Melba,

> Some years were good, some years weren't so good. Some years they (sheep raisers) got paid well for the sheep they took back to the eastern markets, and the same with the wool that was taken off of them. Sometimes they got paid well for the wool, and sometimes it wasn't so good. Father managed pretty well. In the year 1919 there was a drought. The hay didn't turn out so good. If I remember, there was very little hay to be bought in this area. They had to take the sheep, and I don't remember how they took them — I

> don't think they trucked them down there (In those days sheep would have been shipped by railroad rather than by trucks). Maybe they trailed them part of the way down to Twin Falls and Hagerman Valley so they would be able to have grass or hay to eat. They brought them back in the springtime. That was a setback for him. It was after that time he had to find another fellow to buy into his herd with him. It didn't work out so well because Father wasn't happy with the way it was, but he finally sold all the sheep and went out of the business (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

So, hay was expensive. Lamb chops and wool were cheap. Labor associated with sheep raising demanded more than could be given. C.W. soon was to go out of business. But so did another who was in business with him. He was A.D. Miller. C.W. and A.D. not only owned and ran sheep jointly from 1917 to 1922, but a statement from the "St. Anthony Bank and Trust Co." shows a joint bank account in the name of "Miller and Brown, Parker, Idaho." Several bank drafts in C.W.'s handwriting bore the signature "Miller/Brown, C.W. Brown." A.D. Miller was vice-president of the bank. He provided the money. C.W. managed the sheep.

In March 1921, the bank loaned C.W. $10,000. In December of that year, C.W. borrowed another $20,000 from the Spokane Cattle Loan Company. Why he borrowed this money is not clear. Either, he was doing well and the future looked promising, or he was in financial trouble and took financial risks to survive. Financial survival is probably the more valid assumption. Noteworthy is the fact that 1 year after extending C.W. his $10,000 loan, the St. Anthony Bank and Trust Co. was in trouble. By January 1923, it went into receivership. That was also the year (1923) in which C.W. sold his sheep, at least most of them. The bank and C.W., then, went out of business together. Does that mean the failure of one substantially affected the well-being of the other? That is not clear, but probably not. Basically, they failed independently of each other. That is: In time, each would have failed regardless of the other.

Writing of those days, Melba expressed her analysis in the following words:

> In the Spring of 1917 (before economic depression commenced) Bishop A.D. Miller Jr. became a partner in the sheep business. The period following the First World War was a very trying and critical one — hard winters, dry summers, and low prices for wool — forced many ranchers and sheep-men out of business. Because of these conditions, the sheep and ranch were sold in the spring and fall of 1923.
>
> During all the financial reverses and setbacks, Father kept smiling, and trying, which has always been a characteristic by which he was known (Melba (Andrus) History of Charles William Brown, p. 11).

Melba wrote that both sheep and ranch were sold in 1923. That is not correct. Most of the sheep were sold. The ranch eventually was lost by two separate sheriffs' deeds, one issued on November 21, 1925, involving 80 acres, and the other on January 3, 1930, involving 200 acres. All this is interesting because in 1919, C.W. bought, for $5,200, an additional 80 acres (the land identified above) contiguous to the land he already owned. The legal description of this newly acquired land was:

> The West half of the Southwest Quarter of Section 28, Township 8 North, Range 40 East Boise Meridian.

This acquisition gave C.W. a total of 280 acres, outside the village of Parker. His future in 1919 must have appeared somewhat promising. Otherwise, why would he have undertaken to pay for additional land. Times, financially, may have beckoned for more expansion and higher investment.

But climatically, in 1919, farmers were in trouble. In this connection, what Melba said and wrote concerning a "drought" in 1919, and "dry summers" in which "hay didn't turn out so good," gives an additional clue to hard times resulting in C.W.'s selling the sheep and losing the farm.

During years following World War I, particularly 1919, the Upper Snake River Valley did, indeed, experience severe drought in which the crop-loss in 1919 alone amounted to $15,000,000. These years with their associated drought are what stimulated efforts to organize Water District # 36 and, under its authority, build the American Falls Dam. District 36 extends for 300 miles from Jackson Reservoir in Wyoming to Hagarman Valley in south-central Idaho. Its representatives exercise power to regulate water usage throughout Snake River drainage within the District. As indicated, under authority of District 36, and with federal money to help in its construction, the American Falls Dam was erected in 1927. Subsequently, other dams such as Palisades helped reduce crop-loss and severe damage resulting from drought years.

So, without sufficient dams and reservoirs, and with an absence of effective regulation of water rights along Snake River, farmers, ranchers and stockmen, including C.W., suffered during years of drought. Interesting is the fact that economic depression and water drought frequently strike together.

Finally, noteworthy is the indication that C.W. and Tish apparently never discussed financial reverses around their children. Melba (age 17) remembered only that C.W. was not "happy with the way it was," and "sold the sheep." Therel (age 9) remembered only that the bank "went broke and he (C.W.) had a hard time." And Wilma (age 6) "vaguely remembered that something was wrong."

Life After Selling the Sheep

Selling the sheep, however, did not mean that C.W. had nothing more to do with sheep. In an interview with Keith Grover, a longtime Parker resident, he said:

> The first time I really remember of having anything to do with Charlie Brown was when I was about 5 or 6 years old. He had some sheep in a field kitty-cornered across from where our home was (the intersection of Center Street and North Parker/St. Anthony Road). The fence was in disrepair and he asked me to run up and down that fence and keep the sheep in. I ran up and down that

> fence and when the sheep would get close, I'd holler at them. I did that all day. He paid me, I think, 2 quarters for that day. I don't remember, but I thought I was the richest guy in town (Interview, August, 2003, Parker, Idaho).

Keith was born January 30, 1921. So if he was 6 years old when he walked fence for C.W., keeping watch over a band of sheep (numbering about 50 head, according to his memory), that would identify the year as 1927. This indicates, as previously expressed, that C.W. did not rid himself of his entire herd during 1923.

Furthermore, C.W., for several years after 1923, was a partner with J.J. Remington in organizing and managing shearing operations at Pine Butte north of Parker. (see Parker, Centennial Chronicles 1884-1984, p. 210). Ivan Miller worked for C.W. at Pine Butte when 15 years old. That was during 1934. In an interview with Ivan, he was asked, "Do you remember how many head of sheep C.W. had?" He answered, "I didn't know that he had sheep." This indicates that sheep being sheared belonged to others. If Keith Grover tended C.W.'s sheep in 1927, presumably they were sold before Ivan Miller entered the story in 1935. Apparently, C.W. divested himself of sheep through the 1920's, but continued shearing sheep until the late 1930's. Ray Quayle, who married C.W.'s youngest daughter, Wilma, worked for C.W. at Pine Butte in 1937 soon after marriage.

Melba, C.W.'s oldest daughter, worked at Pine Butte before she was married in 1929. She has provided an excellent general description of what went on there. She said in an interview:

> My father owned a shearing corral up at Pine Butte. Now Pine Butte is north of St. Anthony and east of Parker. I guess it must be 25 miles from Parker. I don't know, it probably is still desolate country, but it was then. Pine Butte got its name because there are 2 places up there that were active volcanoes at one time. One of them has a deep well in the bottom with water. They've never been able to find the bottom of it. Someone put a pump on top and that is the way the shearing corral got its water.

They used to have to haul the water from a water wagon from the well to the cook house, and to the shearing pens. Another place up there that was a volcano at one time, in those days, and I suppose it is still that way, had tall pine trees growing from the very bottom of that place so you could just see the tips of them as you went up to the hill where it is. That is where Pine Butte shearing corral got its name from.

My father and J.J. Remington owned that shearing corral together and, of course, they sheared sheep up there every spring time. They would hire perhaps 25 shearers and come in there and shear sheep every spring. They would shear all day long, and they had to be fed morning, noon, and night — breakfast, lunch, and supper. So they had to hire a cook and helper. One year, father hired Emily Vawdry to be the cook. Now, she was a very dear friend of ours, and she had a good sized family, but when I knew her best was when she only had a son and a daughter left. Anyway, she went up to the shearing corral that spring and I went along as her helper. I remember one morning she cooked 100 eggs to feed those shearers for their breakfast. I used to peel the potatoes, and I had to peel an immense amount. When we got through up there we had been there 2 weeks. The hand I had peeled the potatoes with was really brown, all stained from peeling so many potatoes. It felt like it was crippled.

There was a shack they called the cook shack, and they ate their meals in that shack, and we had a bed in one corner and that is where we slept. At night you could hear the rats running back and forth along the rafters where we slept. But we got along.

There wasn't any electricity up there. They must have used gasoline engines. That is what furnished the power for them to shear with (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

After Melba married, her sister, Therel, helped at Pine Butte. Therel answered questions in an interview as follows:

Question: Did Grandpa run this shearing corral at Pine Butte for other sheep owners?

Answer: After he lost his sheep, he always ran a shearing shed at Pine Butte. He did for several years. For about 4 years, I went out to help the cooks and helped in the kitchen.

Question: Describe that experience a little. Usually, how long were you at the shearing corral?

Answer: Usually, we went a big week or more before Memorial Day. I remember we were never home for Memorial Day for about 4 years. And it would last until about June 10.

Question: So, maybe 3 weeks?

Answer: If weather permitted. See, if you had a rain, you couldn't shear sheep. We sheared a lot of sheep. We had a lot of good sheep shearers that came from southern Utah — all over. Every year they came back.

Question: Do you remember how many shearers there were?

Answer: Maybe 10 to 12 (this was about ½ the number Melba remembered). When we were at full capacity, we used to have 50 men, counting sheep herders and men who owned the sheep. And we had to serve 3 good meals a day.

Question: What would you serve them for dinner?

Answer: One lady, Mrs. Luthy from Rexburg, she was an outstanding cook. And her husband came and helped. And he and I did all the washing of the dishes, and we always had to launder the dish towels. That was my job. I waited on all the tables. We had baking powder biscuits. She'd make 14 pies for 1 meal. We had beef, big roasts. We served mashed potatoes and gravy, and a vegetable.

One time my dad sent me in to get groceries. I left as soon as breakfast was over, and I was to get meat and groceries for the evening meal. I got in and got all the errands I had to do and got my groceries and the meat and started out, and I got out just past the sand hills and my car started to boil. Nobody around! So, I'd sit and

wait till it cooled off a little then I'd go a little ways farther. And I traveled that way clear to Split Rock (about 6 miles before the turn off to Pine Butte). By that time, supper time was over. I didn't get there until dark. Just before dark, there were some bootleggers, we used to have bootleggers. They came in from Kilgore and they had water bags on their car. And they filled the radiator with water out of those bags and I made it back to Pine Butte.

Question: So what did they eat for dinner?

Answer: I don't know. Dad thought I was fiddling along. He didn't know what had happened.

Question: What would you serve them for breakfast?

Answer: Pancakes. A lot of pancakes. Most of the time pancakes and bacon and eggs. They ate real good. Dad's grocery bills were high (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

After Pine Butte, C.W. took his shearing business to Horse Prairie near Armstead, Montana (covered now by Clark Reservoir). Ivan Miller tromped wool for C.W. there in 1936. According to Ivan, Armstead was a small town, "not as big as Parker. There were a hotel, a store, and a few houses." The ranchers lived "out away from the town." C.W. also sheared sheep under shadows of the Rexburg Buttes, according to his daughter, Wilma.

A Sheep Operation in Idaho

Sheep in Idaho

Paucity of information will not allow a detailed description of C.W.'s sheep operation, but one may suppose it was like any other sheep operation in Idaho at that time. So the reader may understand what such an operation entailed, the following information is provided.

According to historian, Leonard J. Arrington, eastern Idaho was "almost one big cattle ranch in the 1870's and early 1880's." However, with completion of the Oregon Shortline Railroad on November 17, 1884, sheep were introduced to eastern/southern Idaho and shared the open range with cattle. Arrington wrote:

With an abundance of little-used pastureland, Idaho was attractive to sheepmen. In 1893 the Idaho Wool Growers Association was organized with Frank R. Gooding (later U.S. senator) as president. Flocks varied from 2,000 to 3,000 head. With his sheep dog as inseparable companion, the herder moved the sheep from one grazing area to another to prevent denuding. Early spring lambs were shipped to market in late summer and early fall. Mountain Home, Ketchum, Idaho Falls, Soda Springs, and St. Anthony were important lamb-shipping centers (Arrington, History of Idaho, Volume 1, p. 493).

Selling and Record-Keeping

Selling lambs was tricky business. Grace Jordan, wife of Len Jordan (later Idaho's governor and U. S. senator) wrote of selling lambs in western Idaho.

Sheepmen, as contrasted with cattlemen, never ride faster than a steady walk. And this measured pace through a vast, unpeopled landscape encourages reflection. As we rode, I thought back over the year. We had planned and operated with all the efficiency we possessed; we had spared no physical effort; and whether it profited us or not, we had done a good deal of worrying, both aloud to each other, and in secret. In the management of the ranch, we had stopped a good many leaks.

If we could make this first payment, we could handle the others, which were smaller and would be spread. As soon as we knew what the lambs would bring, we would know whether our four years' work had bought us a ranch and some sharp experience, or only the latter.

Time was growing short. When the lamb buyers arrived in Grangeville, Len must be there to contact them. Buyers to whom we had sold before knew what to expect in our lambs, and thus the deal should be somewhat less of a gamble; yet buyers must respect the countrywide market or lose their own shirts, and the market had been known to fluctuate widely within the space of a few hours.

> Regardless of what the lambs brought, and what this meant to our future, the sheep must be trailed to railhead on the Clearwater, the lambs and aged ewes must be cut out, and then the breeding stock started toward the ranch (Jordan, Home Below Hell's Canyon, p. 128).

Selling wool was no easier. Grace Jordan wrote, "Len sold our wool by phone. . . . Fifteen minutes later our wool would have brought five hundred dollars more" (Jordan, Home Below Hell's Canyon, p. 238).

Careful record-keeping was vital for success in the sheep business. Again, Mrs. Jordan wrote:

> We sat at the kitchen table, and Len examined the notes he always kept on operation costs. He put down an estimate of what next spring's wool might bring, assuming that production and marketing conditions did not change radically; then the income from lambs and aged ewes a year hence on the same basis. Now he went over the cost of supplemental feeds, wages, boat freight, range fees, and the expense of boarding herders in camp and hired men at the ranch, regularly and seasonally. When he had added everything and allowed for replacements and depreciation and a further margin for the unforeseeable, it was clear that to make the payment next October we would have to hold our personal spending to the absolute minimum (Jordan, Home Below Hell's Canyon, p. 107).

In calculating costs, Mrs. Jordan failed to mention sheep losses to predators, which could include bear, cougar, coyotes, wolves and eagles. Of all these, the most pesky were coyotes. Herders hated coyotes. These predators took the best and fattest lambs. Herders cursed telltale bites on dead animals, and cursed again when coyotes returned to kill more lambs while dead ones went uneaten. They seemed to make killing a sport. They killed by clamping teeth into lambs' necks. Patti Sherlock wrote that coyotes were a year-round menace.

In midsummer when they are eating chiseler squirrels they ease up on lambs a bit. But squirrel and rabbit populations fluctuate from year to year, and anyway, coyotes sometimes kill without regard to appetite. This year (1979) a herder lost fifteen lambs in one location, and not one was touched for food.

Last year the herder's boss had $4,000 loss to predators, and the coyote was the biggest killer. Almost a million adult sheep and lambs in the west were lost to coyotes that year. This spring, the herder lost two hundred lambs out of two thousand from lambing time to shearing. Summer losses were running equally high. Coyotes hate men as much as herders hate them. They so dislike, or respect, human scent that some herders use unlaundered garments as deterrents. Left hanging near the sheep, clothing strong with human smell will keep coyotes away (Sherlock, Alone on the Mountain: Sheep Herding in the American West, p. 119).

Yet, coyotes north of Parker were sufficiently brave to prowl around the ranch house while C.W. and his dogs were away. They must have annoyed and intimidated Tish. Although, according to Therel, occasional Indians, going to or coming from Camas Meadows, who came to the door begging for bread and butter were more intimidating than the coyotes.

Herders, Dogs, and Horses

Reliable herders, dogs, and horses were absolutely essential in any successful sheep operation. The horse provided transportation. The dogs helped reduce losses to coyotes, and were vital in keeping sheep together and going where the herder wanted them to go. Recently, the writer and his wife, Gloria, encountered a herd of sheep between Camas Creek and the Junipers, northwest of Parker. A sheep camp stood about 100 yards west of the road. The herder sat astride his horse shouting instructions to 3 dogs. The sheep were divided about equally, some on one side and some on the other side of the road. Apparently, the herder wanted all of the sheep on his side of the road. In a matter of 3 minutes, the dogs had the sheep together.

To watch them was an education in sheep management. The lesson was impressed on our minds that no herder can afford to be without well-trained dogs.

Reason suggests at least 2 characteristics evident in responsible sheep herders: First, they preferred to be alone rather than mingle with people most of the time. Second, they had to love animals or they would not have been hired and entrusted with several hundred (or thousand) head of sheep. Typically, a herder would spend from 4 to 5 months without seeing anyone except the owner who would check on him from time to time, help him move camp, and keep him supplied with food. During that time he was solely responsible for the herd. He had to love animals or he would not have been entirely responsible. Michael Mathers described a herder he knew. The herder's name was Ed Wallace who dictated his feelings to Mathers in the following words:

> We had a farm. My mother ran it. We had sheep and cattle and crops: spuds, corn, beans. We also had chickens, and turkeys and tobacco. I 'specially liked playin' with the sheep. They was pretty affectionate. The lambs was gentle, they'd come up to you. They seemed to say somethin.' They liked bein' out there. I spent two-thirds of my time out with the sheep. I jus' liked to watch 'em, 'specially alate in the evenin' when the lambs play. I wanted to herd sheep. That was my life's ambition.
>
> I didn't want to see nothin' go off the place, even dry beans or anything like that. I couldn't watch 'em butcher the lambs. I'd grieve for a day or two, but I liked the meat. Jus' the thought of killing 'em broke my heart. And when we'd sell 'em, I'd bawl like a baby, jus' lonesome and heart-broken after they was gone. Tender-hearted I'd guess you'd call it. I had feelings for everything. We had a little ol' pet duck one time. The dogs killed it. That hurt me as much as if it had been a person (Mathers, Sheepherders: Men Alone, p. 4).

Lambing

Lambing usually took place in March, when snow was still in evidence and cold winds could chill man and beast unmercifully. Ewes, heavy with lambs and ready to give birth, were herded into an enclosure. There they were watched day and night. As soon as a ewe dropped her lamb, she and lamb were brought into a large canvas-covered shed for protection against cold and weather. The shed was divided into heavily-strawed pens on each side with an aisle down the middle. At each end were hay and pellets to feed the sheep. There were also pens outside on the leeward side of the shed for ewes with older lambs.

If a ewe died during birth, or if she refused her lamb, the lamb was put with another ewe which had already lambed. If she rejected the lamb, it became a "bum."

Bum lambs were fed with baby bottles full of milk. The bottles had nipples which the lambs would attack fiercely. As bums grew larger, bottles and nipples also became larger. And unless kept in pens, bums would follow one all over, just like pet dogs.

Docking and Castrating Lambs

After lambs were a few weeks old, they were docked. That is, their tails were cut off. They were then castrated. Both docking and castration were bloody, smelly and repugnant. Each lamb was held on a small platform (a board) about waist high. First, his tail was severed close to the rump by means of pincers. Then testes were removed. The sac would be cut with a sharp knife, then he with the knife would pull testes from the sac with his teeth, severing the cord with his knife. He would then slosh disinfectant into the empty sac before the bawling lamb was released to run tailless to its mother.

Docking was necessary to improve the wool, keeping it free from excrement and burrs. Castration improved quality of the meat. After castration, the lamb became a wether, destined for market. Without castration, he became a buck, used for breeding. Only a few were saved for breeding.

Shearing

During the latter part of May and the beginning of June, shearing operations began. By this time, the sheep had been moved from their lambing grounds into the hills or out on the open range. Again, a long canvas-covered shed was erected. Each shearer had his space with a pair of electrically-operated shears, much like barber shears, only larger. Each shearer had access to a small pen through an opening closed off by means of a piece of canvas. When he was ready for a sheep, he would push through the canvas, grab the legs of an animal, drag it through the canvas to his shears, and begin to remove the wool. When finished, he would release the sheep, kick the fleece into an aisle behind him, and get another animal. A skilled shearer could shear from 100 to 150 animals per day. Some have been known to shear 200.

A boy was hired to gather fleeces, carry them to the end of the shearing shed and throw them up to a wool tromper. The tromper filled a bag with as much wool as he could tromp into it. The bag was suspended from a high platform. By day's end, the tromper would be greasy and lousy with sheep ticks, especially from the waist down. The bags, 8 feet or more long, would be loaded onto a truck and hauled to a shipping point.

Shearing was hard, smelly, greasy work. Shearers, and those who worked with the wool, usually worked naked above the waist. By day's end their pants were filthy. The scent of wool, mixed with diesel exhaust from an engine operating an electric generator, produced an acrid odor heavy in the atmosphere. This, with the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, swearing from herders and others generated an environment peculiar only to sheep and sheepmen at shearing-time.

After having been shorn of wool, sheep were vulnerable to cold weather. Shearing, of course, was not done during rainstorms. But even on dry, cool spring nights, shorn sheep huddled together for warmth. If weather turned cold, sheep could chill and die. Also, some could die from infection due to cuts during the shearing operation. The whole process carried some risk to the sheep owner. Like farmers, he was never free from risk. Ultimately, risk is what destroyed C.W.'s business.

Other Considerations

Honoring Debts, and Employment Following Loss of the Sheep and Farm

After losing his sheep, C. W. made a living buying and selling livestock, working in potato warehouses, and supervising road construction. The depression, following world War I, left him owing debts — a multitude of debts, some of which were enormous for that time — but over the years they were liquidated through dedicated commitment and disciplined money management. An example is a redemption deed, found among other materials (treasures) left for posterity to ponder. Research in the Fremont County courthouse revealed 2 times when C.W. was unable to pay taxes against his house and lot. The 1st was in 1922. The 2nd was in 1924. But in 1927 and 1929 respectively, both debts were paid in full, taxes plus interest, and his property was redeemed. He disciplined spending, practiced frugality, and worked with dogged determination to free himself from debt, though he never worked a full-time, regular job throughout the rest of his life.

Following the loss of sheep and farm, C.W. managed potato sorting crews throughout Egin Bench during fall and winter months until near the time he passed from this life at age 85. Raising and shipping potatoes, by the mid 1920's, had become prime business in and around Parker.

The potato industry throughout Egin Bench was launched in the early 1920's by Orville, Jack and "Cap" Wright who were joined by O.W. Norville. These men grew potatoes for seed, selling them throughout southern Idaho. They were highly successful, building cellars at Parker, Heman, Egin and Plano.

The year 1925 was a "banner" year, with some crops selling for $7.00 cwt. An indication of how ideal Egin Bench climate and soil were for growing potatoes may be seen in a crop grown and harvested by Clark Jackson on land adjacent to the village of Parker. Jackson's yield was "spectacular with about 300 to 400 sacks grown to the acre with about 90% No. 1's" (Snake River Echoes, "Parker-Another View," Volume 6, Number 2, pp. 43-44).

J.J. Remington, an enterprising and versatile Parker businessman, took over where the Wright Brothers left off. He merged a business in which he bought and sold grain with the potato business in Parker and was undoubtedly C.W.'s employer for many years. But sorting potatoes was seasonal, so during summer months, C.W. found other sources of income.

During the Great Depression, when C.W. was not sorting potatoes, he managed road construction crews under Franklin D. Roosevelt's CWA (Civil Works Administration). President Roosevelt created this organization in 1933 for the purpose of putting idle men and women back to work

> building roads, schools, playgrounds, and athletic fields. Many of the workers were unskilled and some of the projects were shoddy, but the CWA at least enabled people to work and earn enough money to survive . . . (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 797).

One other source of income for C.W. was earnings from loans and stock investments. Over the years C.W. loaned money, at interest, to individuals for purchasing cars. These loans either were paid or collected so that by death (1960) no one to whom money had been loaned was left owing. Wilma and her husband, Ray, collected all money due C.W. which was sufficient to defray funeral expenses.

Stock certificates, in a little black box full of bits and pieces of treasured information left by C.W., indicate investments involving the Butte and New England Mining Company (5,000 shares valued at $1.00 per share), St. Anthony Citizens Hospital Company (100 shares valued at $1.00 per share), Hesperus Mining Company (5,000 shares valued at 1 cent per share), National Wool Warehouse and Storage Company (2 shares valued at $50 per share), and Byron Union Oil Company (1208 shares valued at 1 cent per share). No information is available to indicate how much money these investments yielded over the years, except for Byron Union. C.W.'s stock in the oil company was divided equally between Melba and Wilma at his death in 1960. Since then these shares (1208) have paid at least $6450 (a figure resulting from

multiplying an average value of $150 per year by 43 years). How much more than this the oil stock has earned is not known, but the total figure would be more, perhaps substantially more than the figure shown above. One fact is certain. C.W. never became wealthy as a result of his investments. But he never suffered indigence either.

Social Security, an attempt by the government to assist the aged, handicapped, and unemployed, never was a significant source of income for C.W. and Tish. In the 1st place, it did not become law until 1935 (during the Great Depression). In the 2nd place, under the law, payments did not commence until 1942, and farmers could not qualify. In the 3rd place, old age pensions were "paltry," ranging from $10 to $85 per month. The greatest objection to social security was that it did not pay more. There is no indication that C.W. and Tish received social security before the latter 1950's — not long before they died.

C.W.'s Love of Animals

Another endeavor which helped C.W. survive, economically, involved buying and selling animals. C.W. loved animals. He knew their pedigrees several generations back, especially his cows. He milked several cows night and morning, for as long as older grandchildren can remember, until the night before he died. Milk from his cows, after cream was taken from it by Tish with a "home-operated" separator, was sent in 10 gallon containers to a local creamery. The containers were loaded on a privately owned milk truck by one who contracted with the creamery to haul milk. The truck ran a fixed route and kept a regular schedule. Milk checks were bimonthly and, though never in large amounts, were sufficient that Tish was able to keep food on the table and set some aside for other needs and wants. Besides, with cream separated from the milk, she made excellent butter for family and friends.

C.W. also raised pigs. He seemed to do well with these animals. They were always well-fed with weeds, garden greens, cull potatoes and whey. When ready for sale, they brought top price.

Interestingly, after he sold his sheep during the post-World War I depression, C.W. never bought, nor did he develop another

sheep herd, though he continued to manage sheep operations for a few years preceding the Great Depression. Perhaps the memory of his loss was too painful to allow another attempt at sheep raising. Besides, sheep require an enormous amount of attention, money, and work, much more than other animals.

Of course, C.W. owned work horses. He kept them as long as they were useful in his moneymaking endeavors. During C.W.'s later years, horses were not a part of his life, at least they were not evident in his barnyard.

C.W.'s Love of Baseball

C.W.'s love of baseball has already been mentioned. His love of the game was enhanced when he was able to catch baseball for his younger brother, George Michael Brown. George was, according to the sports editor in the May 1960 issue of Salt Lake Tribune, during his day, "one of the great all-around athletes in the Beehive State (Utah)." He was a "top football player, track man, and baseball player" who went on to become a "fine coach at Ogden High School. He was a half-miler in track, pitcher in baseball, and half back in football." When George and C.W. got together, they made a formidable battery for opposing teams to face.

After moving to Parker, when George Michael was not available C.W. caught for Vernal Brown, his nephew. Vernal was the son of Joseph Gurnsey Brown and Mary Ann Gooch. Vernal and C.W., too, made an effective battery against opposing teams. C.W. also managed Parker baseball teams. His love of baseball was deep-rooted. Even as an older man, he discussed, frequently, former days as an active participant in the game. Grandsons must have listened carefully to his tales of baseball involvement, for some participated in the sport as catchers on high school baseball teams at St. Anthony and Ucon.

Baseball, was the ideal outdoor all-American sport because it was so inexpensive and easy to play. A hunk of wood for a bat, a small ball (not necessarily hard), and a backyard or small vacant lot constituted the bare essentials. Besides, being tall and heavy were not important factors in who could play effectively. A small knot of neighborhood boys (all sizes) could organize and play to their hearts' content, imagining themselves to be their idol

counterparts in the "big leagues," and undoubtedly hoping that one day they would, in fact, be doing what their idols were doing "big time."

In C.W.'s day baseball was found in every village, community, and city throughout the country. It was the national pastime. One 19th Century observer wrote: "A thriving town is now said to have one church, one schoolhouse, and eight baseball clubs" (Masur, Autumn Glory, p. 193).

Another commentator philosophized by writing:

> Baseball became the national game because of the belief that it developed in players and fans alike those personal characteristics that were key to both individual and national success: "physical fitness, courage, honesty, patience, the spirit of initiative combined with due respect for lawful authority, soundness and quickness of judgment, self-confidence, self-control, cheeriness, fair-mindedness, and the appreciation of the importance of social solidarity, of 'team play" (Masur, Autumn Glory, p. 196).

C.W. and neighbors played baseball simply because they liked it. They could gather after a hard day's work and with minimal preparation, play out their anxieties and frustrations on the diamond. Mingling together as team-mates helped them feel a real part of the larger community. While they played the game, wives, daughters, and girlfriends visited with each other along baselines. In an era before life became complex, marked by television sets, information processors, keyboards and monitors, baseball made sense as a national sport.

C.W., Tish, and Family

C.W. never let baseball detract from his family. He was a responsible family provider, even after he sold the sheep and lost his farms. He worked hard to pay off debts and provide for family welfare. Nevertheless, life was difficult and Tish resented not having more money. At times money was so scarce there was hardly enough to buy a "spool of thread." Wilma talked about those circumstances:

> Dad sorted potatoes, and gloves weren't plentiful, nor money to buy them with, so Mother would sit and make fingers out of material and then stitch them by hand on the gloves where they were worn out. I remember her doing that. She'd sew them on the sewing machine, up and over and down, and then she'd sew them on by hand (Interview, February/March 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Even with little money, there was always meat to eat — beef and pork — much of which came from C.W.'s own animals. He and Tish also fed chickens which kept them well-supplied with eggs. They sold eggs they didn't eat to the Parker grocery store for 15 cents a dozen. Fruit and vegetables came from the orchard and garden. They were eaten fresh and from a bottle. Tish spent part of her summers over a hot stove on hot days, bottling fruit, corn, and green beans to be eaten during cold winter months. As previously mentioned, butter was home-made from cream produced by C.W.'s cows. Milk was sold to a creamery, and money it brought in was used by Tish to provide for household needs, to pay for Therel's piano lessons, or buy clothing for the girls and herself.

Tish was frugal. She safeguarded her funds carefully, hiding money here and there throughout the house, then later putting it in a savings account with First Security Bank of Idaho. She spent this cloistered "wealth" not only on necessities, but on whatever satisfied personal desires as well. Frequently, she slipped a dollar into the hand of a grandchild, bought dresses for granddaughters, or loaned money when needed for educational activities. She was quiet and socially reserved, but neighbors liked her. Some close friends were Patty Ricks, Mabel Bergeson, Leah Thompson, and Emily Francis Vawdry who, incidentally, came to Parker in 1902, the very year in which Tish came.

Tish was a stern disciplinarian in raising her children. Melba described punishment by incarceration — she was locked in a closet till anxiety and humility overrode any desire for disobedience and unacceptable behavior. Therel asserted she was required to practice the piano, alone in the parlor, 3 hours a day, rain or shine, day after day. Wilma talked about punishment with a strap, which occasionally was delayed by agile tree-

climbing. But what goes up must come down, and always there was Tish waiting with the strap. Even neighbor children were intimidated by Tish. Ivan Miller said, "Frankly, I was a little scared of Aunt Tish. She was quite sharp in telling us to stay away from the fence, and nobody got in her orchard, nobody — unless it was at night" (Interview, February 1996, Rexburg, Idaho). Yet, though she was stern and strict, and not physically demonstrative, children and grandchildren somehow understood that mother and grandma loved them.

C.W., too, was frugal. As already indicated, in time he paid off his debts, though he did so with money earned not only from buying and selling livestock, but from hard work with potato sorting crews and government-sponsored road construction crews during Great Depression years. He not only worked hard, but persistently, whether well or sick.

C.W. never argued with Tish, according to testimonies of their children. Moreover, he never physically or verbally punished his girls. Tish, apparently, administered needed punishment. C.W. minded his business while at home and while socializing with community citizens. He was liked and respected in both family and community. Ivan Miller said of C.W.,

> I had a high regard for him. He was a good man, a good community man. Any dealings I had with him, he was honest. And he was always good to me. He was quite a talker. He liked to philosophize. I don't know what kind of an education he had, but I always had the feeling that he had a little more than most of the average people around here (Interview, February 1996, Rexburg, Idaho).

C.W. was a whiz at math, though, to his dismay, his daughters struggled with it. Frequently, farmers requested him to calculate tonnage in their haystacks.

C.W. never lost touch with Utah. Frequently, he drove Tish and the girls to Salt Lake Valley where they spent time visiting with parents (Norman/Annie Brown, Joseph Orgill) and other relatives. Sometimes, C.W. returned home alone, leaving Tish and the girls to come later by train.

The fact that C.W. "drove" them to Utah meant the family owned a car. C.W., apparently, loved automobiles. All three of his girls mentioned a new, red Studebaker in which they were proud to ride. However, automobiles then, even new ones, had no heaters or defrosters. Thus, in cold weather, the driver poked his head through an open window and drove home slowly while bone-chilling temperatures produced body shuddering and teeth chattering as passengers dreamed of warmer times around a blazing fire in a wood-burning stove. When home was reached, the car's radiator had to be drained, and a fire built in the stove. The house was as cold as the car, so coats and mittens were not shed immediately. And if nature's call demanded relief, that was accomplished in an outside toilet which was as cold as auto and house. One had to be hardy to survive those days.

After the Studebaker, C.W. owned a 1937 then, later, a 1953 Chevrolet car. He cared for these cars well — they were sheltered in a garage most of the time. Why he preferred Chevys over Fords we may never know, but some of his grandchildren would not prove as focused and faithful in the world of vehicles as he was. They would own and drive Fords.

C.W. never owned a tractor or truck. However, in his earlier Parker years he did own a substantial team of workhorses, and a horse which pulled a cutter (a light sleigh, counterpart to a carriage) from Parker to St. Anthony in record time. As Wilma grew into a young girl, C.W. bought her a pony which she did not name. Wilma claimed the animal was too fat to ride. Apparently, she had more fun with her pet dog, Jack, than with her horse. As indicated previously, she trained Jack to pull a sleigh. Together, they "flew" over Parker roads.

During early times in Parker, recreation — basketball and dancing — occurred in Beddes Hall, a large room over the post office. Here the Brown girls, and their friends, enjoyed happy times.

Civic and Church Responsibilities

C.W. served on the Parker School Board for 18 years. He joined the Board in 1909 at age 35. Eighteen years later (1927), when he ceased to serve, he was 53 years old. Melba, his daughter, wrote:

He worked sincerely and unceasingly to better educational conditions for the Parker school system. He was instrumental in obtaining the brick school building (now gone) which stands today, also for the accredited high school course which was maintained for a number of years (Melba Andrus, History of Charles William Brown, p. 10).

Parker Ward Priesthood Meeting minutes substantiate, in part, what Melba wrote. On February 28, 1916 Melchizedek Priesthood bearers (ignoring separation of church and state) discussed construction of a new school building. The Ward clerk wrote:

> the sense of this meeting is that we, the taxpayers of District # 28 go on record as being in favor of building an efficient school house . . . the trustees and two other citizens appointed by the body of this house to act as a committee to look into the matter, and get estimates and plans on building the same, and report to this body at a later day. Jed Earl and Chas. W. Brown (trustees) were appointed to act on that committee (Church Archives, LR 6756 # 1-11).

The committee referred to in the quote above went right to work as evidenced in priesthood meeting minutes dated March 27, 1916. Those minutes read:

> The matter of voting for school bonds was considered for the construction of a school house in our city. This vote was carried and the trustees and committee were informed to proceed in arranging for an election for the purpose of voting on the bonds. Committee members A.D. Miller Jr. and H.S. Jackson to assist trustees Jed Earl and C.W. Brown (Church Archives, LR 6756 # 1-11).

As Melba indicated, the bond passed; a new brick school house was built; and Parker children were educated in "modern"

facilities. These endured for about 50 years until replaced by the current school building.

In 1928, C.W. was called to serve as president of the Parker Ward Y. M.M.I.A. (Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Association). Minutes of the Parker Ward Y.M.M.I.A indicate that C.W. either conducted or presided in its meetings until September 19, 1933. That means he served as president for 6 years. He also taught classes some of the time during those years (Church Archives, LR 6756-16).

C.W.'s attendance at priesthood meeting during early Parker years was sparse to say the least. There were years when he never attended even 1 meeting all year. Later, during the 1920's, frequently he was absent from priesthood meeting particularly during February, March, April, May, and June. These months would correspond to lambing and shearing time — months when he was either tied to tending sheep or away from home supervising shearing operations at Pine Butte, Armstead, Montana, or the Rexburg Buttes. Most of the time while serving as president of the M.I.A., his attendance at priesthood meeting was much improved. Frequently, he taught the Deacon's and Teacher's Quorums, during which times his attendance was regular. Records also show that once he offered the invocation in priesthood meeting, and twice he offered the benediction. Finally, during most of his life in Parker, he served as ward teacher (Church Archives, LR 6756 1-11, 2-11).

C.W. was ordained an Elder in the Priesthood on December 2, 1900 by A.W. Walbach. This was 18 days previous to his marriage in the Salt Lake Temple. Ten years later, (June 31, 1910) he was ordained a Seventy by Apostle Charles W. Penrose. He served as a Seventy for at least 30 years. Sometime after 1940, C.W. was ordained a High Priest, but the record fails to date that ordination (Church Archives, Deceased Member Records 1941-1974 CR Reel # 298/7 and Record of Members 1906-1920 CR Reel # 5232).

Tish was less socially active than C.W., and while church records reveal church activity, it was certainly low profile. During younger years, she sang with ward choirs (Draper and Parker). She was active in the Parker Ward Relief Society, donating regularly each year homemade items for auction at Relief Society

bazaars. Her annual contributions for Relief Society membership, during years her record was researched, ranged from 10 cents to $1.25 between 1909 and 1916 (Church Archives, LR 6756/14, Reel # 1).

During older age, for a period of time, C.W. and Tish, along with Welrose and Alice Parker, served as a Parker "old folks" committee. Later, C.W. served with F.C. Jackson and Mrs. L. Arden Stoddard. Every year in February the committee sponsored a social for all who had ever lived in Parker. A banquet, dancing, program, and visiting comprised planned activities. Such an event implies fond memories and warm relationships. We must conclude that life in Parker for C.W. and Tish was good.

But one more tidbit of information begs acknowledgment. In C.W.'s little black box was found a gold ribbon with words inscribed in black ink FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER, 1954. Apparently, he had been honored in a parade and/or program as a pioneer of Fremont County. His keeping the ribbon indicates pride in that fact. Where was Tish during this moment of public recognition? That is not clear. Perhaps she was either ill or too reclusive to share such honors. Or (banish the thought), perhaps women were not part of the ceremony.

Charity and Tragedy

C.W. was charitable. His daughter, Melba, wrote that he always gave "freely" to organizations, and always "tried to give freely of his means, good will, and friendship when called upon in time of need for those in trouble and less fortunate than he" (Melba Andrus, History of Charles William Brown, p. 12). Among his "treasures" in the little black box are checks written to his father, Norman, and to his mother, Annie. Also, other written evidence indicates he helped his brothers, Joseph Gurnsey, Ebenezer, and George Michael from time to time. In fact, he helped finance George's university expenses.

Nevertheless, charity and kindness do not guarantee an absence of tragedy and trial in one's life. C.W. knew the meaning of that statement very well indeed. According to testimony by Therel and Wilma, reinforced by testimony from Ivan Miller, C.W. hit and killed a little girl who ran in front of his moving car. That testimony led to research in records of the Bert Flamm Funeral

Home (formerly the W.M. Hansen Funeral Home) in St. Anthony for factual information relating to the death and funeral, and in BYU-Idaho University archives for a newspaper account of the accident. Both searches yielded information which follows.

The newspaper account stated:

> Little Joy Bowen, four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C.L. Bowen of Ririe, Idaho, came to her death in an accident when a car, driven by C.W. Brown of Parker, struck her.
>
> The accident happened at Parker, Saturday afternoon, on the corner west of Jed Earl's store. Mr. Brown was driving east, turning south at the corner. The little girl with others was standing near the corner of the road and not seeing the car made a rush to cross the street, running in front of the car. The car was running slowly and was stopped very quickly. Hemorrhage of the brain was no doubt the cause of the child's death, as no bones were broken, and the car did not pass over the child. She was rushed to Dr. Ellison's office, but life had passed out before reaching there.
>
> Undertaker W.M. Hansen was called and cared for the body, which was taken to Ririe, Idaho by the father and other relatives. Funeral services were held there Monday, and the little body was buried by the side of her mother, who passed away two years ago.
>
> Mrs. Bowen will be remembered as Ethel Earl, daughter of Mr. Mrs. Jed Earl of Parker. The little girl was here for a few days visit with her grand parents, and her aunt Mrs. Roy Jenkins.
>
> The community deeply sympathizes with Mr. Bowen and family, also extends sympathy to Mr. Brown, who keenly regrets the misfortune. Mr. Bowen received the sad news while working on his farm at Ririe, and when learning that Mr. Brown was the driver, was satisfied that it was an accident (one that was unavoidable), as he realized that Charley Brown was a careful driver (Fremont County News, Wednesday, April 21, 1926).

The funeral record revealed that the accident occurred on April 10, 1926. The funeral was held on April 12. C.W. paid funeral expenses in cash. These amounted to $66, and were paid on April 24. The payment of this money would probably not seem significant without the following information.

In 1922 C.W. was unable to pay property taxes in the amount of $27.25 on his house and lot resulting in a tax deed against the house and lot by Fremont County. In 1924 again, he was unable to pay property taxes on house and lot in the amount of $26.98. This resulted in another tax deed against house and lot by Fremont County. These tax deeds were not redeemed until March 23, 1927 (1922 tax deed) and November 19, 1929 (1924 tax deed). The point is this: C.W. apparently felt too strained financially to redeem tax deeds against his house and lot, but not too strained to pay funeral expenses for a little girl who was killed accidentally. Of course, he felt sufficiently responsible that he paid the money, though it was needed elsewhere. His values could hardly be questioned.

C.W., as indicated in the newspaper account, was profoundly upset by the experience. Neighbors attempted consolation, and in time he was able to deal with life so that grandchildren and their peers never knew about the accident. But what emotional scarring such an experience produced, most people, fortunately, will never know.

C.W.'s Politics

In the political world, C.W. was a Democrat — committed, thorough, true-blue through and through. Political discussions involving him and his sons-in-law were a given when the extended family came together. These discussions were amicable because usually they were one-sided. Serious, erudite, vocal Republicans in the family were not present. According to Therel, C.W. used to engage in animated political discussions with a family friend who was a Republican. Her name was Ethie Johnson. She and her husband, Charles, once lived in Parker, then moved to Salt Lake City. Occasionally she returned to Parker to visit. During these times, she lodged with C.W. and Tish, perhaps because she loved to argue with C.W. Therel said, "They had the best time" (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Ivan Miller said that "Charlie"

> was quite loquacious and jovial. He loved to tell a joke or tease someone. Aunt Cora lived kitty-cornered across the street (from C.W. and Tish's home). Charlie, I believe was a Democrat, if I remember right. And Aunt Cora was a Republican. They used to banter back and forth. Aunt Cora put a picture of Hoover up in her window on the inside. And Charlie went over and pasted a picture of Al Smith (Hoover's presidential opponent) over Hoover's picture. And, of course, Cora didn't notice that and people would go by and laugh. They got a kick out of it, and it was quite a while before she found out what they were laughing at. He had a good sense of humor (Interview, February 1996, Rexburg, Idaho).

Among a few "treasures" left by C.W. and preserved in the small black metal box was a certificate which read:

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
For the Rule of Justice and of Right
C. Brown

Having been highly recommended for devotion and loyalty to and effective work for Democracy and reposing special confidence in his willingness earnestly to espouse its cause, the Democratic National Committee hereby commissions him Member of the National Minute Men Committee
With The Rank Of Captain

Attest:

Joseph E. Davies — Secretary
William F.M. Combs — Chairman
T. P. Gore — Chairman Organization Bureau

Chicago 1912

On the left side of the certificate midway down was a picture of Woodrow Wilson. On the right side was Thomas R. Marshall. In 1912, Woodrow Wilson was the Democratic candidate for president. Marshall was his vice-presidential running mate. With the certificate is a small brochure entitled Twelve Reasons Why. The first page lists "12 reasons why I should vote against Theodore Roosevelt." The second page lists "12 reasons why I should vote against William H. Taft." The last page lists "12 reasons why I should vote for WOODROW WILSON."

Exactly what the Minute Men Committee had to do with the National Committee and presidential election, is not clear. But C.W. apparently was associated with the Democratic National Committee in 1912. Furthermore, he cherished his certificate sufficiently to preserve it. Wilson, incidentally, was elected and served throughout World War I.

A Summary of National History From Early 1900 to World War II

Presidents, Depression, and War

From early 1900 to World War II, there was plenty to argue about. Perhaps a summary of that period would be in order.

Theodore Roosevelt (Republican 1900-1909), aggressive, educated and vigorous, who left associates panting in his pace, served as president of the United States for nearly 8 years. He finished out William McKinley's 2nd term (during which C.W. and Tish established residence in Parker) then ran in his own right (1904) and won. He left the presidency in 1909 to hunt big game in Africa.

While Roosevelt served, Melba was born. Also, big business felt his heavy hand. He was known as the "Trust Buster" due to his attempts in subjecting large trusts (Beef Trust, Steel Trust, Sugar Trust) to some degree of government control. These trusts were exploiting America's laborers in advancing their own interests. These were the days of Andrew Carnegie (steel), John D. Rockefeller (oil), and Cornelius Vanderbilt (railroads). Business rode high, and labor organized unions to oppose business aggression. Strikes resulted in conflicts between business and labor, resulting either in bodily injury or death for many.

Also, years following the Spanish American War (April 1898 to July 1898) were those in which the United States established itself as a world power. With help from his navy, "Teddy" Roosevelt acquired land in Panama, and a canal was dug linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans (1903-1914). The canal become a great highway of commerce for all nations.

William Howard Taft (Republican 1909-1913), big, intelligent and politically conservative, followed President Roosevelt. He was Roosevelt's choice, but disappointed his predecessor in his conservative approach to problem-solving. Therefore, after his big game hunt, Roosevelt ran for the presidency as a Progressive candidate. Taft represented the Republicans, but Woodrow Wilson (Democrat 1913-1921) won the election.

Wilson was a man of education and refinement — a college professor and president of Princeton University. During his 2 terms, World War I broke out and was fought. He led the United States into the war during 1917, then, after it ended, attempted to influence a peace favorable to all contestants, but failed. He returned from Versaille, France, where the peace treaty was drafted, only to see the United States Senate reject the treaty. Under stress of the moment, he collapsed from a stroke which left him an invalid president for the rest of his term.

President Wilson was followed by Warren G. Harding (Republican 1921-1924), a "good ol' boy" who drank liquor, played cards, womanized and was used by those who sought power and wealth to get what they wanted. Harding's presidency was noted for the "Teapot Dome" scandal involving the government's leasing of oil wells in California and Wyoming to private interests. The private interests bribed members of Harding's cabinet to help secure the leases. After 3 years of corruption and legal process (and economic depression during which C.W. lost his sheep), President Harding died of an embolism. He was followed by Vice-president, Calvin Coolidge.

Calvin Coolidge (Republican 1924-1929), a Vermonter of strict integrity, served the rest of Harding's term then was elected for another term. President Coolidge declared, "The business of America is business!" And so, business interests, unhorsed by Roosevelt, were now given free rein. And they ran hard.

When Herbert Hoover (Republican 1929-1933) an affluent mining engineer was elected in 1928, speculation in the stock market ran wild. The market collapsed on "Black Thursday," October 24, 1929. Panic generated by the collapse ended in November, but by then stock values were at 1927 levels. For the next 4 years values continued downward until in 1932 they were 80% below their 1929 highs. A historian has written about the 1929 market crash and its resultant economic depression:

> The Great Depression which followed the crash of 1929 was the most devastating economic blow ever suffered by the nation. It lasted for more than ten years, dominating every aspect of American life during the 1930's. Unemployment rose to 12 million (25% of the labor force) by 1932. Children (among whom was Wilma Brown) grew up thinking that economic deprivation was the norm rather than the exception in America. Year after year, people kept looking for a return to prosperity, but the outlook remained dismal. . . . The Depression loosened its grip on the nation only after the outbreak of World War II. And even then, it left enduring psychological scars — never again would the Americans who lived through it be quite so optimistic about their economic future.
>
> The Depression led to a profound shift in American political loyalties. The Republicans, dominant since the 1890's gave way to a new Democratic majority (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 788).

The Democratic majority was led by Franklin Delano Roosevelt (Democrat 1933-1944), a wealthy New Yorker of Dutch heritage. His economic and social programs (C.W.A., for instance, by which C.W. made a living during the Depression) were sufficiently effective that Roosevelt was elected president 4 times, though he served only a small fraction of his 4th term before death claimed him through a cerebral hemorrhage.

Significantly, Roosevelt led the United States into war against the Axis Powers (1941), and helped lay the foundation for peace 4 years later at Yalta (1945). During the war, 31,000,000 men and

women registered for military service. Out of these 9,867,707 were drafted. Nearly 400,000 lost their lives. America's industrial output at the beginning of the war exceeded that of any other nation, including Germany. By 1944, American industry produced twice as much each month as all of the Axis Powers combined (Andrus, Lecture Notes, Notebook Number 4, "World War II," p. 20).

Everyone who wanted work had a job — a lucrative job. Women contributed their part, militarily and industrially, during the conflict.

C.W. was too old for military service during World War II. His grandsons were too young. His sons-in-law were needed on the home front helping to produce beef, food, and lumber.

Technological Advances, and Other Developments

During early years of the 20th century, tractors were sparse (a few huge steamers pulled 14-bottom plows over dryland farms); horses did the farm work, pulled carriages, wagons, cutters and sleighs. The automobile did not come into its own until Henry Ford's Model T, manufactured in 1908, revolutionized transportation in the United States.

Henry Ford, the "speed demon of Detroit," set the world's land speed record in 1904 when he accelerated in excess of 90 miles per hour. At that speed, his red racer shot flames of fire from its engine. Based on his daredevil and flame-throwing speed record, Ford attempted to sell automobiles until 1907, but the price was so high his sales crept along at a snail's pace. He finally concluded that a smaller profit on a unit of merchandise produced in large quantities could mean sales resulting in substantial revenues — the heart of a modern economy. He said, "I am going to democratize the automobile. When I'm through, everybody will be able to afford one. . . . (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 660). And nearly everyone could. His Model T was a 20-horsepower "Tin Lizze" which cost $850. It sold inexpensively because Ford used mass production by means of an assembly line. By 1925 his workers were putting out a new car every 10 seconds. C.W. may not have owned a Ford, but a

grandson made his living working in the upper echelons of Ford Motor Company.

C.W. and Tish never flew in an airplane. However, nearly 2 years after Tish joined C.W. at Parker (January 1902), Orville and Wilbur Wright, brother bicycle builders, flew briefly, their homemade airplane a few feet above the ground at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina (December 1903). Twenty-four years later, the airplane was sufficiently advanced that Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic alone and received a hero's welcome when he returned home. Melba discussed her feelings about Lindbergh and his accomplishment. She was in Salt Lake, at the time of his flight, attending the University of Utah. She said:

> That was interesting. We got to listen to him land in France through the wireless radio they had in the Tribune office in Salt Lake City. We would stand out on the street and listen to it. . . . Later that summer he flew into Salt Lake City out at the airport and scads of people went out there to watch him come in and they all went to the tabernacle in Salt Lake and listened to him talk. Grandpa, Grandma, Therel and Wilma came down to Salt Lake at that time and so we were together to go hear Lindbergh speak, and then I came back home with them (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Eighteen years after Lindbergh's flight, while C.W. and Tish were still very much alive, United States aeronautical engineers experimented with jet-engined aircraft. Though World War II (1941-1945) was fought and won with propeller powered planes, the Korean conflict, six years later (1950-1953), featured dog fights involving jet-powered fighter planes with American and Russian pilots in the cockpits. Today (2004) the sky is full of jet aircraft, commercial and military. C.W. and Tish's daughter, Wilma, can streak across the sky between Salt Lake City, Utah and Port Clinton, Ohio in three hours to visit her son "Bill" and his wife Julie before streaking back. The airplane revolutionized transportation and travel during the brief Parker life-span of C.W. and Tish Brown.

Another revolutionary development during that brief life-span in Parker was the generation and widespread use of electric power. During the 1920's, electric current radically altered life for most Americans. They spent "vast" sums (of money) on washing machines, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators and ranges" (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume Two, p. 762). Melba remembered the time when electricity reached Parker. She said it came

> earlier than 1920, but I don't remember the exact year. It could have been in 1917. I remember the first night we had electricity in Parker. It was July 3. They put red, white and blue lights all across the main intersection of Parker, and when they lighted them, they really looked beautiful that night. We had lights in our homes that night for the first time. Prior to that time, we used coal oil lamps and kerosene lamps (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

The radio, in homes across the country, was now a possibility. It would change election campaigns enormously. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the first political leader to recognize the utility of radio in transmitting messages to the public and in winning their support for recommended programs. Through the radio, Roosevelt talked to the American people "in fireside chats." As they listened around their "firesides," he explained in a voice, deep, mellow, and friendly, what he felt should be done to address the nation's problems and why it should be done. The people listened and liked what they heard. Among those were C.W. and Tish Brown.

Other noteworthy developments from 1900 to World War II, included the 18th Amendment to the Constitution which prohibited the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks on a national scale (this amendment was repealed in 1933). Also, in 1920 the 19th Amendment was ratified. This extended suffrage to American female citizens 20 years and older. Finally, silent movies came into their prime during the 1920's and these years were golden for sports and sports fans.

Man O' War (a race horse) broke either a world record or a track record in 8 of 11 starts. He won the Belmont Stakes by 20 lengths.

Johnny Weismuller (a swimmer) could propel himself through the water with such force that his back was out of the water nearly to his waist. He won national titles at the age of 16 (1921), and remained at the top until he retired in 1929.

Knute Rockne, head football coach at Notre Dame, coached teams that won 105 games, lost only 12 and tied 5. Five of his teams were unbeaten and untied. His 1924 team achieved its unbeaten and untied record with the famous "Four Horsemen," a reference to those of the Apocalypses who wrecked havoc upon all who opposed God and His people (Notre Dame and its football team). These famous "backs," for what worth the information might be in this history, were Harry Stuhldreher, Elmer Layden, Don Miller, and Jim Crowley.

Jack Dempsey, a boxer, fought his way to the championship in 1919. He held the title until he was out-boxed by Gene Tunney in 1926.

Babe Ruth, in his 1st season as a New York Yankee (1920), finished with a 54-home run record and a batting average of .376. In 1921, he did even better with 59 home runs and a .378 average. He reached his zenith in 1927 with 60 home runs. C.W. undoubtedly followed the accomplishments of Babe Ruth with interest.

Parker days between 1900 and World War II, then, were set in dynamic times involving the nation. During these days, C.W. and Tish came to Parker; they established themselves there; they contributed their part to Parker's growth and development; they weathered personal storms; they survived struggles that may have overwhelmed less committed, courageous, and faithful souls; and they generated interesting personal history, part of which this writer has struggled to identify and express.

Looking northeast from C.W./Tish's Parker ranch

**Looking southeast from C.W./Tish's Parker ranch.
Note Teton Peaks in the distance.**

**A modern sheep camp with rubber
tires and a metal covering**

C.W./Tish's Cotswold ewes on ranch northwest of Parker. Melba, ranch house, and Centennial Mountains in background. (About 1908)

Melba and Cotswold ewe on C.W./Tish Brown ranch, northwest of Parker. (About 1908)

Left: C.W./Tish's barn located on homesite in Parker.

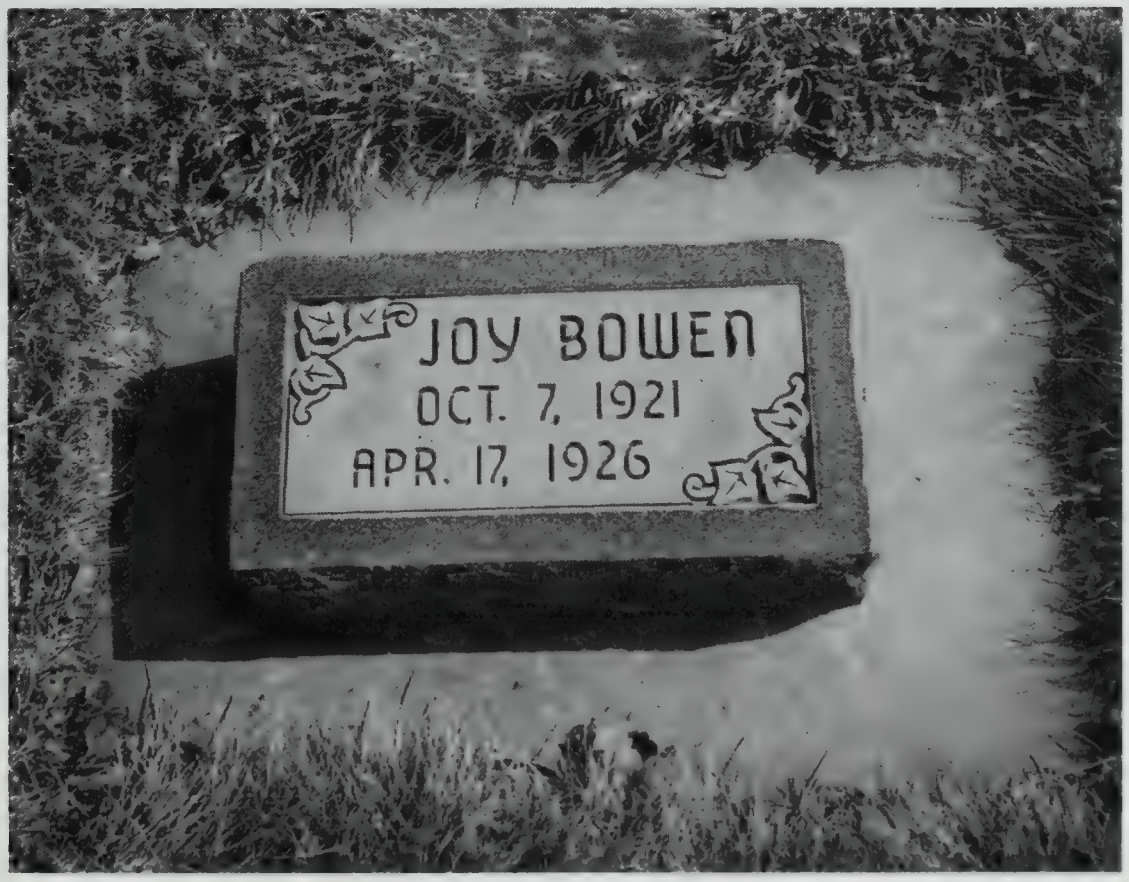
Below: Brown home located on northeast corner of Cedar and Pine Streets in Parker. Melba is holding her pet cat. (About 1910-1912)

Top left: Melba and Therel about 1916 (Melba, 10; Therel, 2)

Above: Wilma, 2 years (1919)

Left: Charles Milton, about 6 months (1908)

Headstone: Charles Milton Brown
February 23, 1908 – September 14, 1908
Parker, Idaho



Headstone: Joy Bowen
October 7, 1921 – April 17, 1926
Ririe, Idaho

Top left: Pine Butte, crater rim

Above: Crater

Left: Pine Butte rim looking southwest toward Juniper Hills

1, unknown; 2, unknown; 3, Joe Brown; 4, unknown; 5, C.W. Brown; 6, Pete Quayle; 7, Harold Remington; 8, Butch Remington; 9, Alonzo Stoddard (a shearing crew)

C.W. Brown driving

Chapter 4

MOVING ON

The Brown Girls: Marriage, Children, and Maintaining Family Ties

After their children married and left home, C.W. and Tish lived the remaining 20/22 years of their lives without children at home, but with grandchildren nearby. Both Therel and Wilma married local "boys" (Rulon "Babe" Ricks, and Ray Quayle). Therel/Babe settled down in a house 1 block west, and Wilma/Ray settled down in a house 1 block south of the Brown residence. Their children, consequently, grew up while visiting daily with grandparents, helping Tish clean house, helping C.W. milk cows, playing "cowboys and Indians" in the big Brown yard, picking apples, and gathering for Sunday dinner, or for dinner on other special occasions, at one of the 3 houses. All these grandchildren remember and write fondly of their growing-up experiences with "Grandma and Grandpa" Brown.

Melba, the first of C.W. and Tish's children to leave home, married a young man (Reed Andrus) from Ucon, about 30 miles south of Parker. There they lived out their lives. As a result, Melba/Reed's children never knew their maternal grandparents as intimately as Parker cousins did. Alyn, Geniece, Portia and Therel some of the older children of Melba and Reed, occasionally spent time in Parker "staying" with Grandma and Grandpa Brown. Their relationship with these good people was more intimate, and their memories more vivid, than those of younger siblings, some of whom remember little of grandparents on either side of the family. Perhaps once a month, on average, Melba, Reed, and children made that hour-long drive to Parker for a Sunday visit with the Browns, Ricks's and Quayles. On such occasions, the women discussed local happenings and traded cooking recipes

while the men calmly argued politics, discussed prices for farm produce, reviewed developments in the world of sports, and received an update on C.W.'s animals (he could quote the genealogy of his cows several generations back, so any birth was noted carefully). While this went on, cousins played in the yard. After 3 or 4 hours together, the families separated, returning to their homes and evening chores.

C.W. and Tish frequently visited Therel, Wilma and families in their homes. They also visited Melba/Reed and children at Ucon, but not as frequently. Their visits in Ucon, then, were regarded as a genuine treat.

All this visiting and interrelated family activity indicates loving, warm relationships between parents, grandparents, children and grandchildren. In those terms, C.W., with Tish as back-up and coach, played his best ball game. That is, his best game was played within family ranks. As corny as the following may read, its composition was impelling: C.W., with notable energy, alertly and aggressively guarded home plate against opponents; he scored home runs, and crossed home plate regularly elevating the score; he caught all curves, fast balls, "knuckle" balls, and "wild" pitches — not one got by him. He remained cool in crisis, brought team members together and encouraged them with firm, but friendly speech. He led a family team, united in friendship and mutual support, through life's playoffs. He and Tish did well.

Death of Tish

Tish was a "plain" rather "tall, thin" lady. One might have developed the impression that she ate little. She never had a voracious appetite, but ate well enough to remain healthy through most of her life. She loved tea, and drank a cup of that several times each day — the tea may have kept her going as much as anything else. However, for a brief period in her life, she experienced a serious health problem. That was revealed in interviews with Melba and Wilma. Wilma's interview follows:

Question: Do you recall that she (Tish) had any health problems?

Answer: Well, she used to have terrible headaches there for a while. I remember once we thought she was going to die. And they called the Elders in. She went numb all over. She got better and I really don't know whether it was her age that made her this way, or what.

Question: How old would she have been?

Answer: I imagine 40 or 50 (Interview, February/March 1996, Parker, Idaho).

If Tish was 40 years old when afflicted with this malady, the time period would have been 1918, too early for Wilma to remember. Fifty years of age would have advanced that time to 1928 when Wilma was 11 years old. Or the illness could have occurred anytime between those years, but Wilma likely would not have remembered clearly any such occurrence before 1925. To support this assumption, Melba discussed

> administrations that were given to my mother up in our home when she used to have really bad sick headaches and she would go numb through her hands, arms, and legs. I used to call the Elders and have them come and administer to Mother, and that really helped (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

If Melba "used to call the Elders" to administer to her mother, that indicates she was living at home, probably sometime between 1925 and 1929. These dates would put Tish from 47 to 51 years of age.

Regardless of her age, the experience must have been distressing not only for her, but for C.W. and children as well. Whether it was related in any way to health problems during years preceding death cannot be known, but such an assumption would probably not be valid, given the interval of time between the two events.

From memories expressed by grandchildren, no serious health problems intervened in Tish's life until years immediately preceding death. During those years, Tish suffered from hardening of arterial walls. As her condition worsened, she sat, seemingly oblivious to all that transpired around her. At times

she behaved almost as if she were in a trance. She had never been much at conversation, but now she hardly spoke. Usually she spoke only when spoken to, then her responses were brief and superficial. To see her mind deteriorate and her personality change adversely was upsetting. Then a week before death, she slipped into a coma. According to Therel,

> we just had to keep her alive by dripping a little water on her lips. Thursday morning I came in after taking Marilyn over to get on the bus to go to Salt Lake to dance with the young ladies and young men, when they used to have the dance festivals in Salt Lake City. I came in because Dad always liked to go out and do the chores, because he still had his cows. And when I walked in her bedroom that morning, she woke up and she was as spry as she had ever been in her whole life. And she wanted to know what it was doing outside. I told her it was sprinkling this morning. And she said, "Oh, the farmers will be glad of that." I said, "Yes." And she said, "I want to thank you for being such a good daughter and doing all the things you've done for us." She said, "It won't be long now." And during the week that she was in the coma, she kept saying, "Andrew, are you here?" And pretty soon she would say, "Andrew, are you here?" I said, "What do you mean, Mother, that it won't be long now?" She said, "Because they are all here waiting." I said, "Who're here?" I wanted here to name my brother (Charles Milton) so bad. She said, "Everyone is here." She had 10 brothers and sisters, if not more (13 in all). She was the last one to leave of the family. And then she said, "It won't be long now. They are all here." And she said, "They are all here." And she went right back in her coma. She died that evening while no one was in her bedroom. She just slipped away (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Tish died on June 12, 1958. She was 80 years old at death and had lived with C.W. for 58 years. Her body was buried in the

Parker Cemetery. The newspaper announcement of her death read:

> Mrs. Charles W. Brown, 80, pioneer of the Parker area, died at the Parker home last Thursday evening after a long illness.
>
> The former Martha Letitia Orgill was born at Draper, Utah, June 9, 1878, to Joseph and Phoebe Orgill, and was the last survivor of a family of 13 children. She grew up in Draper and there met Charles W. Brown, whom she married in the Salt Lake City LDS temple December 20, 1900.
>
> In 1902 the couple moved to Idaho settling north of Parker and the family made its home at Parker since. The couple celebrated their golden wedding in 1950. Surviving are Mr. Brown and three daughters, Mrs. Reed (Melba) Andrus of Ucon, and Mrs. Ray (Wilma) Quayle and Mrs. Rulon (Therel) Ricks of Parker. There are also 17 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.
>
> Mrs. Brown was always active in church work, serving in the choir at Draper and as a member of the Old Folks committee at Parker for many years.
>
> Funeral services were held from the Parker LDS ward chapel Monday afternoon with Bishop Maurice Crapo officiating. Speakers were Patriarch George F. Rudd and Patriarch W. R. Humphreys. Marilyn (Ricks) gave the obituary.
>
> Musical numbers were a quartet by Geniece Smith, Portia Andrus, Kendall and Alyn Andrus; a piano solo by William Quayle; a duet by Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Remington; and a solo by Maxine Hillman. Prelude and postlude music was by Mae Archibald. Prayers were offered by George Brown, Ivan Miller, Melvin J. Rudd and Rulon Ricks.
>
> Interment was in the Parker cemetery directed by the Hansen Funeral Home. Pall bearers were William Quayle, Douglas Quayle, Kendall Andrus, Rich Andrus, Ray Quayle, Alyn Andrus, Paul Ricks, and David Smith. Mrs. Leola Beddes, Mrs. Janeal Rasmussen, Mrs. Agnes Remington

and Mrs. Joyce Jackson had charge of the floral arrangements for the Parker Ward Relief Society (Chronicle News, St. Anthony, June 19, 1958).

When Tish died, her grandson, Charles Robert Andrus, was unable to attend her funeral services. He was an LDS proselyting missionary serving in the Netherlands.

Death of C. W.

After Tish passed away, C.W., according to Therel, "grieved very heavily." He continued to live alone in the house, but "he never slept in that bedroom (the bedroom in which Tish died) after she died" (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho). Therel, Wilma and grandchildren visited with C.W. daily, they kept his house clean and helped with chores. He frequently visited with them in their homes. Occasionally, he would drive to Ucon for a visit with Melba, Reed and their children. His visits were welcomed. He was never a burden on anyone. He continued to be as independent as a man at age 83-85 might be. In fact, he was physically active and mentally sharp until death claimed him in his sleep on May 18, 1960. He had lived alone for 2 years after Tish passed away. At death, he was 85 years old. He was buried in the Parker Cemetery next to Tish.

Wilma described circumstances surrounding his death in the following interview:

> Question: When did your father die? And what were the circumstances which led to and surrounded his death?
>
> Answer: I remember a couple of times, at least once, when he was sorting spuds down at the warehouse. I went and got him. I think Mrs. Dixon called me up and told me to come and get him, and he was just as gray as gray. He was really sick. I brought him home. I don't remember how much after that he didn't feel well. I brought him over here (Wilma's house) one Sunday and I could tell he wasn't very well, so I called M.F. Rigby and he came and checked him over. He didn't say too much.

Later, Dad said, he guessed he'd go home. The next morning is when I was going to take him up to the dentist because he lost his false teeth, and he was going to have another set made. Phillip was really little, and I left Phillip here eating breakfast. I said, "I'll go over and see why Grandpa doesn't answer his phone." I was going to take him up (to St. Anthony) at 9 o'clock. Well, when I got to the road, I knew there was something wrong because Dad had not raised the blind in the bedroom window. And I found him dead in bed.

Question: Did he appear to have died peacefully?

Answer: He died peacefully. The covers weren't even disturbed.

Question: What happened after you found Grandpa dead in bed. Just tell the story of what happened after that.

Answer: I called Mickey Hansen (Hansen Funeral Home), and Kathleen Hammond happened to come up the road; she was walking, and I went out and told her. She must have called Ray because he came, and my dog, Butch, was there, and I was crying, and he jumped up on me and licked my tears.

Question: Okay, go ahead. After that...

Answer: That was it.

Question: Did you call Melba and Aunt Therel?

Answer: I'm sure we did, and we called our kids. I think Kathleen went down and told Therel.

Question: How long after you found Grandpa did the ambulance come?

Answer: Half an hour or something like that, not too long.

Question: What did you do between the time you found him and the time the ambulance came?

Answer: I just stayed there. And your mother, quite a bit later, said: "Wilma, I never thought much about that being a bad experience for you, but I'm sure it was. I appreciate your being that brave."

Question: Do you think Grandpa went right home from your place and went to bed?

Answer: No, I don't think he went to bed that early, no. I think he left here about, oh, I don't know. It was on a Sunday, and I think he probably sat up for a while.

Question: He didn't give any indication to you that he thought he was going to die?

Answer: Oh, no (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

Worthy of note is a statement recorded in Betty Ricks' (Williams) reminiscences which reads:

> Tuesday evening I was there (at Therel's) and Therel wanted me to go tuck Grandpa in. I really did not want to. It was getting late and I worked early, but I went up, visited, helped him into bed, turned out the lights and drove to Rexburg.

Betty, apparently, was the last person to visit with C.W. while he was alive. Also, her account that she was with C.W. on Tuesday night corresponds with the newspaper account which stated that he died "early Wednesday morning." Wilma, in her interview, indicates he died sometime during early morning hours on Monday, following his visit with her on Sunday. Exactly what happened between Sunday evening and Tuesday evening is not clear. But Wilma, apparently, was the first to find C.W. dead in his bed on Wednesday morning.

Another account of time preceding C.W.'s death, which needs to be included here, was written by Doug in his reminiscences. Doug wrote:

> After Grandmother's death, I stayed with him (C.W.) for a few days till he wasn't so lonely. After that I checked on him when I went over to milk cows. One night after milking, we were out in the pasture talking and we were headed for the house. We approached the panel fence, so I just jumped it. To my amazement he followed and just smiled at me. That was the last we shared time with each other. The next morning, I went into the house and built a small fire in the cook stove,

but for some reason I did not check on him like I always did. Mom went to get him for his doctor's (dentist's) appointment and found he had passed away in his sleep.

Making sense out of all three accounts (Wilma's, Betty's, and Doug's) results in the following scenario:

1. Doug's last time with C.W. alive was the evening before C.W. died. This was Tuesday evening when Doug went over to milk cows.
2. Later that evening (Tuesday) Betty went over to C.W.'s, visited with him and helped him into bed.
3. C.W. died in his sleep during that night (Tuesday-Wednesday).
4. The following morning (Wednesday) when Doug went over to milk cows, he built a fire in the cook stove, but did not check on C.W. as he usually did. Had he done so, he would have found him dead in bed.
5. Wilma, concerned because C.W. failed to answer his phone, left Phillip eating breakfast while she ran over to check on her father. She found him dead (Wednesday morning).

The newspaper announcement of C.W.'s death read:

Charles William Brown, 85, pioneer sheepman and long-time resident of Parker, died at the family home early Wednesday morning. He had been in poor health for only a week.

He was born November 4, 1874, at Draper, Utah, a son of Norman and Annie Smith Brown. He spent his early life at Draper and then attended the University of Utah where he was an outstanding athlete. He graduated there the same year as President David O. McKay of the LDS Church.

He was married to Martha Letitia Orgill in the LDS temple at Salt Lake City December 20, 1900. In 1902 the couple moved to Parker, where he was one of the early teachers in the Parker school system. Later he entered

the sheep business and was also engaged in farming until he retired several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown celebrated their golden wedding in 1950 and Mrs. Brown died June 12, 1958.

Mr. Brown was an active member of the LDS church, and at the time of his death was a high priest. Active in civic affairs also, he was a trustee of the Parker school district for 15 years. His hobby was baseball and when he was a young man he and his brother were outstanding players.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Reed (Melba) Andrus, Ucon; and Mrs. Rulon (Therel) Ricks and Mrs. Ray (Wilma) Quayle, Parker. There are 16 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Three brothers, Joseph Brown, Boise; Eben (Ebenezer) Brown, Draper, Utah and George M. Brown, Salt Lake City, also survive.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at the Parker Ward LDS chapel with Bishop Maurice E. Crapo officiating, and Patriarch W. R. Humphreys and Patriarch E. Glen Cameron as speakers.

Prayers were offered by Georg Brown, Nathaniel Davidson, George F. Rudd and S. Reed Andrus. An obituary was (given) by Douglass Quayle. Musical numbers included a quartet , Robert Archibald, Richard Tyler, Burdette Remington, and Rulon Powell; (there was) a piano number by Bill Quayle, a song by Kendall Andrus, and a song by a group of granddaughters, Portia Andrus, Therel Andrus, Geniece Smith, Marilyn Ricks and Jean Andrus.

Pallbearers were Kendall Andrus, Douglass Quayle, Bill Quayle, Paul Ricks, David Smith, and Rich Andrus. Honorary pallbearers were Roy Polten, Max Edick, Stanley Quayle and Orlando Jensen, and members of the high priest quorum.

Interment was in the Parker cemetery (Chronicle News, St. Anthony, May 26, 1960).

When C.W. died, 2 grandsons were outside the United States and unable to attend his funeral services. Alyn Brown Andrus and

wife, Gloria, were teaching school for the LDS Church in Western Samoa. Charles Robert Andrus was serving a proselyting mission in the Netherlands for the LDS Church.

Also, worthy of note is the fact that C.W.'s university classmate and friend, David O. McKay, was President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at C.W.'s death. President McKay lived 11 years after C.W. died, probably because he was president of the Church. C.W. was 85 years old when he died. President McKay was 96.

Finally, funeral expenses for C.W. amounted to $1170. Since only 2 years separated his funeral from Tish's, we can assume that funeral expenses for her were about the same. Inflation certainly has made noteworthy inroads during the past 44 years.

With both C.W. and Tish gone from this world, their earthly estate had now to be settled — their possessions would have to be divided. That was done by Melba, Therel, and Wilma, with Ray Quayle acting as administrator of the estate.

Settling the Estate

Before death on 3 different occasions, C.W. requested that his grandson, Bill Quayle, drive him to St. Anthony for consultation with an attorney in drafting a will. Three times, Bill drove him to St. Anthony, but a will was never drafted. Apparently, C.W. was sufficiently bothered by the thought of dividing his property and binding that division by means of a legal document, that each attempt was aborted. So after death, settlement of his estate was determined by legal process.

The court valued C.W.'s property at $6,762.67, and decreed that Melba, Therel, and Wilma were to receive an "undivided 1/3 interest in all properties." That translated into $2,254 for each daughter.

After the court issued its decree, Melba and Wilma agreed that Therel should have their interest in the house and lot. This agreement, apparently, involved the expectation that Therel and Babe would share in equal thirds, with Melba and Wilma, money received from the sale of their house and lot after their move into C.W.'s house was decided. Though that did not materialize, Melba and Wilma, as discussed in Chapter 3, received the Byron Union

Oil Company shares of stock (1208 shares) which they divided equally between themselves (604 shares each). Through the years since 1960, dividends from these oil stocks have provided at least $6,450 or $3,225 apiece. The $6,450 figure resulted from multiplying an average value of $150 per year by 43 years. How much more than this the oil stock has earned is not known, but the total figure could be substantially more than $6,450. At any rate, $3,225 each for Melba and Wilma has been ample compensation for any monetary gain previously anticipated, but not realized.

With death an accomplished fact, and legal considerations at an end, the fun part of this history may now be enjoyed. Reminiscences are seldom documented and are definitely subjective in nature. Nevertheless, a number of them by different individuals may tell a reasonably accurate and more powerful story than heavily documented material. With that thought in mind, the following compositions are offered for reading pleasure.

C.W. and Tish Remembered

Alyn's Reminiscences

Grandpa was pleasant to be around. I never saw him angry. So far as I could see, he did not posses a temper. He may have sworn, but I never heard him; he may have used vulgar language, but I never heard him; he may have told dirty jokes, but I never heard him. I do not think he did what I did not hear him do. I thought he was a good man, and still think so. If his disposition around me was any indication of his goodness, and I think it was, he was indeed a very good man. He was a man of integrity. He was, however, not inclined to talk much about the Gospel or relate spiritual experiences. The fires of his gospel conversion seemed to be internally ignited, fueled, and stoked; they were not fanned by social acceptance associated with ecclesiastical callings, titles, or speech-making.

I loved Grandpa Brown. I was sorry to learn of his death. Gloria and I, at the time, were in Western Samoa where I taught school for the Church. I had hoped to return and visit with Grandpa again before he passed from this life. I look forward to

a reunion with him in the next world. I wonder if he will talk about baseball, cows, pigs and sheep?

I remember Grandma as a thin, moderately-tall, pleasant, industrious lady. She was clean and tidy, a good cook, and took an interest in children and grandchildren. She cooked for them, and gave them gifts of clothing or money. She was also concerned about her neighbors, and was kind and helpful to them. She did not speak much. She certainly was not a gifted conversationalist. Nor did she speak before public assemblies, ecclesiastical or otherwise. Though I never heard her sing, reportedly she had a beautiful singing voice, and in early years sang in ward choirs. She exercised few church callings.

Grandma was not demonstrative in showing love for people. I do not remember that she ever hugged me, but somehow I knew she loved me very much. Why she loved me so much, I did not understand until I matured and could put historical facts together to answer questions. I was Grandma and Grandpa's first grandchild. And because I was a boy, I took the place of their boy, Charles Milton, who had died while a baby.

When young, my summertime experiences were always enhanced by a week's stay with Grandma and Grandpa Brown. For one week, I was an "only child," with Grandma and Grandpa to spoil me. Each night, I slept in the front room and went to sleep by the hypnotic ticking of Grandpa and Grandma's wind-up clock. Later, I slept in the west bedroom, off the front room. Early in the morning, Grandpa would awaken me as he lit fires in the wood-burning stoves — one in the front room and the other in the kitchen. I was permitted to lie in bed until Grandma had prepared breakfast — bacon, eggs, toast, milk, and sometimes freshly-pressed orange juice. The delightful odors associated with those delicious breakfasts are still a vivid part of my memory.

Every afternoon, the high point of my day was when Grandma poured me a big glass of homemade root beer. She brewed the drink in regular beer bottles. These were made of dark glass which somehow contributed to the brewing process. I don't know about that, but I know the root beer was the best I ever tasted. I would sit on the landing, in front of the back door, drinking my root beer, savoring every sip and thinking that heaven could not be better.

I loved the smell of Grandma's house and yard. Her yard teemed with flowers, and the house was filled with their sweet fragrance. She and Grandpa maintained a large apple orchard and also kept a large, weedless, attractive vegetable garden. I helped pay for room and board by hoeing weeds in that garden — cheap pay for good living.

I loved Grandma Brown and was bothered during her old-age to see her become less active, seemingly less focused on all that was going on about her, and more forgetful. I was relieved to see her spirit set free by death.

Geniece's Reminiscences

I always assumed Grandpa Brown loved me. He never told me so and there was not any particular thing that he did to express his love, except he was always kind and quiet. I knew he loved Grandma. I never heard them speak harshly to one another. I never heard Grandpa swear. I don't remember that he or Grandma ever had to discipline me. I never saw him angry. I never heard him speak negatively of other people. He didn't talk a great deal, and so he didn't ever talk all that much while I was around him. He was a hard and constant worker. I would go with him in the late afternoons to bring the cows in from the pasture to the barn. The cows were milked before Grandpa came in to eat supper.

Grandpa Brown had an excellent reputation among the people of Parker and with his business associates. They referred to him as "Charlie." I liked his quiet manner and the way he conducted himself; I loved him and respected him, and was forever proud of him.

Shortly after Grandma's death, I picked Grandpa up at the train station, and he stayed overnight with us. He had been to Salt Lake City visiting some of his family. It was during this visit that I became better acquainted with Grandpa. He told me how much he loved Grandma and what a beautiful lady she was when he married her and always afterward. I knew then what a lonely man he was without his eternal sweetheart. It was not a conversation of complaint or feeling sorry for himself; I never heard Grandpa complain. This was a conversation of love.

Mother had many of Grandpa's qualities and traits. She told us many times how close she was to her dad as a child and how much kindness he showered on her. She related how she missed him when he traveled on business matters while she was growing up, and what a joyful reunion it was when he returned home.

It was a sad time in my life when Grandpa passed away — an entire era of my life departed with him.

My memories of Grandma Brown go as far back as my little girl memories can go. I stayed with Grandma and Grandpa Brown on many occasions. At times it was just a summer stay-over for 2 or 3 days; at other times it was for an extended period while Mother was in the hospital for 10 days for the birth of a new baby. Regardless of whether for a short term stay or an extended visit, my memories are vivid. Sometimes I had Grandma and Grandpa to myself; at other times Alyn and I would be together in our outings to Parker, and still other times, and especially at the time of a new baby's birth, it was Gordon and I.

Grandma was a very organized woman. She had a place for everything, and everything was always kept in its place. Grandma also scheduled specific household tasks on specific days of the week. Monday morning was always wash day, and the washer was started early. I slept in the small bedroom on the west of the living room. I loved the high bed, the soft mattress, and the nice homemade quilts on the bed; but on Monday mornings I awoke to the sound of the washing machine and the wonderful aroma of bacon and eggs being prepared for breakfast. I also loved the fresh-squeezed orange juice that accompanied the bacon, eggs, and toast. Grandma was a hard worker.

All meal times were wonderful at Grandma's. During the summer months, there were fresh radishes from the garden and homemade bread on the table each evening. Grandma and Grandpa consistently raised a large garden, resulting in an abundance of fresh vegetables. Grandma churned her own butter, and I loved watching the neat old churn as it made the delicious yellow butter from heavy cream Grandma saved from the daily milking. I'm sure that's why I love butter today, but none tastes as delicious as Grandma's butter did.

Saturdays were special. Grandma cleaned the house on Saturday morning. Rugs were shaken, furniture dusted, floors

mopped and waxed, and everything tidy and spotless. At noon there was lunch and then I would bathe and we would get ready to go "up town," (which was St. Anthony) to shop for the afternoon.

Grandma was an immaculate housekeeper. I loved that, and I loved the smell in her home. That smell has never been duplicated anywhere. She was also a very good cook; she made a white nut cake with burnt sugar icing that has never been matched. She made her own home made root beer, and every afternoon during our visits that was our treat. I would sit with Alyn or Gordon, or by myself out on the back landing and drink root beer; I felt like I was on an exotic vacation.

Sunday was always Church Day, and we regularly went to church at 9 o'clock a.m., then came home to the wonderful aroma of dinner cooking in the oven. The Parker Ward was like a big family and I was always treated in that ward as if I were a high-up member. Everyone called me by name and made me feel special. I was proud of Grandpa and Grandma, and I was proud to be Melba's daughter. Aunt Therel played the piano and Aunt Wilma led the ward music; I felt right at home.

A lovely grandfather clock sat on the buffet in Grandma's living room. This clock loudly ticked away the minutes and chimed on the hour. I loved those sounds; today sounds such as those are still very comforting to me and bring to my mind my childhood years at Grandma and Grandpa Brown's home.

I eagerly looked forward to my birthdays when I was a little girl, because Grandma, Aunt Therel, and Aunt Wilma never failed to give me a great gift of something new to wear. It may have been a new dress or a pants and blouse set, but it was always a most welcome gift.

Grandma was a thin, and I thought, tall stately woman. She had kind eyes and even though she was not a demonstrative person when it came to hugs or kisses or telling me she loved me, I knew without a doubt that she loved me. As we would say our good-byes to leave her home to go back to Ucon, she would slip into my hand or pocket some gum and candy. She didn't have to say she loved me — I just knew it.

Grandma had beautiful furniture even though she and Grandpa were not people of big money or means. She had a

gorgeous piano in her parlor and I always felt the beauty of that instrument had no equal. Today Grandma's piano sits in Jean's living room. Grandma took excellent care of everything she owned whether it was furniture, clothes, or whatever.

As a child, I never opened any of the drawers in her house, except the top drawer of the dresser in the west bedroom where I slept. That drawer held all kinds of neat things that I loved. I'm sure most of the things had been there a long time, and had belonged to Mother, Aunt Therel, or Aunt Wilma when they were growing up. There were necklaces, earrings, beads, bracelets, half-empty tubes of lipstick, sweet smelling powder, and all sorts of things that I loved. That drawer could entertain me for a long time.

I still remember the wonderful, sweet aroma that permeated her yard all summer long from the wide variety of flowers she lovingly planted and tended. To this day, when I go to the Temple grounds and smell the combination of floral fragrances there, my mind is filled with nostalgia for Grandma and Grandpa's place in Parker.

Betty Ricks and I were close to the same age, and when I went to Parker, her friends were my friends. We swam in the summer afternoons at our "swimming hole," the wide part of the ditch by Sharon Davenport's house. Those were good times. Those friends and I are still very congenial when we meet each other these many years later.

The summer between my Junior and Senior years in high school, I was elected to represent Bonneville High School at Girls' State in Boise and Nampa. Mother and Dad had no money and I had no money, but Grandma Brown usually had a little money tucked away for emergencies. Grandma loaned me $25 so I could attend Girls' State; I paid her back that summer after I went to work.

After David and I were married, we still visited Grandma and Grandpa on a rather regular basis. They were getting older and Grandma's health was failing. One day, as we came to visit, we stopped out at the barn and talked with Grandpa before going into the house. As we entered the house, Grandma was coming out of her bedroom. When she noticed us, she looked strangely

at us and then asked me, "Who are you?" That was one of the saddest days of my life. She didn't live very long after that.

I really loved Grandma Brown. She was so special, and I have an enduring bond with her. She had many habits and qualities I admire. She had, and continues to have, a great impact on my life.

Robert's Reminiscences

Grandma and then Grandpa both died while I was on a mission in the Netherlands between 1957 and 1960. So I had 19 years to get to know them, but I didn't. I never had a feeling of kinship with them until after they died. As a teenager, they never came to anything I participated in such as high school or college musicals, and I never visited them as a teenager. I don't know that they were church-going people, but they never came to my missionary testimonial. I knew they were my grandparents. I knew they were good people. I knew they were honest, god-fearing people, but they seemed very formal and very distant. As kids when we'd go to visit on a Sunday, or Christmas, or Thanksgiving, there were no hugs and kisses. I don't remember ever having a conversation with Grandma or Grandpa. Still, I loved to go visit.

Grandpa had cows, and a couple of times on a Sunday I helped him bring them from the pasture to the barn. The pasture was, perhaps, 3 or 4 blocks away. We were always welcome to play in the yard, a large area with a lot of apple trees. We had a lot of fun playing in the yard and eating apples. We would always take Strawberry Crabs and Transparents home and Mom would make apple pies.

Our Thanksgiving meals at Parker were always delicious. I recall most of the conversations were about ball games.

Grandma was tall and slender. Grandpa was a small, athletic-looking man. Alyn is a spitting image of Grandpa Brown.

Mother inherited Grandpa's car, a 1953 power-glide Chevy. I'll be eternally in debt to Mom and Grandad because that car was my courtin' machine, and was my first vehicle as a married man.

In closing, the best thing Grandma and Grandpa gave me was Mom, an angel from heaven. Also, my first given name is Charles.

Kendall's Reminiscences

My father, S. Reed Andrus, had just returned from taking my Grandfather Charles Brown of Parker, Idaho to a longtime Parker fellow in Parker — I don't remember the name — to pay off the last of his indebtedness that had occurred during the depression years when he had had to take out bankruptcy when he lost his sheep ranch. Legally, he was forgiven of the debt, but morally he still had the financial obligation, which he paid back in its entirety. This occurred in the 1950's, approximately one year before Granddad passed away. I am proud to be of a family of that integrity.

We often visited Grandmother and Grandfather Brown on a Sunday afternoon, sometimes having dinner with them, and the rest of the time playing with our cousins, the Rickses and the Quayles. I remember getting cows from the pasture a couple of times from the southeast of the old home and sometimes just north of the old home in Parker. When Dad was selling Stokermatic coal stoves, he helped Grandmother and Granddad obtain a Stokermatic to put in their home. This home was modest and unpretentious, but very clean. It had a huge garden, beautiful orchard, and there were always flowers.

On the way to and from Parker on those Sunday visits, Dad would stop the car and we would gather cattails and pussywillows in season. That was always a highlight of going to Grandma's house. We spent the time to and from Parker singing songs. Mom and Dad loved to sing with us children.

Grandmother and Grandfather Brown were not the hugging, emotional type. I don't remember them coming to our home often, nor to any of the activities of the grandchildren on Mom and Dad's side, yet I always felt loved and appreciated by them.

Everyone I ever met from the Parker-Egin area spoke highly of Charles and Letitia Brown. Even though I don't know a lot about their church activities, I have always felt they were god-fearing people. I have a high respect for my grandparents and have been grateful that they raised a daughter, Melba Brown Andrus, who is my mom. In her is reflected their honesty and meekness of spirit. I definitely see the light of Christ in my mother.

After Grandmother died, Granddad did venture down to Ucon several times alone to visit and have dinner with our family. My

brother, Bob, was in Holland on a mission during both grandparents' deaths. Both funerals were well attended and lovely. I have always been proud to have come from the Brown lineage.

It was enjoyable, interesting, and entertaining visiting with Uncle Ray and Aunt Wilma Quayle, Uncle Babe (Rulon) and Aunt Therel Ricks. They would stop occasionally at our home for a rousing discussion of religion and politics. Aunt Therel played for our singing many times, and Aunt Wilma was one of those unforgettable characters who was always so unique. The conversation was never dull with her present. Both aunts kept immaculate yards, well-kept flower beds, and clean homes, indicative of their lifestyle with Grandmother Brown. As a young missionary in Ontario, Canada, both aunts gave me encouragement and support through greeting cards and dollars in my missionary work.

Portia's Reminiscences

My memory of Grandma Brown is that she was not overly tall, but thin in stature with glasses, and she wore the top part of her hair pulled back away from her face. She was of a more serious nature, but a loving grandma. I remember her to always wear a dress with a kitchen apron over it. She was always very neat.

I loved the way she kept her home. It was always tidy and cozy. She and Grandpa didn't have a big home, but they had it furnished with a few pieces of furniture that I just loved. She had a clock that sat on a buffet in the front room that would tick away and then chime on the hour. I always loved to sit in their front room and listen to that clock. I remember thinking, "If only I could have a clock like that someday."

Grandma loved gardening, and I remember the beautiful flowers she had in her yard.

Once in a while I had the privilege of staying over a night or two with Grandma and Grandpa. Grandma would always fix a great breakfast. Her kitchen was unique because it had a slant to the floor. I loved to sleep in the big bed in the extra room and take a bath in the porcelain tub with legs. I loved that tub.

I remember one occasion when my sister Therel and I got to stay for a few days and Grandma bought both of us a night gown. I was so excited because it was like getting a birthday present.

Grandma was very loving in her own way. She liked things done a certain way and would let you know how she felt. I find some of these traits Grandma had emerging within myself at times. I remember having loving thoughts about her and I knew that she loved Heavenly Father.

I remember my Grandpa Brown as short in stature and not a very large man. My brother, Alyn, reminds me a lot of Grandpa in both stature and facial features. Grandpa had bushy dark eyebrows and a good amount of gray hair, parted on the left side and brushed over in front.

Grandpa was a very loving and caring man, not only to his wife, but to his children and grandchildren. He always seemed very upbeat, happy, and serious in his thoughts. I remember noticing when he was standing in conversation with someone, he always had his hands in his pockets.

Grandpa was a very ambitious man. He had a great garden and a neat yard. He had 2 big pine trees out in the front yard that shed hundreds of pine cones and was always a challenge for him to keep picked up. I loved the smell of the pine cones and used to play with them in the little ditch of water that ran in front of them.

One of my favorite memories of Grandpa was to sit around the Thanksgiving table and hear him talk with my Dad and Uncle Babe and Uncle Ray. Quite often it was about their views on politics or farming.

I knew that Grandpa had a strong testimony of the Gospel through his actions and commitment to the Church. I have a great love for him because of his kindness to me and his wonderful example.

<u>Therel's Reminiscences</u>

My memories of Grandma and Grandpa Brown are rather "sketchy." Since Mother was their oldest child, and I was the 7th out of 9 children. Also, the distance between our homes was not exactly "through the block." Their home in Parker, Idaho and our home in Ucon, Idaho was a distance of 30-plus miles.

I do know that Grandma and Grandpa were honest, upright, industrious, and honorable people throughout their lives.

Mother was quite religious about getting Dad to drive her and some of us children to Parker to see her parents and our grandparents. We usually went on a Sunday afternoon for a few hours. I don't think we went every Sunday. I think that we may have gone once or even twice a month. I always enjoyed our trips to Parker to visit Grandma and Grandpa.

On our rides to Parker, we would talk Dad into stopping and letting us get cattails to take home with us. Of course, this had to be during the cattail season. I especially loved this part about these Parker trips.

As I think of Grandma and Grandpa Brown, I see them now — both with graying hair. They were both people, I think, of average height. Grandma was certainly on the slender side, and Grandpa seemed just average in build, and certainly not the least bit having extra pounds on his frame. I can see Grandma now with her short hair pulled back behind her ears. She wore glasses, brown cotton long stockings, I think, and usually a dress that hung well below her knees, even to the calf of her legs. I remember her as rather serious, but very giving of whatever she had to give. And that was usually homegrown fruit or vegetables from her backyard. I remember Grandpa was mild-mannered — rather soft-spoken. I can see the twinkle in his eye, and his hair that lay nicely on his head. It seemed to me to be on the thick side, or in other words, plenty of it. I see him in his work pants with suspenders, and with a long-sleeved blue shirt. When he wore his Sunday non-church pants, they seemed to me an olive green/gray in color, and more of a "dressy" look.

I don't remember Grandma coming to our home in Ucon. She probably did, but I don't remember this, and yet I do remember Mother's sisters and their families coming for Thanksgiving, on occasion, to our home. I have memories of Thanksgiving at Aunt Wilma and Uncle Ray's (Quayle), but I don't remember Grandma or Grandpa being there. The Quayle home was in the block to the south of Grandma and Grandpa's. I also remember going to Aunt Therel and Uncle Babe (Ricks) home, and having some of Aunt Therel's delicious devil's food cake. At that time, they lived in the block to the west of Grandma and Grandpa's.

We children had always been taught to be respectful. So, at other peoples' homes, we usually sat and listened to the conversations between the adults unless the conversation was directed to us — even at our grandparents' homes. I think this wonderful training came partly because of our English ancestry.

I remember Grandma and Grandpa's home and yard were always "tidy." And in their Living Room, I can see the chime clock sitting right there on the buffet. I loved to listen to it speak its "bong," "bong," "bongs."

In June 1958, just after my sophomore year in high school, Grandma passed away. I think Grandpa must have been lonely because I remember the time that he drove down to our place in Ucon. It seemed wonderful to have him come. Mother knew that he didn't see very well and asked him how he knew when he should proceed at a stoplight. He responded with, " I just watch and go when the other cars go!"

Grandpa was not far behind Grandma in death. He passed away at the end of my senior year, in May of 1960. They were "the salt of the earth" type people. I'm so grateful for these two dear grandparents, and for all that they stood for. I'm sure that in the eternities to come, that as we greet each other once again, that I will enjoy virtues that I never knew or have temporarily forgotten. Of this, I am sure.

<u>Rich's Reminiscences</u>

Grandma and Grandpa Brown were of Grandma and Grandpa age when I came along to become acquainted with them.

My memories of Grandma Brown would begin with visions of her sitting in the rocking chair of her living room next to the large wooden table that filled the middle portion of the room. Grandma, though elderly and reserved was dignified and not unmindful of the presence of small grandchildren.

Although they are not impressions that arose from a small boy's mind, in my older years I can deduce from my childhood observations the love and respect that existed between Grandma and Grandpa Brown. Grandma Brown was a meticulous and proper person and bore the imprint of her English fore-bearers. Her fastidiousness of person and surroundings was not lost in her

elderly years and was apparent from the manner in which she comported herself and took care of her home.

A single word describes my perception of Grandpa Brown — genteel. He was a gentleman in all senses of the word. His demeanor and bearing were reserved and proper. He was unoffensive, kind and caring. Neither his nor Grandma's interest in others was effusive or showy. They were very reserved people, yet they were not aloof or indifferent. I believe that Grandma's and Grandpa's bearing must have been somewhat tempered by a life of challenges.

I remember well Grandpa Brown's visits to our home in Ucon following Grandma's death until his own death. His visits were frequent. I perceived a close relationship between him and my mother and father. My mother had great love and respect for her father. She always referred to him as "Father." My father and Grandpa Brown had a strong, mutual respect for each other. My father's references were always respectful. The trust that Grandpa Brown had for my dad was probably exemplified in the regular haircuts that Grandpa Brown would allow Dad to give him.

My memories of the Browns would not be complete without mentioning the numerous times we either went to Parker or the uncles, aunts, cousins and Grandma/Grandpa came to Ucon for Thanksgiving. As a young person, I felt a close family relationship arising from these Thanksgiving get-together's.

Jean's Reminiscences

I don't remember much about Grandma Brown. What I do remember is I never saw her smile. She never wore her false teeth. Her hair was straight and she wore it in a bun at the back of her head. She always sat in her rocking chair by the living room table. She was tall and thin. I don't remember her as a very warm person.

Grandpa Brown I have good memories of. He was very nice looking. He had salt-peppery, silvery hair, and a wonderful laugh. My oldest brother, Alyn, has some of Grandpa's mannerisms. I remember his coming to our place quite a little after Grandma died. He spent Christmas Eve with us. He drove a real cute 1953 cream and gold Chevy. I loved Grandpa. He was very kind and loving. I loved hearing about Grandpa's playing baseball. It

always made me feel good that he and President David O. McKay played on the same ball team at the University of Utah and were good friends.

Betty's Reminiscences

Living with Babe and Therel had 2 unexpected benefits — grandparents and cousins. Grandma Brown became the grandmother I never had as all of mine had died before I was born. Grandpa Brown would bring bum lambs home and I was allowed to feed them and move them around from one grassy place outside the fence to another. This did not turn me away from eating lamb as even now leg of lamb is one of my best menus. I remember feeling their love during this time.

Dogs were a great fear for me after I moved to live with Babe and Therel. Grandma Brown taught me to not be afraid of the black dog that barked at me as I walked past on my way to and from school.

Therel was in MIA so one evening a week I was able to go to the grandparents' house for the evening. Grandma would sit at the sewing machine and mend or sew aprons, if I remember right. She would take the comb and comb her hair back and I always liked to watch her. I would sit by the coal stove and read as I watched her work.

Before Easter she always made hot cross buns and some of her special things were raisin pie and filled cookies.

I was closer to my Brown cousins than to my parents' nieces and nephews because I was so much younger than even my brothers and sisters. I had cousins in my mother's family, but I saw them so seldom I didn't really know them. I was so surprised and happy the Brown family was so supportive of me and accepted me just like any of the children.

On Thanksgiving and Christmas when the Quayle and Andrus families were together for a feast and, if weather allowed, there was football in the front yard. I became part of the group. When Aunt Melba's son, Gordon Andrus, died, I went to Ucon thinking I was going to baby-sit. However, when we got there Aunt Melba asked me to carry flowers along with her children.

Geniece Andrus would come from Ucon to stay with her grandparents and we would play in the apple orchard where there

was a sheep camp. What a wonderful playhouse with all the secret compartments.

Therel always had a beautiful Christmas tree. The first Christmas they really went all out with dolls and clothes, doll bed, etc. Dinner that year was at Grandpa and Grandma Brown's place. It was so nice to have fun with everyone.

While I was serving in Cook Islands on Raratonga, I received word Grandma Brown had died. I was sad but so thankful for the Plan of Salvation. I now had a testimony of life after death.

There were many trips between Rexburg and Parker, making wedding plans. Tuesday evening I was there and Therel wanted me to go tuck Grandpa Brown in. I did really not want to. It was getting late and I worked early, but I went up, visited, helped him into bed, turned out the lights and drove to Rexburg. When (Wilma) went to check on him in the morning, he had died in his sleep.

The night before his funeral I was addressing wedding invitations and preparing a talk for Sunday. There again the Plan of Salvation calmed the sad heart with the passing of a great man.

Marilyn's Reminiscences

Our family was very blessed to live so close to Grandpa and Grandma Brown. We ran up the block on errands, to take messages, to help with chores, or just to visit. I've tried to remember my earliest memory of my grandparents. I remember Grandma visiting and helping Mom. I remember when Paul was born, I would be 3 in September and he was born in July, so I was a little girl. Mom was in the hospital and I was outside by the flower bed, Grandma had come down to check on us. I remember her stopping to talk to me. I don't remember the words, only the reassurance I had of her caring.

I remember a warm summer day when Mom and Aunt Wilma were helping Grandma with some chore in the kitchen of her house. Doug and I were "resting," our heads at either end of the couch. We were giggling about Mr. Ingram and his mysterious black bag he carried to the corner store and back. I remember the measured ticking of the clock, how the house smelled, the quiet hum of voices from the kitchen and the fun Doug and I had — one of those peaceful, childhood memories.

I can never think of summer without seeing the buttercups nodding on Grandma's ditch bank. No formal garden was ever sweeter than those friendly little buttercups. I vividly recall sitting amidst those flowers and listening to Grandma Bergeson play "Mocking Bird Hill" on her piano, the sound drifting across the street on those lazy, beautiful summer mornings.

Occasionally Grandpa would wind up the cherry-wood Victrola and Paul, Doug and I would collapse in fits of laughter as we listened to "The Preacher and the Bear."

Another summer memory, my best friend Sylvia and I would try to sleep out in my play house. I don't think we ever made it through the night. One evening Grandma had walked down to help Mom snap beans. As she started up the street, she stopped by the play house to say, "Good-night, sleep tight, and don't let the bed bugs bite." Oh, the power of suggestion, we were inside in just a few minutes.

I can't think of Grandma without thinking of the wonderful aroma of fresh bread baking. Sometimes I would eat at Grandma's house, it seems as if we always had lamb or pork chops, baked potatoes, peas and raisin pie. There was never a more wonderful meal to a hungry little girl. The bread wouldn't have been half so luscious without the fresh churned butter. I loved sitting in the kitchen turning the handle waiting, waiting for butter!!

Doug and I would sit up in the willow tree and say, "Piece of bread and butter" over and over to Grandma whenever she came out the back door. I can still hear that old screen door slam as she came out to hang something on the little clothesline right by the backdoor. Eventually she'd shake the broom at us and we would laugh.

I loved being in the barn at milking time. We'd climb the ladder to the loft, look in the little room where the baby calves were, and wait for the bucket to be full of milk. We'd carry it down and pour it through the strainer into the can. I don't think there is a better smell in the world than fresh milk pouring through the strainer. It was an education in itself just listening to Grandpa "talk" to the cows.

I remember sitting on the floor in the front room by the sewing machine sorting through the button bottle, that was a child's treasure-chest!

I have a vivid recollection of sitting on the couch listening to Grandpa and Mrs. Johnson having a rousing political discussion. I knew without a doubt that I was a Democrat!! I wasn't sure what it meant or why, but I defended that party against all the Crapo boys in my school class, and I did it with Grandpa's words and fervor!

When Grandma was quite old, Grandpa took a trip to Salt Lake and I slept over with Grandma in the old brass bed. I couldn't sleep and realized I could hear a pump running. It was cold and windy, and I had to run up through the field to check the water for the cows. I don't remember what I did with the water, just being afraid and cold as I ran back to the house. I do remember the warmth of the bed and snuggling up against Grandma's warm, flannel nightgown.

When the holidays drew near, Grandma didn't have much interest in a tree, but I insisted and Grandpa brought one in and put it on the table by the window next to Grandma's chair. He brought out the box of ornaments and they were wonderful, fragile, delicate and old. I chatted away as I hung the decorations, and whistled while I worked. Grandma didn't talk much but did tell me, "Whistling girls never marry!" The tree was beautiful.

I went up to Grandpa and Grandma's to clean every Saturday. Grandma sat in her chair, Grandpa was outside or busy. I dusted, vacuumed, straightened, and always slipped into the "front room" to touch the piano, sit on the couch a minute, and feel like I was in my own little secret room, a step back in time.

I'd give Grandma a bath after the cleaning was finished, comb her hair and put clean clothes on her. She always told me I was bossy and sometimes said, "Oh, you smarty, farty, gave a party." We rode into town with Grandpa; we'd go into Watson Drug and have a dish of vanilla ice cream. As we'd leave town Grandpa would turn on the blinker, sometimes I'd get brave and tell him it was still on, he'd just say, "I like it that way!"

I would sometimes dress Grandma in her blue dress and pink sweater with her little sparkling pink pin. I just close my eyes and

see her, feel her hair and gnarled hands and smell how clean and sweet she smelled after her bath.

After Grandma was gone, I still cleaned the house, washed up the milk things for Grandpa, peeled apples for him, and visited with him. Sometimes he'd ask me about what I was reading, or my school work. I never remember fussing about the time this took from my Saturday. I remember it as a labor of love, looking back now I'm ever so grateful for that precious time.

Grandpa was so lonely after Grandma died. I watched him and felt sad for him. One Saturday I was just finishing up my work, Grandpa had left the room and I felt someone was with me. I looked up and saw Grandma, in a soft blue dress, walking from her bedroom to the front room. She didn't look at me, just a gentle presence, no words, just a wonderful feeling of peace and love and, I think, of gratitude.

I've often wondered if my life measures up to the legacy of hard work, service and caring my grandparents personified.

Paul's Reminiscences

Well, my memories of Grandma are few, but I do remember how she used to sit in the old chair in the kitchen (which was very clean) with the butter churn in her lap and make the best butter. We all knew what was to follow, fresh-baked bread. One time Doug and I stood outside the back door of the house and begged. We said, "Piece of bread and butter." She always wore a full dress and apron. She kept a very clean and organized home. I also remember being outside the evening she passed away in her home in her bed. I loved her so much and was very sad.

I remember all the times Grandpa took me to town. We would take his old Chevy car (1937), first to the creamery. He would fill the milk cans with whey, put 4 cans in the trunk and 2 in the back seat. Then we would go to Miller Bros. Feed Store and get grain. Well, those feed sacks had to ride on the front fenders. Then home we would go.

The times I helped him build panels for a fence, he never bought new nails. So we would have to stretch the old nails he kept in a 5-gallon bucket. Bent nails and bailing wire were the only fix.

I do remember that he bought one of the 1st power mowers in Parker. What a treat that was. But it could not leave his place. So I mowed our lawn by hand-mowers.

Rides up to milk the cows at Max Edik's in the summer was fun. We hauled the milk home in the car. Imagine how that car smelled. He sold the old Chevy (1937) and bought a newer one (1953) with automatic transmission and signal lights. One time on the way home from town at about the reform school I said, "Grandpa, your signal light is on." And his comment was, "I know. I want it on."

Grandpa was a hard worker always on the go. He milked cows, had pigs and chickens. He took great pride in his livestock.

I think he taught all the kids who knew him how to work. I know he did me. I will always remember his teachings and the great example he passed on to others.

Tom's Reminiscences

There are very few things I remember about my grandparents. They both passed away when I was very young. Here are some details and things that I do remember.

I used to go up to Grandma's house at times with my sister, Marilyn. I remember her going and helping with Grandma early in the morning. I remember entering their home and the big square table in the middle of the room. The old buffet was on the east wall of the room. I remember looking in the drawer and lower doors (sneakily). It was full of papers and treasures.

I remember the cook stove in the kitchen and an old green metal cupboard in the bathroom. This was where they kept their night clothes and garments. I remember because I sneaked a peak.

Grandpa, for some reason, always scared me just a little. He hated for us to climb in the apple trees, so we did it anyway. I guess to get caught. I remember one time to get even, we found several cans of Synagass (a poison used to kill ants) that he kept in the window sill outside the back door. It had a terrible smell. I dumped it all out by the back door. Grandpa answered the problem by kicking my fanny. He was upset!

I remember Grandpa's big birthday party at the age of 80. I'll always remember the cake and 80 candles. The cake was placed in the center of the big square table in the living room.

I will always remember Grandpa's great love for baseball. I still think of him as I am able to watch the game on T.V. How exciting it would have been for him to watch these the way I do.

I do remember both of them (Grandma and Grandpa) passing away. I remember the funerals and how sad everyone seemed.

I know and understand how great these 2 people (God's children) were. How hard they worked, and how happy they should feel today because of the 3 outstanding daughters they raised. I'm proud to have had the short time in my life to know them.

I'll always remember how happy my mother was when we were able to move into their home. I don't know the circumstances of why the home was given to Mom, but it was a great blessing to our family at that particular time in our lives.

<u>Bill's Reminiscences</u>

I grew up living just down the street from Grandma and Grandpa Brown. They lived 1 block from our house in Parker, Idaho in a big house located on a huge yard. The yard was larger than half a city block (at least that is the way it was seen through the eyes of a young boy) with apple orchards, multiple flower and vegetable gardens, ditches full of running water, a barn complete with hay loft and corrals and various out buildings. From the time I was able to walk until I was probably 10 years old, this was my world to roam in with my BB gun, to play cowboys and Indians and to help Grandpa with his various projects. These projects took many shapes and forms — depending upon my age at the time. But as a youngster, the thing I remember about Grandpa was his willingness to engage you. He would take the time to cut a green limb and string it with twine to make a bow. He would cut some straight tree limbs to make arrows. He would get a tire pump to pump up a flat bike tire. Maybe the best though would be on those rare occasions where my mother and dad would be out late and I would stay with Grandma and Grandpa for the night. On those occasions, he would read one of my favorite stories from the Mother West Wind books that I thought were so wonderful.

I always thought Grandma and Grandpa were special people. Grandpa had graduated from the University of Utah which made him somewhat unique in the early 1900's when there were few college graduates, particularly in rural farming communities. Grandma was a no-nonsense person. She was a tall woman who didn't engage in a lot of unnecessary conversation. A hard worker, she cooked, maintained a clean, tidy house, and also sewed and maintained big beautiful flower gardens. There was no doubt that Grandma's philosophy in tending young children (such as myself) was that to spare the rod was to spoil the child! While Grandma didn't have a lot to say, she had no problem expressing herself — particularly if she was upset or irritated. When angry she was able to verbalize quite forcefully and directly. Occasionally using descriptive language — one of her favorite phrases for describing exceptionally cold weather was that "it could freeze a brass monkey's ass." Grandpa, on the other hand, never had a harsh word to say. His method was calm and steady in a conversational direction. He was a remarkably patient man. He did not use profanity or yell intimidations — with one small exception and that was when a cow didn't go into her assigned stanchion.

Grandma made wonderful bread. I remember many times of entering the kitchen to smell that wonderful aroma of bread having just been taken from the oven. She would cut a couple of pieces, still warm, cover them with home made butter, set out a jar of jam and tell you to sit down and eat it before it cooled. She would probably join you by pouring herself a cup of tea (which was her favorite drink).

Life seemed easy in those days. No television, some radios but usually they were in the "front room" and played only occasionally (a lot of static and poor reception). Grandma and Grandpa had a telephone. My mother and dad, and Therel and Rulon ("Babe," to those of us who knew him), would go to Grandma's house to use the phone. There was a pattern to life in those days. Saturday mornings were to clean the house, and in the afternoon it was routine to go shopping for the coming week. Grandpa would always drive Grandma and usually Mother and Therel to St. Anthony where they would spend the afternoon buying groceries and visiting. Grandpa was never without his

pocket watch. I vividly recall seeing Grandpa every trip to town, standing in front of the jewelry store and setting his pocket watch to the big clock that stood on the sidewalk in front of the store. Sunday was family day — either a gathering in the afternoon at Grandma's, or at your own house with your respective family. Occasionally, we would journey to Ucon to visit Aunt Melba, Uncle Reed and their family — not too often because Ucon was about 30 miles away and this was a trip that could take an hour each way; and there was always the possibility of a flat tire. Mondays were wash day. This, of course, was a major undertaking as this was before the era of automatic washers and dryers. In fact, there were no dryers. There were clothes lines and bundles of clothes had to be carried from the washer to be "hung out" and of course when dry they had to be taken in, ironed, folded and put away. Also, for you who are young, the water had to be heated on the stove and of course carried to the washer.

Grandpa never idled away his time. It seems to me that he was always doing something. He always had milk cows and often some pigs or a steer or two. The milk cows always numbered between 3 and 5. These he would pasture around the Parker area in the spring, summer and fall. I spent a certain amount of time as a youngster getting the cows from the pasture, driving them thru the streets of Parker to Grandpa's barn. After usually 2 or 3 trips, the cows knew the route, but this was still a necessary chore every evening. Milking the cows was also a "chore" that I recall doing (more than I really cared to). Of course, this entailed getting up early and on cold winter days suffering through the cold, the snow and the whole unpleasant experience of getting the buckets, trudging to the barn, milking and feeding the cows, and carrying the buckets of milk back to the house where they were emptied into the milk cans for delivery to the creamery. This all had to be done before the milkman came — and he came early.

I know that Grandpa had a sheep business, but he had sold it before I was old enough to be aware of such things. After they moved into Parker, I believe he spent several winters running a potato sorting crew, but again this was before I was really aware of such things. From the time that I do recall, Grandpa never worked at a steady job. He was busy with odd jobs. For example, he was sought after by ranchers buying hay to appraise the hay

stacks they were considering to determine how much hay and what tonnage was in the stack. But his odd jobs were certainly sporadic. This tells me that he had been very astute with his financial dealings because I felt Grandpa and Grandma lived well. He obviously had a certain cash flow from the milk cows and his periodic buying and selling of pigs and steers at the auction. But again, not on the scale that would support his lifestyle. So again, I marvel at how well he must have planned for his retirement years.

There are many things that come to mind when I reminisce about Grandma and Grandpa:

1. When I was only small, Grandma would not allow me to be outside of the yard when a certain man came past. He worked for the railroad and was a union man. This made him suspect in her eyes — certainly not to be trusted around small children.
2. Grandma always wore long dresses and always had an apron on when in either the house or yard. But, of course, when leaving the yard to go somewhere, the apron would come off.
3. Grandpa was always very "up" on current events — he followed the political scene very closely. I don't recall him being strident in any political view, but always had a thoughtful opinion to offer when asked.
4. The family gatherings were wonderful events, probably quite representative of the times. The women would prepare and serve the meal while the men would sit in the living room and talk and argue about current events. The children would be outside playing games and running around the yard.

Thinking back on my youth to recall memories of Grandpa and Grandma has made me realize just how fortunate I am to have known them. These people were good people. They worked hard, they created a good life for themselves and in doing so I believe they enriched the lives of many. They certainly served as examples for their offspring to look up to.

Doug's Reminiscences

A parcel of land located in Parker, Idaho consisted of grey sand streets as south and west boundaries, with an irrigation ditch on the east and south. The northern boundary consisted of a lane which led back to the corrals and the barn. On the southwest corner stood my maternal grandparents' home. In close proximity to the house were 3 Blue Spruce trees, various small shrubs, and a gigantic Weeping Willow. A woodshed, storage shed and chicken coop were directly north of the house. On the interior were McIntosh, Wealthy, Dutchess, Crab-apple, Transparent and Strawberry- crab, plums, along with strawberries, raspberries and row after row of tall corn. This square portion of Parker generated the best memories of my childhood. This was my "hundred acre wood." It was real. Christopher Robbins is make believe.

Grandmother Brown was in my memory tall and neat — black short-heel lace shoes, blue and white polka-dot dress. She was a quiet person. I remember seeing her and Grandpa in St. Anthony on Saturday (grocery day). I can still see her eating vanilla ice cream in Watson Drug.

In order to water the front lawn, Grandpa used the flood method. One day while sitting on the porch with Grandma, the lawn flooded with water behind the front gate and under the trees. Suddenly, Grandma just exploded off the porch and with a broom began beating the heck out of a water snake trying to swallow a frog. Water was flying everywhere and I was quite startled. I cannot imagine how the water snake felt. The snake managed to "limp"off and the frog was saved. The snake and I realized she preferred frogs over snakes. I remember doing one thing that brought a smile to her face. One day I had caught a nice-sized trout on the Snake River. I presented that fish to her and she was truly delighted.

I have vivid recollections of Grandma baking bread — 3 loaves to a pan, I think — baked in the black and nickel Monarch cook stove. I was always given a hot crisp heel, with fresh, home-churned butter.

Grandma would sit on the white chair in the kitchen, churn between her legs, and with a rhythm unknown to me at that time turned cream into butter. Grandma's stove, churn, and butter-

mold are things I remember and they no doubt influenced my life. To this day, I like butter and bread, and enjoy making it as well as eating it.

Grandma made the best raisin-filled cookies I can remember. Another tasty treat I have not had for a long time was large Tapioca, or as I came to call it, frog-egg Tapioca.

If I were in trouble, I always knew Grandma would have a kind ear to talk into, unlike Mom who was the 1st Drill Sergeant I ever had. One day on my way home from school, I stopped to play along the ditch in front of Grandma's house. I sat in a red ant bed and she saved my bacon by very patiently picking every one of those red devils off my behind.

Grandma would always be good for a cup of green tea or the empty box from which it came. I used these boxes to put on my bike spokes so as to imitate the sound of a motor.

Then on an evening in my 14th year, Grandma passed on, and our lives changed a little. I also found out that evening that Mom had been cheating — it was not a 60 minute drive from Ucon to Parker. Uncle Reed had Aunt Melba in Parker in about 15 minutes.

After Grandma's death, for the first few days (a week or so), it was my privilege to spend the nights with Grandpa. These times were very special to me, and those nights and all the years I spent with him have never diminished in importance.

C.W. Brown's corner lot in Parker, Idaho was one of the grandest places on this Earth. As mentioned, there were trees — trees of all kinds. There were flowers, shrubs, raspberries, strawberries, apples, plums and cool shade. There were big trees to climb, Weeping Willows to swing on, running water to play in, apples to eat and throw.

I can still see him on an afternoon, picking a Wealthy apple and peeling and slicing it for me with his pocket knife. Wealthy, Duchess, Crab-apple, Strawberry-crab, Transparents, McIntosh (my favorite), and the best plums in the world — these were part of Brown's corner lot. The Dogwood furnished many a rock flipper. We used to meet there (on the corner lot) and pick the best raspberries one could ever hope to eat — or were they just like any other berries? We played hide and seek, and had the best war games anyone could hope to have.

Grandpa always had corn to plant, corn to hoe, corn to pick, and corn to eat. Once while being the hoer, with a hoe of the long-handled variety, I heard him shout, "Bend your back." Before I could wink, Grandpa removed the standard long-handled hoe from my hands and inserted the beet-thinning variety with a short handle. The back? She bent.

Grandpa invented pasture panels — a movable fence — held together with baling wire. He owned cows and showed me how to milk them.

Once upon a fall evening, while letting a cow outsmart me — she refused to go into her stanchion — I began to defect from temper control. Grandpa placed a calm hand on my shoulder and said, "Doug, I have never hit a cow." In no time, he had the cow's head in the stanchion and eating hay or oats, one or the other. Grandpa had been to the doctor that day and had a big white patch on the back of his neck where a boil had once been. While talking to me and the cow, he removed the handmade milking stool with three legs from the floor by the door to its position by Bossie's right rear leg. With quiet authority, C.W. grasped the hobbles, placed the hook on her right leg, bent beneath and behind her, and started to hook the left leg. At this moment in time, "I have never hit a cow" went critical. She lifted her tail and dumped right dead center on that white patch. With all the cat-like reflexes of a good "catter," the moment was grasped and the culprit was out. That handmade milk stool and Grandpa's self-control splintered right over Bossie's back. Grandpa, without another word, retired to the house, and I to the reserve stool and to milking. The matter was never discussed again. I only hope I did not hinder his passage into heaven.

There has not been a day go by in my life that I have not given thought to this man. He was my coach in building panel fences, pulling nails, weeding corn and milking cows. Grandpa was the one who rushed me to the house when I smashed my finger in Uncle Reed's car door. He said, "Now Doug this is going to hurt like the dickens, but it will be better for it." All this while he held my hand under cold water. Some evenings, I would linger till he arrived home from work just to have him make me a glass of milk with sugar, and bread broken into it.

After Grandmother's death, I stayed with him for a few days till he wasn't so lonely. After that I checked on him when I went over to milk cows. One night after milking, we were out in the pasture talking and we were headed for the house. We approached the panel fence, so I just jumped it. To my amazement he followed and just smiled at me. That was the last we shared time with each other. The next morning, I went into the house and built a small fire in the cook stove, but for some reason I did not check on him like I always did. Mom went to get him for his doctor's appointment and found he had passed away in his sleep. I have always wondered why I did not do what I had always done, and what I would have done if I had.

I was very fortunate to have had him for the amount of time that I did. Playing hide and seek in his yard was the thing I missed most. In later years those childhood games benefitted me. I did very well in jungle survival training and always felt confident that if shot down I could survive. Many times in Vietnam I asked Grandpa Brown to get me to another sunrise. Or I would just say, "C.W., if you could spare some time, I could use a little help." I am now a 60-year-old who still thinks of him whenever I am feeling overwhelmed with the events of the day, and he still delivers the calming effect he always had.

Scott's Reminiscences

I only had 1 grandpa. I had 2 in reality, but I never really knew my Grandfather Quayle. He never really had time for us (his grandchildren). My Grandpa Brown was another story.

For most of my early life, I lived 1 block away from C.W. Brown. I never realized it would be important for me to someday remember him. Now I struggle to detail the little things.

He was a good man. Compared to the temper of my father and his father, that of Grandpa Brown did not exist. I am sure that he had one, but he was in control of himself enough not to let us in on that fact. He seemed to always portray a calming wisdom and quiet peace.

He was not a man of wealth, yet I am sure that he never let his frugal life dictate his terms of honesty. I can picture my grandfather in his whipcord pants, grey shirt, and dark-grey suspenders. He wore a felt hat in many of my memories. He

never dressed fancy, yet he was always clean-shaven and neat. I believe that he was athletic. I heard stories about how high he could jump or how fast he could run. I never witnessed this. I saw only a gentle old man with a quiet smile and soft voice. He was known as Charlie Brown. Yes, he had his critics. Every yong kid without the appreciation of pride, hard work, honesty, and respect used to tease him. I knew many of them to steal his apples, corn, and vegetables, all of which he had ample supplies. People always had stories about Grandpa, but regardless of the story the subject matter was always of good content. You never heard vicious or negative stories about C.W. Brown, only good or humorous ones.

My grandfather lived a simple life when I knew him. I believe this was both his choice and his necessity. He was a very complex and intelligent man. He had experienced his share of bad luck throughout his life, yet I knew little of this because he never complained. He told me something once that I'll never forget. He said, "Son, someday you will learn that there are only 2 kinds of people in this world, honest and dishonest." He also said, "There are givers and takers, they will never change. Try to be a giver." Now that I am older, and wiser, I can see his truth. This man that raised sheep, pigs, apples, corn, vegetables and countless flowers never lost sight of the truth — "Make the best of what you have;" "Take care of what you have;" "Keep yourself in control;" "Be at peace with who you are;" and "Honesty really begins with one's self."

My grandfather was a religious man, but he was not a bore. He did not wear his faith on his sleeve like a badge. No, he carried it within himself. He didn't have to brag about his faith, he just let it glow naturally.

My grandparent's property was a perfect world to grow up in — trees galore; dark, secretive places to hide in; sunny-bright places to play in; lots of fruit (apples, strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb, currents, plums, cherries) and vegetables galore. There were cows, pigs, and chickens, but no horses, much to my chagrin.

Grandma and Grandpa's house was cool and quiet. I still remember the quiet being broken by the chiming of their mantle

clock. Grandpa wound that clock at the same time every afternoon — just before supper.

Toward the end of Grandfather's life, I remember his coming to our house every day for lunch or supper. He would sometimes say the blessing, but would always say thank you.

I believe my grandfather played a huge part in the upbringing of his grandchildren. Each of his daughters' families had their issues, needs, and challenges. I believe he did his best to keep each family on course.

My grandfather was a much better sportsman than most people realize. He enjoyed baseball a great deal and excelled in the game in his younger days. He, like my own father, knew a lot more about the game than he ever let on.

Specific memories are few. When giving me an apple, Grandpa would always quarter, core, and peel it. This was done quietly and very rapidly. When mowing lawns for him, he would never criticize the job being done.

He loved to eat bread and milk, with sugar added to it. This was never something I aspired to copy. I did, however, like the green milk pitcher and glass that he used for this ritual.

Grandfather was the original Nascar driver. His left turn signal was usually on wherever he went.

I clearly remember how Grandpa made me (or showed me) how to make a whistle out of a dogwood branch. To this day, I can still make one, a feat which I am sure would not impress even 1 child today.

I guess the greatest thing I can say about my grandfather is this: he was highly educated and highly respected; he never bragged of his deeds. I really don't think many people knew of his education, agricultural or political stories. He was just Charlie Brown. He was that quiet old guy in Parker with all the apple trees. He was just that old man that stood for what makes this country great. He was honest, proud, humble, hard of work, clean of conscience, and simple of needs. He lived his life, didn't meddle in others' lives, and took care of his own, all the time knowing that he helped pioneer the town where he lived.

Phillip's Reminiscences

Phillip's reminiscences were developed by what others told him. Tish died before he was born, and he was only a baby when C.W. passed away, consequently he was too young to remember C.W. Nevertheless, he wrote the following for this history.

My remembrances of Grandpa Charlie Brown who passed away in the spring of 1960 are of his stature and the folklore that I came to know about him. I was the youngest of Ray and Wilma's four boys. Most of the stories about Grandpa were told to me by my brother, Doug. Through him and my other brothers, I learned to respect Grandpa Brown. All of their stories made Grandpa's stature great. I was always a sports nut, and it impressed me that Grandpa Brown was well-known for his athleticism — captain of the baseball team and active in track and field events. I was absolutely in awe of Grandpa when I found out that he attended and graduated from the University of Utah.

What really struck home for me was the morning that he passed away. My mother found him. She told me (as she went to check on Grandpa) that she would be right back. I remember looking out the south window in the living room, wondering why Mom was taking so long and what was wrong with Grandpa. I remember Mrs. Hammond coming by to take me over to the Hammond's while Mom was attending to Grandpa.

The stories about Grandpa Brown have stayed with me. And they were stories that the teller of them told with a lot of reverence and respect. So I always thought Grandpa Brown was a great man, an important figure in the settlement and growth of Parker.

A Brief National and World History From World War II to 1960

The Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman and the Cold War

On April 12, 1945, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, president of the United States, collapsed while sitting for his portrait at Warm Springs, Georgia. He died almost instantly of a massive cerebral hemorrhage. He had recently returned from a war conference at

Yalta in the Crimea. He was not well during the conference and after returning home decided to visit Warm Springs where he frequently went for rest and relaxation. He was 63 years old when he died; he had led the United States through World War II; and he was 3 months into his 4th term as president. His vice-president, Harry S. Truman — inexperienced in international affairs — now became president of the United States.

Roosevelt's death was mourned by millions throughout the world. Winston Churchill, Britain's prime minister, said he felt as though he had been "struck a physical blow." As he informed the House of Commons, his voice broke when he spoke of the

> loss of the famous President . . . whose friendship for the cause of freedom and for the cause of the weak and poor have won him immortal fame (American Heritage, The American Heritage Pictorial History of the Presidents, p. 843).

The most eloquent eulogy pronounced at death was listing Roosevelt's name on the Army-Navy Casualty List in newspapers published on April 13. He, the Commander-in-Chief, like thousands of others, gave his life during the war effort. His coffin was loaded on a special train which moved slowly along tracks to Washington, D.C. There the body lay in a shut coffin in the White House before continuing its "slow, sad journey." As the train headed north to New York,

> all along the way people watched it pass and said goodbye to the only President many of them could remember. At Hyde Park a minister said a prayer, an airplane circled, West Point guns fired a salute, and the coffin bearing President Roosevelt was lowered into the ground (American Heritage, The American Heritage Pictorial History of the Presidents, p. 842).

Given their politics, C.W. and Tish, undoubtedly along with millions of others, listened to radio accounts of the funeral procession and mourned the loss of a great president. In their

minds, the political future of this country and the world was now in question.

Harry S. Truman, however, proved to be a strong president and world leader. He concluded war against Japan, assisted war-torn Europe in surviving a postwar Communist onslaught, dealt firmly with the Soviet Union, and presided over a national conversion from war production to peacetime production. He surprised and pleased a majority of the American electorate (he was elected in 1948) and large segments of the world population.

President Truman was praised and criticized for authorizing a dropping of 2 atomic bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. The bombs were so devastating and death-dealing that entire sections of both cities were completely destroyed and over 100,000 people were either incinerated or died of radiation burns. As a result, Truman, by some, was regarded as inhumane. On the other hand, estimates predicted over a million deaths, military and civilian, if the United States had invaded Japan. In these terms, Truman, by others, was regarded as a practical humanitarian. Regardless of how he was judged, war against Japan ended with the atomic blasts. Surrender terms were signed aboard the U.S.S. Missouri on September 2, 1945 with General Douglas MacArthur presiding.

President Truman's attempt to help revitalize Europe following World War II was manifest in the Marshall Plan. This plan was announced by Secretary of State George Marshall at Harvard University commencement exercises on June 5, 1947. The Marshall Plan was designed to help European countries stabilize their economies and become self-supporting. Western Europe accepted the Marshall Plan enthusiastically. Significantly, within 4 years the United States spent, through this plan, $13 billion to help European nations recover. They recovered to such extent that their standard of living exceeded pre-war levels. However, the Communist-led Soviet Union with its eastern Europe satellite nations remained aloof from and suspicious of United States foreign aid.

President Truman did not trust Joseph Stalin, Premier of the Soviet Union. They first met at Potsdam near Berlin in July 1945 to decide, along with Britain's Prime Minister Clement Atlee, how to deal with a defeated Germany. Relations between Truman and

Stalin during this conference were "hostile" at times and set the tone for a "cold war" relationship between the United States and Soviet Union during years to come. Not only did the West (a coalition of countries led by the United States) and the East (a coalition of countries led by the Soviet Union) fight a cold war for the mastery of Germany, but the conflict broadened to include almost every other part of the world.

On March 12, 1947, President Truman announced to Congress what became known as the Truman Doctrine. Truman said that United States policy should be to support free people who were resisting attempted subjugation by Communist minorities and the Soviet Union. As a result, for example, United States economic and military aid were instrumental in strengthening both Greece and Turkey against attempted Communist take-overs.

In June 1948, the Soviet Union attempted to drive Western Powers (United States, Britain and France) from Berlin which had been divided between West and East. In this attempt, the idea was to starve West Berlin into submission by closing off all avenues of transportation from West Germany into Berlin. However, under Truman's authorization a massive airlift was undertaken in which food, coal and other necessities were supplied to West Berliners. The Soviet Union dared not shoot down any transport planes for fear of a military response by the United States. By the Spring of 1949, the Soviet Union realized that its bluff had failed and terminated the blockade. President Truman's reputation was enhanced.

During these years, a popular western image associated with the Cold War was the "Iron Curtain," a phrase used by Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain. The Curtain was a "series of satellite governments," stretching from the Adriatic to the Baltic Seas, created by Stalin to help protect the Soviet Union from western power. The Iron Curtain, perhaps, was an indication of Joseph Stalin's fear and frustration born of his inability to deal with President Truman as he wished to do.

By November 1948, President Truman's performance both at home and abroad was sufficient to merit him the presidential election. However, election results were not clear until the morning following election day. Till then, the nation at large suspected Truman had lost.

Truman's Election, and the Korean War

Harry S Truman, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's vice-president, served nearly 4 years of Roosevelt's 4th term. So when he ran as a presidential candidate in 1948, he ran on his own merits — this was his 1st presidential election.

President Truman had done well dealing with the Soviet Union and handling foreign affairs. United States citizens, generally, were pleased with his performance. However, in domestic affairs he was not so well regarded. He had dealt somewhat inflexibly with a Republican-controlled congress — Congress did not like him. Even members of the Democratic Party had been offended by Truman and refused to support his candidacy. To the extent that politics would allow, Truman had charted his own course, irrespective of party or national politics. In fact, he was known affectionately by American citizens as "Give 'em hell Harry."

Given Truman's independence, and doubts of Democratic party leaders concerning his ability to win votes, members of the Party split in their choice of a presidential candidate. Some attempted to persuade Truman to step down and let Dwight D. Eisenhower run as a Democrat, but when Eisenhower rejected offers from both Democrats and Republicans, Democrats reluctantly nominated Truman. However, by this time Henry A. Wallace, a popular Democrat and former vice-president, had left the Party and declared his candidacy as a third-party "progressive." In addition, disgruntled southern Democrats left the Party in protest against a "progressive" civil rights platform. These deserters were called Dixiecrats. They nominated South Carolina's governor, Strom Thurmond, as their presidential candidate. Defection of Dixiecrats in the South and Wallace's Progressives in the North convinced political experts of an "almost certain Republican victory."

President Truman's political opponent in the 1948 Election was New York's governor, Thomas E. Dewey. On election night, Dewey was so confident of victory that he retired in a spirit of celebration. Newspaper editors, too, were sufficiently convinced of Truman's defeat, they printed that announcement in papers to appear on news stands the following morning. The Chicago Daily Tribune carried headlines, "Dewey Defeats Truman." But such was not the case. Late night returns from rural precincts

featuring farmers, Blacks, ethnic groups, and labor gave Truman a "narrow but decisive victory," much to the amazement of Dewey, editors, and pollsters alike. Truman had never doubted he would win. During the campaign, he had barnstormed around the country denouncing the do-nothing Eightieth Congress. The president's "give-'em hell" tactics reminded voters of how much they owed the Democrats for helping them survive the Depression. . . . Moreover, Truman's conduct of the Cold War, (and) locked in a tense rivalry with the Soviet Union, the American people saw no reason to reject a president who had countered aggression overseas with the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 867).

C.W. and Tish, along with others in the Upper Snake River Valley, were among those whose votes helped swing the election in favor of Harry S. Truman. They helped elect him in his own right and were served by him through another 4 years. However, outbreak of war in Korea presented a formidable obstacle to surmount during his presidency.

Boundary settlements in 1945, which accompanied termination of World War II in eastern Asia, resulted in Korea's division at the 38th parallel of latitude. Subsequently, North Korea became a satellite country of the Soviet Union. South Korea, on the other hand, was protected by the United States.

On June 25, 1950, North Korea, with encouragement from the Soviet Union, attacked South Korea in an attempt to unify the country. President Truman saw this attack as clear evidence of Soviet aggression in eastern Asia. He requested a meeting of the United Nations Security Council and taking advantage of a "temporary Soviet boycott" during which the Soviet Union was not present, President Truman

> secured a resolution condemning North Korea as an aggressor and calling on the member nations to engage in a collective security action. Within a few days, American troops from Japan were in combat in South Korea. The conflict, which would last for more than three years, was technically a police action fought under U.N. auspices; in reality, the United States was at war with a

Soviet satellite in Asia (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 863).

In beginning campaigns, the war went badly for South Korea. North Korean forces drove down the peninsula, penetrating almost to its southern coastal region. But by August American forces had halted North Korea's advance near Pusan. Then in September, General Douglas MacArthur changed the whole

> complexion of the war by carrying out a brilliant amphibious assault at Inchon, on the waist of Korea, cutting off and destroying most of the North Korean army in the South (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 863).

General MacArthur's success encouraged President Truman to change his original goal of restoring the 38th parallel, as the dividing line between North and South Korea, to a goal of unifying the country under United States influence. Under advice from Dean Acheson (under secretary of state) and General MacArthur, President Truman authorized an invasion of North Korea, though China had warned against such action.

Under General MacArthur, United Nations forces drove through North Korea to its northern boundary. There they were met by a massive Chinese army and were routed in a counter attack. The Chinese recaptured North Korea and by December 1950 the fighting had stalemated just north of the 38th Parallel. At this point President Truman decided to abandon his goal of Korean political unification and reestablish the 38th parallel as the line between a divided Korea. General MacArthur, however, urged a new offensive which included an invasion of China. He said, "There is no substitute for victory." He was confident that without an air force, China could be subdued. He pressed hard for war until President Truman was forced to relieve him of his command on April 11, 1951. MacArthur was so popular with Congress and the American people that for a time President Truman seemed to be losing support, but in a special congressional hearing the President struck back by warning that General MacArthur's strategy would result in war against the

Soviet Union, and such a war would be a global war. No one wanted that, and American citizens finally acquiesced in MacArthur's recall.

From 1952 through the rest of President Truman's term, truce talks in Korea resulted in nothing but a stalemate. Forces on both sides of the Thirty-Eighth Parallel were maintained to protect its integrity as the dividing line between North and South Korea. That situation prevails today, long after C.W. and Tish bid goodby to this dismal world.

In the Korean conflict, President Truman's mistake was in deciding to unify the country. He acted on advice from Dean Acheson and General Douglas MacArthur. A historian wrote that "rarely has an American president received worse advice than Truman did from Acheson and MacArthur" (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume Two, p. 863). His course of action based on the advice given resulted in severe criticism by American citizens. They felt the President had humiliated their country in the world's eyes. No doubt Truman was glad to see his term expire. He did not run for the Presidency again.

So far as C.W. and Tish were concerned, the Korean War was significant because their grandson, Bill Quayle, served in Korea (1962-1964) as a medic with forces occupying the Demilitarized Zone after fighting ceased. Their oldest grandson, Alyn Andrus (18 years old), was transported to Boise during the summer of 1950 for a pre-induction medical exam. He was classified 1-A and expected to be called for military service shortly after returning home from Boise. But orders to report never came. So, in January 1951, Alyn left home to serve a proselyting mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He spent 2 years in the Southwest Indian Mission. When he returned home in 1953, fighting in Korea had ended and a truce was in effect. Their grandson, and Alyn's younger brother, Charles Robert Andrus, missed the Korean War by 2 years. He joined an army reserve unit in 1955, following graduation from high school. He served 6 years before receiving an honorable discharge.

Dwight D. Eisenhower, Domestic Problems, and the U-2 Incident

In 1952, Dwight D. Eisenhower, who had been invited by both Democrats and Republicans to run for president, ran as a Republican and was elected. His opponent was Adlai E. Stevenson for whom C.W. and Tish probably voted.

Eisenhower was a popular World War II General. He had effectively commanded United States troops in Europe to war's end, although what he said in a postwar speech hardly sounded like a soldier. It sounded more like his Quaker heritage. He said:

> Every gun that is made, every warship that is launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who are hungry and are not fed, from those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of war it is humanity hanging on a cross of iron (Dwight D. Eisenhower, April 16, 1953).

As president, Eisenhower claimed he was "conservative" with regard to money management and "liberal" with regard to human welfare. United States citizens discovered that moderation was the keystone of Eisenhower's presidency. He made no attempt to dismantle New Deal social programs. He attempted to curb military spending. He encouraged private initiative, and cut government activity to a minimum. Finally, he believed in separation of government powers and refused to engage in aggressive, intensive congressional lobbying, resulting in a "very modest legislative record." He signed bills

> extending Social Security benefits to more than 7 million Americans, raising the minimum wage to $1 an hour, and adding 4 million workers to those eligible for unemployment benefits. He consolidated the administration of welfare programs by creating the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in 1953 . . . but steadfastly opposed Democratic plans for

compulsory health insurance — which he condemned as the socialization of medicine — and comprehensive federal aid to education, preferring to leave everything except school construction in the hands of local and state authorities (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 887).

A significant achievement during President Eisenhower's two terms was passage of the Highway Act of 1956. By this act

> Congress appropriated funds for a 41,000 mile interstate highway system consisting of multilane divided expressways that would connect the nation's major cities. Justified on grounds of national defense, the 1956 act pleased a variety of highway users: the trucking industry, automobile clubs, organized labor (eager for construction jobs), farmers (needing to speed their crops to market), and state highway officials (anxious for the 90 percent funding contributed by the federal government) (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 888).

Another significant development during the 1950's involved school desegregation. In 1954, the United States Supreme Court, led by Earl Warren, whom President Eisenhower appointed to the Court, unanimously decided in Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas that

> "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." To divide grade school children "solely because of their race," Warren argued, "generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone" (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, p. 890).

Implementation of the Court's decision was to proceed with "all deliberate speed." However, the process of desegregation proceeded slowly. Southern congressional representatives and senators (101 in number) signed a Southern Manifesto in 1956 denouncing the Court's decision. Then in 1957, Governor Faubus

of Arkansas activated the National Guard to prevent integration in Little Rock's Central High School. This was done to "preserve public order." Two-hundred seventy armed soldiers prevented 9 Blacks from attending classes in the high school. A federal judge then ordered the guardsmen removed, after which the 9 Black students went to school. However, a mob of 500 "jeering" whites surrounded the school building. Eisenhower then sent 1,000 paratroopers to disperse the mob and guarantee rights of the 9 Black students in attending Central High School. These students finished the school year under armed guard.

Finally, an international crisis developed during the closing months of President Eisenhower's last term in office. In 1960 Premier Nikita Krushchev of the Soviet Union came to the United States. After touring the country, he agreed to attend a "summit conference" in Paris during May 1960. But this meeting never materialized.

On May 1, two weeks before the conference was scheduled to begin, the Soviet Union shot down a high-flying United States U-2 spy plane piloted by Francis Gary Powers. The United States had been flying over the Soviet Union regularly since 1956, acquiring vital information relating to the Soviet missile program, but altitude had protected these spy planes till now.

At first President Eisenhower denied knowledge of the flyovers, but either his conscience or international politics demanded truth and he took full responsibility for invasion of Soviet airspace. Khrushchev immediately canceled plans to attend the summit conference.

President Eisenhower, of course, "deeply regretted failure of the conference. He told an aide that

> "the stupid U-2 mess" had destroyed all his efforts for peace. Sadly, he concluded that "he saw nothing worthwhile left for him to do now until the end of his presidency. Khrushchev marked time for the next nine months, waiting for the American people to choose a new president (Divine, America Past and Present, Volume 2, pp. 917-918).

With the U-2 incident, 15 years had passed since termination of World War II. Those years had been replete with international and national challenges. C.W., along with a multitude of others, undoubtedly watched carefully as Presidents Truman and Eisenhower met those challenges. Of course, C.W. passed from this life during May (1960), the month during which the U-2 incident developed and the Paris Conference was scheduled. From then on perhaps his view of international developments and world politics was indeed a global view.

Charles William (C.W.) Brown
Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill Brown

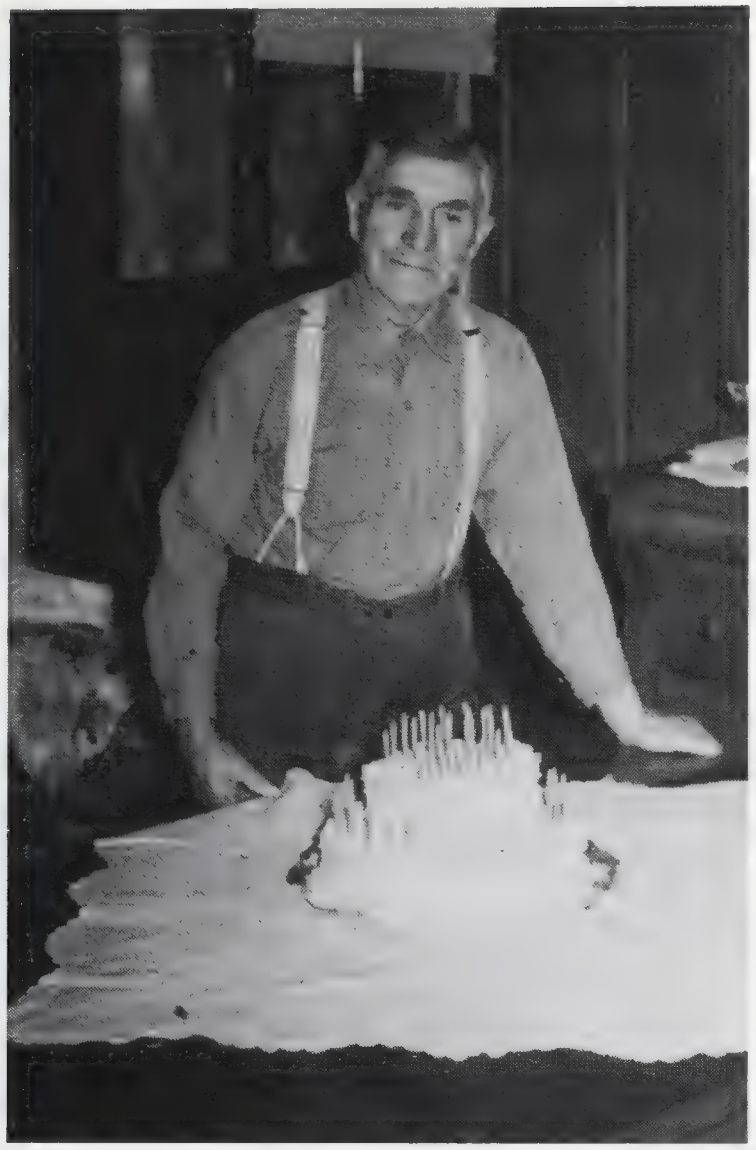
L to R: Melba Brown Andrus, Tish, C.W., Therel Brown Ricks, Wilma Brown Quayle (celebrating C.W.'s 80th birthday, 1955)

Top left: Tish (date not known)
Top right: Tish, 1957
Bottom (L to R): Wilma, Therel, Melba, Tish, 1942

C.W. at Tish's gravesite, 1958

L to R: Wilma, Therel, C.W., Melba at Tish's gravesite, 1958

L to R: Stanley Quayle, Joseph Brown, Bishop Willis Humphreys, C.W., Parker Cemetery, 1958



Left: C.W. at home on his 80th birthday

Below: Popular old chime clock, remembered by most grandchildren. It still chimes in 2004.

Martha L. Orgill Brown (June 9, 1878 – June 12, 1958)
Charles William Brown (November 4, 1874 – May 18, 1960)
Parker, Idaho cemetery

Chapter 5

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN CHILDREN

Melba Phyllis Brown (Andrus)

Birth, Early Childhood, and Baptism

Melba Phyllis Brown was the 1st of 4 children born to Charles William (C.W.) Brown and Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill, both of whom were from Draper, Utah. Melba was born January 4, 1906 on a sheep ranch northwest of Parker, Idaho. The ranch was located on the southern edge of a sagebrush plain stretching for 30 miles west, north, and east from sand hills near the ranch. Wildlife, including jackrabbits, coyotes, deer, elk, and moose, was plentiful. Indians, too, passed by the ranch on their way to Camas Meadows (near Kilgore) south of the Centennial Mountains 40 miles north. The Indians annually harvested camas roots which had long been a staple in their diet. As they journeyed north, then later returned, a stop at the ranch for bread and butter was not uncommon, but Tish never accommodated herself to these visits. Neither did she care for coyotes that prowled around when C.W. and his dogs were gone.

Until Melba was 2 years old, the Brown family lived on the ranch where they raised purebred Cotswold sheep. In June 1908 they moved into Parker, but maintained the ranch with help from a hired man and family who moved into the ranch house. Each spring, during lambing time, the Browns moved back to the ranch where they lived in 1 room of a 2-room pump house.

In connection with the ranch house, pump house, barn, sheep sheds, and corrals (located on an elevated sagebrush-covered plain), irrigated farm land stretched eastward for a mile. C.W. was a busy, hard-working man, tending farm and sheep, but was disposed to be a caring, gentle, kind father to his children.

Melba enjoyed a happy childhood, spending much of it with her father. In an interview conducted in April/May 1982 in her home at Ucon, Idaho, Melba said: "He was an even-tempered man. He always tried to get along without any quarrels . . . with anybody. I don't even remember him swearing." She then went on to say:

> My father was a wonderful man to me. He took a lot of time with me. When out on the ranch when I was a real little girl and he was a real busy man cutting out sheep and keeping the farm going, I used to go with him every day. I would run almost as fast as he did when he was running to catch a sheep when he was cutting them out. We had a large barn and many sheep sheds out west of where the house was we lived in. I don't remember how large a herd father maintained at that time, but it was a large herd of sheep and we had many sheep sheds to keep care of the sheep. So I used to go out with him when he was cutting the sheep out and putting them in the pens and places they needed to go. I tried to run as fast as my father did. I would go out in the fields with him. I remember one time in the summer time when Mormon crickets were so thick on one of our fields that you couldn't stand without stepping on top of them. I was frightened of them and would go hopping along holding tight to father's hand trying not to step on them. When he was out turning water and irrigating, I would drink out of his cupped hands or out of his hat. It doesn't sound very clean, but it tasted good to me to drink out of my father's hat.

Life on a sheep ranch, however, was not all fun. At times it was hazardous for a little girl. Once one of C.W.'s sheep took after Melba and bunted her down a "rocky hill." Of this experience, she said in her interview:

> Father came and got me and took me down to the house. That is the time we had a hired man. He and his family lived in the house that we had lived in when I was

real little girl. I sat there on one of their chairs the biggest part of the afternoon trying to get over the dizziness that had been caused from bumping down that rocky hill. I remember when I was a little larger, maybe about 11 or 12 years old, father used to take me out in the fields west of the ranch to gather up the sheep at night. It was the fall of the year when they were grazing off the farmland where grain had been raised. There was one sheep that had been a pet lamb. Whenever he saw me he'd run after me and, of course, I was afraid of him because I was afraid he was going to bunt me. So I watched for that sheep to come and when I saw him coming, I'd try and get around so I could jump on his back and ride him in with the rest of the sheep (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

To the question, "Are your memories of home life happy memories?" Melba answered,

I have happy memories of my home life. I've told some of the things that made me happy, reading books, going to school. I came home every day from school at noon to eat my lunch, and I never had to wait for my lunch. In fact, we never had to wait for any of our meals at home. We always had breakfast at a certain time, lunch at a certain time (only it was dinner then), and supper at a certain time. Father wasn't always there because he was so busy out doing work that sometimes he came in late, but it was always ready for us. Yes, I had a happy childhood. I had some good friends I grew up with. And I loved to play ball. We used to play ball. We played hopscotch; we played hide-and-seek; run-sheep-run. We used to clean out the raspberry patches every springtime and pile up all the dry wood from the raspberries and have a big bon fire. . . . We had a good time (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Celebrations on July 4 were happy occasions. There were foot races, horse races, baseball games and plenty of food to eat. Melba said:

> One time, the ladies had worked all day long freezing homemade ice cream. We couldn't go to the factories then and buy ice cream, we had to make our own. The next morning there was snow on the ground, the 4th of July. We didn't celebrate (that year). An old gentleman whose name was Donas Brower, that lived not very far from us, said he'd go around and sell the ice cream for the ladies. I remember he went around saying, "Come on now, buy some ice cream and give your tongue a sleigh ride" (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

One memory was not happy, though. Melba said:

> We had been picking raspberries all morning and some lady up in St. Anthony had bought them. So this lady was going to drive the horse (Nig) and deliver the raspberries and I was going with her. Her name was Leah Thompson and she was a very dear friend of ours. . . . She had no children. As I say, we were taking old Nig to town to deliver the raspberries. On the way up, he got slower and slower so we stopped and got a switch off the side of the road from some willow trees. While she was over getting the switch, he must have heard her getting it and got afraid and started to run and I was in the buggy. He ran about a block going strait east toward St. Anthony and turned real quickly across a bridge and then turned real quickly again down the side of a ditch between the ditch and the fence. As he turned the second time, he threw me out into the wire fence and gooseberry briars that were there and ripped my arm. He just about ripped the whole arm off. There was just a little space at the top of the arm where they didn't have to stitch it. There were some people coming along the road with a horse and buggy and thought I was dead, and they ran up quickly to pick me up, but I had crawled up by then and was

standing there and my arm, of course, was bleeding really bad, and one of them went and called the doctor and he came down to my folks' place and stitched my injured arm (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Another memory that was not happy concerned the death of Melba's baby brother, Charles Milton. He was born in February 1908 and died from dysentery in September the same year. Melba would have been 2 years old, but remembers the baby and his funeral "very faintly." However, 6 years later, when she was 8 years old, her sister, Therel, was born, and Melba was "real happy." She said:

> I helped my mother with Therel very much. I used to take her around the block in the summer time and take care of her. We had a baby buggy that I wheeled around the block and I loved taking care of her (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Also, when Melba was 8 years old, she was baptized in a "large irrigation ditch not far from her home." She was baptized by Charles L. Johnson, a family friend, on August 1, 1914, and was confirmed a member of the LDS Church by Henry A. Grover the following day, August 2, 1914.

<u>Education, and Employment</u>

Melba started school in 1912 when she was 6 years old, but C.W. had already prepared her for formal education. She wrote: "He used to spend time each night reading to me which gave me a strong desire for good books." He also taught her the alphabet and how to print. So, she was ready for school and loved the experience.

Melba started school in a 1-room building a block east of her home (this building was across Center street from the post office). The following year she attended classes in a new, larger 2 story building where all grades 1 through 8 were taught (while this building was under construction, grades 7 and 8 were taught in the church building). The new school building stood where the

present Parker Elementary building now stands (½ block north of the railroad tracks, and along Center Street).

In 1915, when Melba was 9 years old and in the 3rd grade, a railroad came to Parker. She recalled its coming and attractive diversion from school work in the following words:

> It was a spur line that came from St. Anthony, and I don't remember when they put the rails and ties down, but they must have been several days doing that. I remember the day that cars came through. That was a wonderful day, especially for all us kids. It must have been during a school day and they let school out for us to watch it. From then on, that was the place where we played every time we had recess. We would go to the railroad track, which was only about 1/2 block from where the school house was, and we would take pins with us and put on the railroad track and other things and wait for an engine to come along and make little trinkets after it passed over the nails or pins or whatever we put on the railroad tracks. That soon ended because the principal had a group of us that had been doing that up in his office one day, and he showed a strap he had there and said he would use it on us if we ever went down there during school again. So we couldn't go down to the railroad tracks anymore (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

During her elementary school years, Melba participated in school and church-sponsored programs and services. She loved to sing, and sang solos before audiences while "just a little girl."

In 1918, when Melba was 12 years old and in the 6th grade, a world-wide epidemic of influenza hit Parker. This disease was probably spread by the dispersal of soldiers as they returned home following World War I. So virulent was the disease that people died by thousands. In Parker, precautions taken to prevent spread of the disease included wearing gauze masks in public. These covered the faces of those who wore them. There were yet no "wonder drugs" to combat disease.

In 1920, at age 14, Melba graduated from the 8th grade. She talked about state-wide educational achievement tests and her test performance.

> We used to take tests, for our final tests graduating from the 8th grade, that were made up by the . . . state superintendent of public instruction. All Eighth Graders had to take them throughout the whole state of Idaho. And our teachers did not grade them. It was the county superintendent who graded them. I think that is who it was. There were 3 people in the Eighth Grade when I graduated who were in line for the valedictory address and the salutatory address. They were Louie Wade, one of my best girl friends, myself, and George Lavel Crapo. When the tests came back — when the grades came back — Louie and I both had the same grade. It was a 98+ something, I can't remember. Lavel had a 97+. So it was up to us 2 girls who was going to give the valedictorian and salutatorian addresses. I think we drew cuts. Louie got the valedictory and I got the salutatory (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

After Melba graduated from the 8th grade, she attended her first 2 years of high school in Parker. These would be from the fall of 1920 through the spring of 1922. The Parker High School was new and offered only the Freshman and Sophomore years. After that, students went either to St. Anthony or Ricks Academy in Rexburg.

Melba talked about her years in the new Parker High School:

> By the time my friends and I were ready for high school, they organized 2 years of high school in Parker. It was very interesting at one of the meetings before they had it organized, my father asked me a few days before they had this important meeting of all the tax payers, if I would stand up and offer to see that the school house was cleaned that whole summer, without them having to pay to have it cleaned. He said that it would help a lot. So I did. I stood up in the meeting and told them I would

organize a group of girls from the town and we would clean that whole school house that summer and they wouldn't have to pay us. That would save some toward getting the high school started. They accepted the challenge, and we did. I don't recall how many girls there were, but there was a large group of them that cleaned that whole school from top to bottom that summer. We did, we had a high school that fall with some good teachers. One was Ann Clark. She was from Rexburg, and she later became the superintendent of public instruction of Fremont County (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

While at high school in Parker, Melba joined a debate team. The team debated a team from Sugar City and won. She also "landed" a lead role in Little Women, and sang with the high school choir.

After 2 years of high school in Parker, Melba attended Ricks Academy in Rexburg. Years at Ricks would commence with the fall of 1922 and extend through the spring 1925. At Ricks, she completed her high school education and took 1 year of college. Her 1st year, she "batched" with 3 other Parker girls in a 1-room apartment east of the College. They did their own cooking and housekeeping. Her 2nd year she lived with Emily Vawdry's family in the basement of the Rigby hospital on College Avenue. Her 3rd year, she lived with the Hyrum Lucas family east of Ricks College.

Melba and friends traveled between Parker and Rexburg, sometimes by train (from Rexburg to St. Anthony), and sometimes by car. During the spring term of her 2nd year, Melba and other girl friends from Parker commuted to the Academy from their homes in Parker. Vernal Brown, Melba's cousin, drove C.W.'s red Studebaker, the tires of which were nearly worn out, along the 10 mile stretch of road between Rexburg and Parker — that meant 10 miles over and 10 miles back twice a day for a total distance of 40 miles. Nearly every day, he changed a flat tire. That ritual became so common it was an expected occurrence during those lean days when money was scarce.

Melba made new friends at the Academy — Minnie Andrus, Sarah Andrus, Reed Andrus (who later became her husband), Elva

Dixon (who later married Robert Howard Andrus, Reed's brother), and Hester Warner (Devenport) who eventually moved to Ucon with her husband, Karl, and was a neighbor to Melba there. Melba and friends sang in the Academy choir, girls glee, and a girl's sextette which sang in Upper Valley wards during church services. In addition, Melba sang at civic functions throughout the Upper Valley and in Idaho Falls. In 1930, one year after marriage, she sang Idaho, My Idaho in St. Anthony when C. Ben Ross was nominated as a Democratic candidate for governor. Ross was elected and served between 1931 and 1937. Melba's singing undoubtedly cast a happy spell over the convention and its subsequent campaign, contributing to the success of Ross in Idaho's gubernatorial politics.

Following graduation from high school, Melba attended college for a year during which she certified as an elementary school teacher. Her 1st professional teaching assignment was in Egin, 4 miles west and south of Parker. She taught in Egin 1 year, from the fall of 1925 through the spring of 1926. She described her experiences there in the following words:

> After I went to school in Rexburg, the next fall and winter I taught in Egin. It was pleasant teaching there. I taught the 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades. They were good children. Some of the boys in the 5th grade were almost as big as I was at that time. I remember one day I got really upset with one of the boys and tried to shake him in his seat and I shook the whole row of kids (seats in classrooms then were fastened together by board runners underneath). I didn't have any problems. They were good kids.
>
> I will never forget one little incident. I had never been afraid of mice, but the kids didn't know that, the kids in Egin. When springtime came, they had been outside playing and found a mouse, some of the boys had, and they brought it in very quietly when I wasn't looking and put it in the top drawer of my desk. So after recess, I opened up the top drawer to get something and there was that mouse. I picked the mouse up by the tail and held him up in front of the kids, and you should have

seen the looks on their faces. I said, "The one who put the mouse in the drawer, please come and get it and throw it out." That didn't go over very big.

I didn't want to teach there again. I wanted to get into a bigger school, and that was only a 3-teacher school. I enjoyed the other 2 teachers I taught with in Egin. One was a Mrs. Moon. She was a married woman, had no children, a very pleasant lady. She taught 1st and 2nd grades. I had 3rd, 4th and 5th. The one who taught 6th, 7th and 8th grades was an older brother of my very dear friend, Portia Davis (Melba's daughter, Portia, is named after this friend). I stayed at their home that winter in Egin. It was rather a lonely year, but as I say, it was pleasant teaching those kids.

The next year (1926), I had a talk with Annie (Ann) Clark. She was a former teacher of mine and was county superintendent at that time. She said, "Well, why don't you send some letters to several school districts and maybe out of all you send, you'll find one that needs a teacher." I sent one to Ucon. I knew nothing about Ucon except that a girl from the Parker area that I had worked with had taught down there that year. She taught 1st grade. Ann Clark said, "I don't know if they will answer your letter. I don't know if she has done such a good job. So maybe they don't want another one from Parker." I don't recall just when I sent those letters out to the school districts, but it must have been some time around January or February (1926), because by the time early March came, I had received a letter back from a member of the school board in Ucon, Joseph Ritchie, telling me that he would like to meet with me. I had told them I taught the Gordon method of phonics. I think that is what got me my job. I had never taught phonics, the Gordon method, but I decided I could learn how if I got the job. They had told me they would like to meet with me on a Sunday after their Sunday School let out in Ucon. They told me the time and place and everything, so my father brought me down on that Sunday and we got in Ucon just after they dismissed their Sunday School. I had

known some people from Ucon at the college, Hester Devenport (we were very friendly and I had sung with her). I had known Sarah Andrus, Minnie Andrus, and I was very friendly with them. I had known Reed Andrus, just casually, so I wasn't a total stranger. The 3 school board trustees were there that day, Robert Andrus, Joseph Ritchie, and Alfred Cramer. Minnie was there that day because she played the organ for them to go to their classes and to sing. So she and I renewed our acquaintance again. She said her brother Reed had been in the mission field since the fall before. This was in the springtime, and he had been in the mission field in the Netherlands since early fall (1925). I met with those 3 gentlemen and I told them that if I got the job of teaching 1st grade in Ucon, I would go to the University of Utah that summer (1926) and take some special training, and that I would pay special attention to phonics.

I received a letter soon after I had been down here that day telling me that I was hired to be the 1st grade teacher in Ucon. I was really elated because I wanted to get into 1st grade work. Well, I prepared to go to school in Salt Lake that summer at the University, and it was an enjoyable time. I stayed out in Sandy with the Crapo family and went in on the street car and back out again at night on the street car. There were some people there that summer I enjoyed taking classes from very much (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Melba's curriculum that summer consisted of special reading, psychology, swimming, and girls glee. Neither in her handwritten history, nor in her interview, does she mention taking a phonics class. We are left to assume, then, that perhaps the "special reading" class satisfied that need and made good her promise to members of the school board.

Melba also spent the summer of 1927 in Salt Lake City, studying "voice" from Mark Robinson. During that summer Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic Ocean in his monoplane, the "Spirit of St. Louis." Melba wrote about her being in Salt Lake during Lindbergh's flight:

> We stood on Main Street in Salt Lake in front of the Salt Lake Tribune Office awaiting the glad tidings of Lindbergh's arrival in France. That year in late summer, my father, mother, and 2 sisters, Therel and Wilma, came to Salt Lake and we helped make up the crowd of people at the Salt Lake Airport to welcome Lindbergh to Salt Lake City. He spoke in the Mormon Tabernacle that day. He was just a big awkward, bashful, young man (Melba Phyllis Brown (Andrus), Personal History, p. 5).

Following Lindbergh's address in the Tabernacle, Melba returned to Parker with her father, mother and sisters. Then in the autumn of that year (1927), she commenced teaching her 2nd year in Ucon.

During her Ucon full-time teaching experience (1926-1931), she taught 1st grade. Of that experience, she said:

> I had arranged to stay at the home of Mrs. Susan Lott that took the teachers at that time in Ucon. . . . There were 4 of us that stayed there in that home. I stayed there each year that I taught before I was married. . . .
>
> When I first entered the school, I could tell it was a well-disciplined school. The children were well-behaved. I liked the people of Ucon and the Ucon Ward. They were a very friendly, good people. I liked teaching the 1st grade. As I remember, I had about 20-25 children the first year I taught, and it was pleasant teaching children phonics, and teaching them to read. When children came the first day of school, some of them didn't know which was the right hand. They didn't know which hand to hold the scissors in; they didn't know how to use scissors. They didn't know how to use pencils, some of them. Children now days are much more ready for school than they were in those days. The T.V. has helped educate children and get them ready for school and so has the kindergarten program they've had in the schools of Idaho. As I say, those children, there was a lot they had to learn before they could read.

We did programs that year in school (1926). It was very pleasant teaching the children to sing. I think that was the year we put on a little operetta in the springtime called The Kitchen Clock. We used all the children of the school. The older children sang special solos. I was the one who directed the singing, and Mary Garner (Simmons) did the playing. She was a good accompanist (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

While she taught in Ucon during her 2nd year, Melba helped start a rhythm band. She said:

A lady came from St. Anthony. Her name was Bell George (Wood). She taught piano lessons and vocal lessons. She came to Ucon to teach and I think it was the 2nd year I taught here. She asked me if I would like to help her organize a rhythm band in the school. I hadn't ever done anything like that, and yes I was real excited about it. When you teach children to play in rhythm bands, you have little instruments like tapping sticks, triangles, drums, little bells that shake to help with the rhythm and sound. There isn't any tune to it, just rhythm. So Bell George showed me how to make instruments. We made tapping sticks out of chair rounds, I think it was. We took little boards about 4 inches long and an inch and a half wide and put sandpaper on them and it made . . . they scrape back and forth to make a sound along with the tapping sticks rhythm. We bought a drum and some triangles and bells. She helped me organize a rhythm band, and showed me how to do it (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Melba taught full-time in Ucon until her teaching certificate expired. Her last full-time teaching year ended in the spring of 1931. By that time, she was married and pregnant with her first child. She did not renew the certificate, but through the years "did a lot of substitute work up in the high school." She liked Ucon. In her words, "It was a good community, very friendly, good people, with well-behaved youngsters."

Marriage and Married Life

While Melba taught in Ucon, she renewed her acquaintance with Reed Andrus (they had known each other casually at Ricks Academy). Between the spring of 1928 and spring of 1929, they dated, fell in love, and were married. In an interview conducted in her home at Ucon during April/May 1982, Melba described her relationship with Reed which culminated in marriage.

Question: Would you go ahead and tell how you met Reed, how he proposed to you, and any other circumstances you want to talk about surrounding your marriage?

Answer: As I said, when I first came to Ucon to get this school they had told me that Sarah and Minnie's brother, Reed, had been called on a mission to the Netherlands. He was there 3 years (actually he was there 2 ½ years from fall 1925 to spring 1928). He came home in the year 1928 in the springtime. The girls that stayed at Mrs. Lott's where I stayed had kidded me that my first date would be with Reed Andrus when he came home. I just laughed about that. I had known him up at school and we were friendly, but I never went to the dances at school. I knew he was very popular at the dances up there and he won several prizes with dancing. He loved to dance, so I didn't think he would be paying any attention to me when he came home. So we had a little bet over at Mrs. Lott's; they bet me a box of candy that his first date would be with me when he came home.

I had the mumps that springtime in March, and so I was out of school for 2 weeks. They didn't hire another teacher; they just dismissed the 1st grade until I got over the mumps. Then I went back to teaching again. I stayed over at Mrs. Lott's for the first 10 days (of illness) and then I went home up to Parker to stay until the swelling went down and I got over the mumps. I came back on a Sunday morning. That afternoon I was called to the telephone and it was the new missionary, Reed Andrus, asking me if I would go to church with him that night. So I lost the bet. We went to church together and went into

Idaho Falls after church because he wanted to see President (Doctor) Hatch. I called him president because he was later made the president of the Idaho Falls Stake. That was very pleasant going in there and visiting with him.

We had some more dates after that, and school let out in April in those days in Ucon. He took me home the afternoon, it was a Sunday afternoon, that we went up to Parker after school was out. I stayed in Parker and he came back. I had to come back to sing in the Ucon choir for a stake conference in May. As I remember, I had a solo part that time, and I came on the train. Now, Reed had been staying with the sheep after they took the sheep to the hills; he had been staying with the sheep so I didn't think I would see him. But who should be at the depot down here to meet the train, but Reed Andrus. I went to Mrs. Lott's to stay that night and the next day and then we went to Idaho Falls to conference. We sang at conference and he took me home Sunday afternoon. I didn't see him again until, I think, the 24th of July, and I stayed at the Andrus home. We went to the parade, and we went to the fireworks that night and he took me clear to Parker after the fireworks. I think he didn't get home until 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock that next morning.

Question: What did you think of him?

Answer: I thought he was a very fine fellow. He was very courteous, a real gentleman, and that is the kind of fellow I had always thought would be really nice to have for your sweetheart.

Question: So you were impressed?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Did you hope he would ask you to marry him?

Answer: I didn't think about that; I was just anxious to have more dates with him.

Question: So how much time elapsed between when he took you to Parker that night and your next date?

Answer: Well, I had been having serious problems with tonsils and it was beginning to affect my ears. So

the doctor said I should have them out. Reed knew I was going to have my tonsils out and he would get in touch with me. But I didn't hear from him anymore. School started in September again and I still hadn't heard from him. He had written the forepart of the summer, but he didn't write after I had seen him on the 24th. So I supposed he had found some other girls to go with, and I just decided that was off.

Question: You wrote him off at that point?

Answer: Yes. I came down to school on a Friday, as I remember, so I could get the school room ready to start on Monday morning. I remember Mrs. Lott asking me if I had seen Reed. I said I hadn't seen him. She knew I hadn't seen him because she knew that he had been going with some other girls around here. I think she was trying to find out if I felt bad. She didn't find out, because I acted like it didn't matter to me.

There was a dance that Friday night in the old hall which was across the street from where our home is. So Mabel Christensen and Athene Lott and I were going to go to the dance. We got ready and were all ready to go and a telephone call came. It was from Reed Andrus and he wanted to know if he could come and take me to the dance. The girls went on to the dance, and we went home together (after the dance). He asked me what I had thought why he had never come back up to Parker and written. I acted very unconcerned about it. I didn't want him to know I had really been hurt. I just said, "Oh, I suppose you found somebody else, and it doesn't matter to me.

Question: What did he say to that?

Answer: I don't recall now, but I didn't let him know it had hurt me very much. Yes, he had gone with some other girls, and his folks had said something to him about the way he was treating me, but he had a mind of his own, so he worked it out for himself. Anyway, we went together from then on. In October, he gave me a ring. That was rather a funny affair too. He gave me one ring, it was out in the car, and I looked at it and it didn't

impress me very much. Then he started to laugh. That was the one he had gotten at the 5 and 10 cent store. Then he gave me the real one. It was a really pretty one.

Question: Were you put out with him because he pulled that trick on you?

Answer: No, not really; that really was funny. I kept that ring for a long, long time, but one of the children took it one time and lost it. I would like to have kept that ring because it just brought back those memories.

Question: By "that ring" you mean the ring he bought at the 5 and 10 cent store?

Answer: Yes, the 5 and 10 store ring. Yes, I might say we go back a little ways. In the springtime before school let out, we had walked home from a program they had at the church one night. We walked up to the twin bridges, up close to where Howard's house was then. They've changed that quite a lot now. There used to be 2 bridges there, one going over the channel as you go north, and one going over the channel as you go west. They've changed that now. So there is only 1 bridge as I recall (there is no bridge, only a large culvert running under the intersection). It was up there on that bridge that I got my first kiss from Reed Andrus. Then that night, we were together on the 24th was when he asked me to marry him. Then it was after that he got all mixed up and didn't see me anymore.

Question: So it was after he had asked you to marry him, but during the time he was no longer seeing you, that his folks got after him about the way he was treating you. Do you know what they said to him?

Answer: I don't remember what it was. They were really concerned.

Question: Okay, then you came back to Ucon. He took you to the dance. And after that date at the dance, you continued to see each other and go with each other. Then in October he gave you the ring?

Answer: Yes, but he wanted to get married at Christmas (1928). He said, "Well, alright then, if I was going to be like that, he would go join the army." I said,

"Alright, if you would rather join the army than get married, you go join the army." I guess he knew I meant business and he let it go. He took care of his father's sheep down in the Jensen field west of Ucon all that winter, and it was a hard winter. A car couldn't get between this area here (upper Ucon) and Ucon all winter. They tried to keep the one road open into Idaho Falls and it was just like a tunnel. The snow was so deep it stood higher than the cars on either side of the highway. But each time he came into Ucon, he had to come on the horse. There was no traveling between Ucon and west of Ucon where the sheep were in the field.

Question: Did you see him very much that winter?

Answer: Some. Not very much.

Question: So when were you married?

Answer: We were married May 29, 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple. No one went down with us to the temple. We went alone. That was something else that was kind of funny. Reed said he would come up and go with me to get the recommend from the stake presidency. I was to go on a Sunday (May 26), so he said he'd come up and go with me. Well, he didn't come. So I went alone and got the recommend.

He was supposed to come about noon (May 28), between 11:00 and noon on a Tuesday. He said he'd be up to get me on Tuesday about noon for us to go to Salt Lake. I got ready and he didn't come. It must have been 1:30 or 2:00 before he got up there. I just supposed he had decided he didn't want to get married, and that is exactly what happened to him. He got all worried, excited and upset and wondered if he should get married. He didn't come up when he said he would. His folks got really upset with him. I don't know what they said to him, but they really got down to business with him and told him he had better get up and make up his mind whether he was going to get married or not.

Question: And if he was wasn't going to get married, then he had better tell you?

Answer: Yes. But anyway, he came and we came down to Ucon. I think we finally got off about 3:00 o'clock to go to Salt Lake. It must have been earlier than that though, because we got down there just in time to go to the city and county building to get our license. We couldn't have gotten married the next day. (Note: The Live Endowment Session was probably held only early in the morning, before the City/County building would be open for business.) We traveled out to Sandy. That is where we stayed with my Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Charles Crapo. (Note: Today on Interstate 15, Salt Lake City is 3 hours from Idaho Falls at 75 mph. At that time, on a 2-lane highway which passed through Idaho Falls, Shelley, Firth, Blackfoot, Pocatello, Downey, Malad, Tremonton, Brigham City, and Ogden, the time required to make Salt Lake from Ucon traveling at 50 mph, a fast speed for then, would have taken at least 5 hours. If the City/County Building closed at 6:00, Melba and Reed would have had to leave Ucon by at least 1:00 O'clock.)

Question: So you were married the next day which was Wednesday. I remember Reed's telling a story about how he needed money and didn't have any. He had a check, but didn't have it cashed and he met someone who loaned him money. What did he need the money for? Do you remember anything about that?

Answer: Yes. He had to have money to get clothing with at the temple that morning. I knew nothing about it. I had money, not a great lot, but I had some and could have helped out. His father had given him a check and we got in town too late for him to get it cashed that Tuesday afternoon. We had Howard's car, and it didn't act very good. When it would get out on the pavement, it would shimmy, the front wheels would just shimmy (too used to gravel roads and intimidated by city traffic). It was very embarrassing for me. Anyway, we finally got into town that morning (May 29). The car stopped out on 900 South. It just wouldn't go anymore. The battery dropped out of it. There we were clear out on 900 South with my 2 aunts with us, we were right by a garage though, so

they got the garage man to drag the car into the garage and we got out and caught a street car into Salt Lake. He didn't have his check cashed (Melba undoubtedly paid the fare). So we got out of the street car and we were walking toward the temple and he saw a school friend of his, Willard Dye, from Idaho Falls. He was a missionary and they were going to the temple that morning. So he asked Willard if he had some change, if he would loan him enough money and he would see him afterwards and pay him. I didn't know anything about this. Willard gave Reed Andrus the money to go to the temple that morning, and we got through the temple and my aunts and myself waited in the ZCMI while Reed went out to 900 South and got the car. It was fixed. He came and got us and he went to the mission home and gave Willard Dye some money. We traveled on out to Sandy.

Question: What did you think of all this?

Answer: I don't know what my feelings were really. I was a little disappointed in things. Yes. When he came to get me that day at home before we started for Salt Lake, he had on an old red sweater. It wasn't a very handsome sweater, and he hadn't even shaved. His whiskers weren't long, but he didn't look really smart.

Question: Didn't look like he was spruced up to go to the temple?

Answer: When we got down to Ucon, he shaved his face and got all fixed up. That must have been the way he felt.

Question: How did you feel about Robert and Lovenia (Grandma and Grandpa) Andrus?

Answer: Real well (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Regardless of Reed's hesitancy, he and Melba were now married. They settled in Ucon. During the first week in June, they resided in Robert and Lovenia Andrus's home (the home in which Reed had grown up). Robert and Lovenia left the following Saturday, June 8, for Logan Utah. There they expected to perform baptisms for the dead in the temple, after which they would

journey to Salt Lake Valley for an Andrus reunion. They also planned to attend June Conference in Salt Lake City. They took their daughters, Sarah and Rula with them. Their daughters, Beulah, Inez, Vera and their son, Tom, stayed home with Reed and Melba.

Reed, Melba and Tom slept upstairs. The girls slept downstairs. At 2:00 a.m. on Sunday, June 9, Melba was awakened by someone calling her name. She ran downstairs to the back door of the house and there stood Robert, Lovenia and Sarah with a grizzly tale to tell. The day before, while traveling between Arimo and Virginia, the tie-rod between the 2 front wheels dropped, leaving the car uncontrollable on the gravel road. It rolled, throwing Rula out. She was killed instantly. The others were bruised but otherwise not hurt. Rula's patriarchal blessing was procured and read by the family. They concluded that her death was a fulfillment of the blessing. Sarah and Melba then walked a mile up the road at 3:00 a.m. to convey the sad news to Howard and Dot Andrus.

Sunday, then, was a day of mourning at the Robert Andrus residence. Funeral services for Rula were held on Wednesday, June 12. A few days later, Melba and Reed moved into a house belonging to Reed's brother, Grant and his wife, May. They were able to do this because Grant served a proselyting mission for the LDS Church from November 1928 to February 1931. During his mission, May and 2 young sons stayed with her parents in Syracuse, Utah. Melba and Reed, then, lived in Grant and May's house till the fall of 1930 at which time they moved into a house which Reed had purchased, prior to marriage, from Joseph Starkey for $700.

Melba and Reed's house was located northeast through the block from Robert and Lovenia's house. The distance between the 2 houses could be covered by means of a footpath in not more than 2 minutes when in a hurry.

Both houses, situated in residential "upper" Ucon, had adjacent barnyards, but were independent of farmland. Reed farmed 70 acres, 50 acres of which were located 1/2 mile west (between upper and "lower" Ucon) and 20 acres which were located 2 blocks south of the house in which he and Melba lived.

The house which became home to Melba and Reed was a frame structure with steep gabled roof over the main part and a lower sloping roof over an addition on the west. The house initially consisted of 3 rooms: kitchen, living room, and bedroom. The kitchen was enclosed by the addition on the west. The house had running water, but no toilet facilities (in that day and age toilets were outside, ten yards or more from residences). The house was heated by coal stoves. In winter time, except for rooms in which stoves were located, the house was cold. In summer time, the kitchen was hot (only a few degrees cooler than hell) when meals were cooked or fruit and vegetables were bottled for winter use. From time to time, Reed either remodeled, or had the house remodeled, to accommodate growing family needs. The last remodeling (undertaken about 13 years after Melba and Reed moved into the Starkey house) involved digging a basement along the east front, then building a large living room over the basement. A closed-in porch was added on the north end, and an inside bathroom with toilet became reality.

House remodeling occurred only when Melba and Reed could afford modifications and was usually undertaken by Reed to save money at a time when money was scarce. The 1930's were years of severe economic depression — the Great Depression. The worst economic calamity in the history of the United States, the Great Depression was a decade when unemployment was high, very high. In fact, during early years of the Depression, at least 25% of the labor force was unemployed. Many city residents were not only without work, but were hungry. Some starved to death. Even those in the country suffered — many lost their farms to mortgage companies and were forced to move, adding to the unemployed and starving. John Steinbeck's novel The Grapes of Wrath gives a vivid depiction of the Great Depression and terrible drought conditions in mid-America during that time.

Melba and Reed, had they chosen to face life alone, without additional family burdens, could have weathered the Great Depression reasonably well. But they chose not only to have children, but to have them in abundance. So while Melba kept the house and mothered children, Reed brought in a meager, but adequate income by farming, selling life insurance, working with agricultural survey crews, and at the U and I Sugar factory during

its fall campaigns. Also, beginning in 1934, Reed served Bonneville County constituents in the Idaho House of Representatives. He served 4 two-year terms in the House and 1 two-year term in the Senate. He also served 1 four-year term as county commissioner, a two-year term as county weed supervisor, and 12 years as state land agent in eastern Idaho. His public service totaled 28 years, during which he was absent from home much of the time. During those years, Melba anchored home-life. When older children became old enough, they helped with farm work. Succeeding in life became a family endeavor.

During Depression years while Reed served from 2 to 3 months in Boise each winter, Melba cared for Depression children, but not children who were depressed. Those were lonely times for her and Reed. They were also frugal times as already indicated. To illustrate the value of money, and how scarce it was, a letter from Melba to Reed dated January 25, 1935 is quoted, in part, as follows:

> Yes, I received the $10 bill you sent. I bought me a coat. . . . So I'm set up for the next ten years I guess. . . . I tried to do a little bit of everything with the money. Coat, tithing, coal, pig feed, cow salt, blankets, towels, pillow cases, a few little things for Alyn and Geneice, light bill, insurance, sewing machine, a few little things I was out of, groceries. I've tried to be careful with it.

Melba gave birth to 9 children between December 1931 and October 1946. Five were born during the Great Depression. Three were born during World War II. And 1 was a post-war baby, barely. These children were, in order of birth:

Alyn Brown	December 15, 1931
Geniece	April 17, 1934
Gordon Reed	February 8, 1936
Charles Robert	September 1, 1937
Kendall Wayne	November 21, 1939
Portia	March 23, 1941
Therel	August 3, 1942

Gaylon Rich . . . . . August 17, 1944
Mary Jean . . . . . October 2, 1946

All children were healthy and their births were without serious concerns and problems, primarily because of attention Melba received from Grandma Lovenia Andrus. This is illustrated in an interview with Melba as follows:

Question: Did Grandma Lovenia Andrus have any other kinds of spiritual experiences (besides speaking in tongues) that you remember?

Answer: Yes. I would like to mention the times that she gave blessings. She would wash and anoint, along with the help of another sister, people who were planning on going to the hospital to have surgery done or expecting to give birth to a child. Now, in the early days, there were sisters set apart for this particular ordinance. Many of the sisters were set apart to do this to bless them before they went to the hospital to have their baby, or if they didn't go to the hospital, if they just had their baby at home, which they did real often in those days. There were three sisters I remember, there may have been more, but I know of three sisters who had been set apart for this ordinance. One was grandmother, one was her sister Annie, Heber Andrus's wife, and the other one was Sister Susan Lott, and this is Athene (Lott) Jenkin's mother.

Question: You say they were set apart to wash and anoint?

Answer: Yes. After the washing and anointing she (Grandma Lovenia) would give them a special blessing, and it was those times that I remember most because you could tell it was a spiritual experience, and grandmother would put her arms up and hands high in the air, and would pronounce a blessing upon the person's head that had asked for the blessing.

Question: Did she ever bless you?

Answer: Every time I had a child, Grandmother gave me a blessing. We never had any problems, everything went normal each time a baby was born, and every one of

those babies was born well and strong, both in body and mind, and she gave some wonderful blessings about those babies.

Question: How did the blessings make you feel?

Answer: Like I had really had a spiritual experience, like I had been in the company of something that wasn't earthly.

Question: Did you ever fear going to the hospital after having received a blessing?

Answer: No. I never feared going because of the wonderful blessings she gave.

Question: When she would give you these blessings, were you alone or would Reed be with you?

Answer: No, no. The only 3 who would be there would be the 2 sisters that did the washing and anointing ordinance and the one they were giving the blessing to. Grandmother Lovenia was the one who always gave the blessing (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Though Melba and Reed's children were all healthy at birth, all did not grow to maturity. Gordon, the second boy and third child (born February 8, 1936), was killed in a farm accident at the Ucon Bonded Mill on August 17, 1946 when he was 10 years old. Reed had finished unloading grain from his truck and was backing off the scales. Alyn and Gordon ran for the moving truck. Alyn jumped in. Gordon jumped on the running board, hanging onto the door. Alyn pushed the door open. Gordon fell to the ground. The front wheel of the truck on the passenger's side rolled over his head. He was taken to the Idaho Falls hospital immediately, but died en-route. Alyn was responsible for Gordon's death, but Reed felt responsible and would be tormented by that feeling throughout his life.

Not long after Gordon's death, Reed sold the truck. It was a 1939 Chevrolet he had bought in 1939. He had trucked grain into Salt Lake Valley and brought coal back from mines in Helper. He had trucked coal from the Blind Bull Coal Mine in western Wyoming. He had hauled sand and gravel from a pit in Roberts, Idaho to local sites where building projects were in process. He had hauled baled hay from Swan Valley, and grain and potatoes at

harvest time. The truck, during early years of the 1940's, had occupied much of his time in an endeavor to augment income.

In an interview with Melba, she talked about struggles involving her and Reed to make sense out of Gordon's premature death and receive some measure of assurance that all was well with him. In an interview, the following questions and answers developed:

> Question: Now, you said that you and Reed weren't satisfied that Gordon was happy where he was after he died. Do you want to talk about that and what led to that dream you had?
>
> Answer: The one thing that made us feel much better was when we went to the temple in November of that year, 1946, and had Gordon's work done for him, and gave him all the powers of the priesthood. We felt better about that. Then just before Christmas of that year, I dreamed one night that I was in a big building. As I was walking around, it was a beautiful building, I met Grandfather (Robert) Andrus. He said, "Come in this room and wait for a few minutes. I want to talk to you." We went in the room and the first thing I asked him was, "Have you seen Gordon?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Is Gordon happy?" And he said, "He is very happy." That is all that was said, but it really helped. I told Reed about it, and it made him feel much better too.
>
> Question: So you had the dream in November . . .
>
> Answer: No. It was closer to Christmas time, but it was in November when we had the work done in the temple.
>
> Question: I see. Let's talk a little more about Gordon's death. You have indicated to me that you and others in the family had a premonition that someone was going to die, or something bad was going to happen, before Gordon died. Is that right?
>
> Answer: Yes. A few nights before this happened, I was here, everyone had gone to bed. I was sitting here in the living room. I don't recall what I was doing, but I just got to thinking, and I don't know if it was imagination, or if

it was something that was trying to warn me, but I seemed to see the casket in the south end of this room. I never did know who was in it, but there was a casket over there. All day Saturday, it was a Saturday he was killed, I was really upset. I just didn't feel normal. I kept feeling that I had to get hurrying and get this done and hurry and get something else done. Grandma (Tish) Brown said she felt like someone was in her presence in her home all day long. Uncle Tom said the same thing. He said he felt like someone was in his home with him, someone not of his family, but he said he felt a lot different that whole day.

Question: After Gordon died, did these feelings come to have more meaning for you?

Answer: Yes, I think so. I guess we sort of felt like it was just to be that way, that Gordon . . . Reed had a hard time with himself. He could be sitting in meetings, he was a county commissioner at that time, he would be sitting in a county commissioner's meeting and all of a sudden it would hit him . . . he just couldn't contain himself. He had to excuse himself and get out of the room. He was in Boise that winter. He said he would be sitting in the meetings in Boise, not in a session, but in committee meetings, and it would hit him and he would have to excuse himself and get out of there. He had a difficult time for several years afterwards, trying to make himself know it wasn't his fault, that it was to be (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Church Activities

During these busy and stressful years, Melba and Reed gave time to church service. Before and after marriage, Reed served in a stake YMMIA. After marriage, he conducted ward musicals and for many years led the ward choir. Melba, from pre-marriage years through marriage, held various positions in the Church.

During her growing-up years, she worked in the Parker Ward and Yellowstone Stake Primary organizations. She served as assistant secretary in the Sunday School, and taught a Sunday School kindergarten class. She served as counselor in the YWMIA.

When she was 16 years old, she directed a girls' choir from Parker and was Sunday School chorister in the Yellowstone Stake.

When Melba went to Ucon, she participated in "several dramas," and the ward choir. She sang "many solos" for funerals and entertainments. She served as chorister in the Ucon Ward Primary for 20 years. She also served as president of the Ward Primary and Relief Society organizations. She loved the Church and was loved by church members.

Ending Years, Death, and Burial

During years after her family was raised, Melba substitute-taught in the public schools. Then in 1964, when 58 years old, she taught kindergarten full-time at the Little People's Academy in Idaho Falls. She taught there for 11 years, until health and failing eyesight forced her to quit.

On July 16, 1976, Reed passed away. Life for Melba then became lonely. She wrote briefly about Reed's death: "Part of the light of my life went out when my husband, Reed, passed away."

Following Reed's death, Melba lived alone in the house where she had raised her family. Her children visited her daily, taking her for rides and inviting her into their homes for meals and Family Home Evenings. They maintained warm and loving relationships with her. She loved them and frequently expressed that in family gatherings.

Then, on May 9, 1985, at 6:30 a.m., Melba, with help from Jean (McBride) Andrus, Robert's wife, admitted herself to the Idaho Falls Riverview Hospital. Three hours later, she quietly passed away. All her living children, except Portia, were present to bid her farewell. She died as she had lived — with serenity and dignity.

Melba's funeral was held on May 13, 1985 in the Ucon Second Ward building, with Bishop C. Boyd Wiese officiating. The family prayer was given by Robert Howard Andrus, Melba's brother-in-law. Melba's sister, Therel Ricks, played the prelude music. Her sons, Alyn, Robert, Kendall and Rich sang "Softly and Tenderly, Jesus is Calling." They were accompanied on the piano by her daughter, Therel Frei. The invocation was offered by Kendall. The life's sketch was read by LaVaun Ball, a granddaughter. An original "Thought" was given by a sister-in-law, Beulah Beutler.

Melba's daughters and granddaughters then sang "Labor of Love" and "I Often Go Walking." These singers included Geniece Smith, Portia Morgan, Therel Frei, Jean Strom (Melba's daughters) and Emmeline Matua (a granddaughter). Devry Andrus, a granddaughter, accompanied on the piano. Melba's youngest son, Rich, spoke. Therel Frei played an organ medley. Melba's oldest son, Alyn, spoke. Bishop Weise gave remarks. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren sang "Love One Another" and "The Lord's Prayer." This singing was accompanied by violins played by Devry, Chardawn, and Cristine Andrus; Therel Frei accompanied on the piano. The benediction was given by Robert. The postlude music was played by Colleen McGary. The dedicatory prayer was given by Ray Quayle, Melba's brother-in-law. Interment was in the Ucon Cemetery. Pallbearers were grandsons, Kellan Smith, Daniel Andrus, Kevin Andrus, Reed Andrus, Steve Danielson, Kerry Andrus, Drae Andrus and Doug Frei.

Patriarchal Blessing

Melba's patriarchal blessing was given on March 9, 1925 while she attended Ricks Academy. The blessing was given by Andrew J. Hansen, patriarch of the Rexburg Stake. The blessing follows:

> Dear Sister Melba, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the authority of my calling, I seal upon you a patriarchal blessing, and pronounce upon you such words of promise and of inspiration as I shall be led to speak in the spirit of my calling, and such as the Lord would have you to know at this time in your life, for many more blessings shall be pronounced upon your head from time to time as you shall sojourn thru life.
>
> I declare unto you your lineage, with whom you shall be numbered, yea, even those with whom you have been numbered in heaven your former home, and with whom you shall be numbered in the eternities to come, even in the House of Israel, for you are of the seed of Joseph, thru the loins of Ephraim, with whom you shall receive your inheritance in this the land of Promise, and in the Holy City, New Jerusalem, thru your faithfulness.

I say unto you, Dear Sister Melba, prepare your heart, that you may faithfully perform the duties of life; yea, seek the Lord in prayer on all important occations, lay your cares before Him, and place your-self upon the Alter. Withhold nothing, not even your life that your reward may be a fulness, and your joy compleate, and that you shall have no regrets.

I bless you that you may ever be innocent and pure of heart, even as now, and that you shall draw unto you the pure and the noble, and that the wicked and the vile shall be repelled from you, because of the purity of expression, and the innocence of your countenance.

I seal upon you the blessings of the House of Israel, the blessings of the Daughters of Zion, and of the Mothers in Israel, yea, the blessings and joys of Maidenhood, of wifehood, and of motherhood, that you shall fill to the full the measure of your creation.

I charge you that you seek your life's companion at the Alter of the Lord, and in His Holy House, and that you accept of none other, then shall your joy be full, for it is your birthright, sell it not for that which glittereth, nor for momentary pleasure, then shall the blessings of heaven be yours, yea, the blessings and comforts and luxeries of life in great plenty, then shall your days in the land be many and full of usefulness, and then shall your name be perpetuated in honor among men, and in this Church and Kingdom forever.

I seal you up unto eternal life, and a glorious resurrection in the early morn of millenial day, thru your faithfulness, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

No analysis of the blessing and its fulfillment is attempted here. However, based on what has been written in this history, even cursory thought should indicate the blessing's depth and validity.

<u>Testimony</u>

Melba expressed her testimony in the following words:

I'm grateful to be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and for all the teaching of the Gospel. I'm grateful to my Heavenly Father for all that He has given me. I know that He lives, that Jesus Christ is His Son and the Savior of the world. I'm grateful for the Holy Ghost. I'm grateful for my husband, and for our children, and I pray that they will always strive to keep the commandments. I'm grateful for all the grandchildren, and (I pray) that they will always love their Heavenly Father, and do much good. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Childrens' Tributes

Mother was small, about 5feet tall, weighing approximately 110 pounds. She was always clean, tidy, and worked hard. She sacrificed personal desires for her children. There were times when she was ill or in pain, but never complained. During my growing-up years, her language and behavior were above reproach. She was loved and respected by all who knew her.

I loved my mother. She was a good woman. I don't recall that she lost her temper often. She did lose her temper once in a while, but it was only when I deserved it. I decided a long time ago that I wanted to live life the way Mother lived her life — quietly and gracefully. I even want to die the way she died — gracefully. She never demanded very much of anybody. I don't think she demanded anything of Dad for herself. The only things I remember Mother asking for was maybe some new linoleum because the old linoleum was so worn the boards were showing through, or maybe a faucet that had leaked for so long that the sink was beginning to wear where it leaked. Those are the only things I remember Mother asking for.

* * * * * * *

Mother was such a peacemaker. She was always so gracious, and I've thought so often that I wish I had more of Mother's graciousness. Mother was also immaculate. I say that because when Portia and Therel were little girls they wore long white

stockings. Every night Mother washed the 2 pairs of stockings because that's all the girls had. They had clean, white hose every day. Mother did not use a stick or a switch or a belt for her disciplining. She used love and psychology.

Mother washed every other day. She baked 10 loaves of bread plus a large pan of biscuits every other day. Mother never complained that I heard. She never let you know when she was sick. She never used the phrase, "I'm too busy."

* * * * * * *

Mother, I'm sure, had faults but I didn't know what they were, and I don't know today what they were.

* * * * * * *

Mother would always say, "Be a good boy." She always sent me away from the house with a clean, white handkerchief that had been ironed with the old steel iron. The shirt had always been ironed, and it was probably freshly ironed before I left. Mother was not crude. Mother gave me a desire for music and its appreciation. That's where my testimony of Christ has come — through Mom and music and her goodness.

I've had to look inward on myself many a time, every time I can hear Mother's voice say, "Be good."

* * * * * * *

The weekend before Mother passed away, some of our kids were still rather small, (but) we decided we needed to come up home. We really didn't feel like taking a trip that weekend. We looked at each other and said, "I really don't feel like going." But at the same time, we looked at each other and said, "We really need to go up home and see Mom." Dad had passed away about 10 years before that, and you know, she'd get really lonesome. And she always loved to have us come and visit with her, but I felt it was kind of a hardship on her sometimes, but she never complained. But this particular weekend, when we got ready to leave, something was a little different with her than ever before,

because she walked out to the front gate, bid us goodby, and she started crying, which she had never, ever done before. Even though I knew she missed having us leave, she had never shown her tears. And she died the next Thursday.

* * * * * * *

Mother's patriarchal blessing said that she was without guile. I have thought about that so many times. Mother was an absolute gem; she never put herself above anyone else. Her words were kind and good. She was gentle; she was patient; she was of clean speech and of clean heart. She was just a very, very special lady.

* * * * * * *

My mother claims no second place in importance to my father in making me who I was as a youth. Mother, in my adult estimation, was the insuperable nurse of all childhood ailments, the teacher, the encourager of youngsters to heights greater than their abilities, the untiring burden-bearer, the assuager of childhood hurts, the unceasing toiler for her family, the haven of rest in turbulence, the pristine flower of chasteness and purity, the loving mother, the faithful plodder, the unsung epitome of motherhood.

* * * * * * *

Mom was very kind and wise and tender and loving, and she covered for me a lot of times too. . . . Mother was always very kind, and after Dad left, she was always so lonely. I used to help her all the time with her kindergarten projects. We'd burn the midnight oil getting the projects ready for kindergarten. (While living alone), I was having a real hard time, and I remember coming home . . . and flying through that front door and throwing my arms around Mom and saying, "Mom, don't ever die on me, cause you're my rock." I was with her the night before she died and I feel really, really bad because I didn't pick up on the fact that she was having problems, but she wouldn't have said anything. On the night that I had told her not to die on me, she simply knelt

with me and asked a beautiful prayer, and she promised me that I would never have trouble sleeping again because of the worry of being alone. She promised me that just the day before she died. And, you know, I never had any trouble after that, either.

Charles Milton Brown

Charles Milton Brown was the 1st son and 2nd child born to Charles William (C.W.) Brown and Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill, both of whom were from Draper, Utah. He was born February 23, 1908 in Parker, Idaho and died September 14, 1908 at the age of 6 and ½ months in Parker, Idaho. He died of "summer complaint" (dysentery).

Speaking of Charles Milton and his death, Melba said:

> My brother, Charles Milton, was born in February 1908. In that summer he became very ill with what they called at that time "summer complaint." Babies got that quite often then. The medical world didn't have anything to combat it with, and many babies passed away. So he died in September 1908. It was a great disappointment to mother and father. I remember him very faintly. I remember when he was sick and playing outside. I can remember the day of his funeral and going to the cemetery with father and mother and the rest of the people who were at the funeral, and I remember the open grave (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Melba was the only child of C.W. and Tish old enough to remember, though vaguely, Charles Milton — the next child, Therel, was born 6 years after his death. What she knew regarding this infant depended on what she was told by her mother and others. Years following Charles Milton's death, and preceding Therel's birth, must have been lonely, melancholy years for C.W., Tish, and Melba. They must have been pleased to have another child join their family.

Therel Brown (Ricks)

Birth, Early Childhood, and Baptism

Therel Brown was the 3rd of 4 children, and the 2nd daughter, born to Charles William (C.W.) Brown and Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill of Draper, Utah. Therel was born August 6, 1914 in Parker, Idaho. Her birth date numbered 6 years following the year in which her brother, Charles Milton, was born and died.

Therel, too, just as Charles Milton, suffered from dysentery, a disease known then as "summer complaint." Speaking of Charles Milton's death and her own illness, she said, in an interview conducted in her Parker, Idaho home during September 1996:

> And when I was a year old, I had the same thing happen to me. And the doctor tried everything that he had in those days. Of course in these days, it would be different, but he told her (Tish) he had gone to the extent of the medicine. He said, "If you'll consent and rely upon strong black coffee with nothing in it for 6 weeks, I think she'll get better." That's what mother did. Mother said there was nothing left of me but just skin and bones.
>
> Question: How old were you?
>
> Answer: A year old.
>
> Question: For 6 weeks after you were a year old, you lived on coffee?
>
> Answer: Straight black coffee, nothing else (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

One might easily surmise that because Therel had a brush with death from the same disease that sent Charles Milton to his grave, Tish developed feelings that were unique in her relationship with Therel. She and Therel "bonded" in a caring, close, lifetime relationship, although apparently few, if any, hugs or kisses brought the two together. Yet, Therel knew that her mother loved her. She said in her interview:

> Question: How do you know that Grandma loved you if she never kissed you or put her arms around you?

Answer: I wasn't used to that. As I grew up, nobody ever put their arms around me. We went often, during the summer, to visit Mother's sisters in Sandy and Layton. And I never remember when we went into the different homes (being hugged and kissed). They were like Mother, very clean, but I never saw them greet each other with a kiss. I guess they never knew that (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Melba, Therel's 8-year-old sister, wrote that when Therel was born she (Melba) was "real happy." Of their early relationship, Melba said:

> I helped my mother with Therel very much. I used to take her around the block in the summer time and take care of her. We had a baby buggy that I wheeled around the block and I loved taking care of her (Interview, April/May 1982, Ucon, Idaho).

Through ensuing years, the relationship that developed between these two sisters was maintained. Though distance separated them during married life, frequently they met and enjoyed pleasant, personal conversations.

Of her childhood, Therel wrote:

> Mother and Dad dressed us (their 3 daughters — Melba, Therel, and Wilma) very fine as girls growing up. My father owned a sheep herd and we were all busy with it. I wore my hair, which was curly, in ringlets. Melba's chore was to curl the ringlets on her fingers (Therel, Personal History, p. 1).

Therel's long ringlets flourished until age 13. Then one summer, she went to Sandy Utah with her mother and sisters to visit "Aunt Lucy" and "Aunt Harriett." While there, she was "talked" into having her hair cut. So "they went with me to the barber shop and when we went in, the barber said, 'You're not going to have that child's hair cut!' 'Oh, yes we are. We're having it cut today.'" Therel concluded, "I went down to Sandy with long

hair and came back with short hair" (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Continuing her childhood narrative, Therel wrote:

> I loved to play hours and hours during summer in a playhouse under our old big cherry tree. Later Dad brought in a sheep camp and parked it in the big apple orchard where we spent many hours playing and (we) loved to play with our dolls.
>
> I had an imaginary playmate. Her name was Burla. (Other playmates came from well-known Parker families such as the Rudds, Humphreys and Millers.) We spent several summers on vacation in Utah visiting aunts and uncles. I'll always remember we were in Utah at the time Charles Lindbergh made his solo flight (Therel, Personal History, p. 1).

When 8 years old, Therel was baptized. She was baptized on August 6, 1922 by Arthur Barnes, and was confirmed a member of the LDS Church the same day by A.D. Miller Sr.

Education, and Employment

Therel attended grade school and her first 2 years of high school in Parker. Of her early school years, she wrote:

> My first grade teacher was Miss Pieper. I loved her. Miss Ricks taught me in the third and fourth (grades), and I had a good time in school. All of our recesses were fun. In the winter, we would build snow houses, mold furniture out of snow and make rooms to play in. We had a park at the school full of swings and slippery slides, and we spent hours during the summer playing there (Therel, Personal History, pp. 1-2)

During her educational endeavor, Therel did not care for English or math, but enjoyed geography and history. Math was especially hard for her. She remembered her father (C.W.) as a "quiet man," who was skilled in math. She said in her interview:

Dad helped me with algebra and geometry, and there were a lot of tears shed.

Question: Who shed the tears?

Answer: I did, because I was so stupid. He couldn't understand why I couldn't understand math. We'd sit at the dining room table night after night to get that algebra and geometry.

Question: Did you pass?

Answer: I guess (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Therel may not have been a whiz at math, but she was a well-known musician throughout the Upper Snake River Valley. And her initiation into the world of music began on a summer's day in 1924 when she was 10 years old. Therel talked about that experience, first in her history, then later in her interview:

A very special man (C.C. Clive) came walking up the sidewalk. "Are you Therel?" he asked. Yes, I replied. He took my hand and said, "Yes, you'd make a fine piano player." Professor Clive was from that day on one of my closest friends. I studied piano with him for 7 years (Therel, Personal History, p.2).

In her interview, Therel said that "many tears were shed over the piano keys." Her mother (Tish) was a "tough task-master" in terms of practicing the piano. Therel said:

There was a door on the front room then, and I would go in there and take Dad's fancy pocket watch, shut the door, and I had to stay in there a good hour and a half, and then that was only one part. Then I had to go back in the afternoon and do another hour and a half. She (Tish) made sure I practiced.

Question: So you had a piano?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Did your father and mother always have a piano?

Answer: Yes, a beautiful piano.

Question: How much did your mother pay for a lesson?

Answer: Dad paid $1.50 for me to take a lesson. And that was a lot of money. And I took for 7 years from Professor Clive.

Question: So I guess your father must have approved.

Answer: Yes, he was happy. And we always had a big recital at the old tabernacle in St. Anthony. They (C.W. and Tish) were always there. And the pieces had to be memorized as solos. And one time, I started out and got into the middle of it and forgot it. And do you think I could go back? I never could finish that. So Mother was just mortified. She was so cross to think I had made a mess. I don't know what happened, but I forgot it.

Question: You may have disappointed your father in math, but you made up for that in music. And you've been a musician all your life?

Answer: Yes. And I am so happy (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

As indicated, Therel's freshman and sophomore high school years were spent in Parker. She played piano for the school band. When her eyes were not on the music, they strayed to a "good-looking" boy who played the alto horn. I "thought he was a really neat guy." But her major social focus during those years centered on friends Lola Carlson, Mina Miller, and Elda Rudd.

After 2 years of high school in Parker, Therel spent her junior and senior years at St. Anthony. There were no school buses, so transportation was always a problem. During fall and spring, when roads were clear of snow, Therel and friends rode with neighbors, Woodruff Miller and Doris Rudd, in automobiles. During winter when roads were snow-covered they shivered through 4 bone-chilling miles to school in open horse-pulled sleighs.

In St. Anthony High School, Therel was pianist for the school chorus and orchestra. She accompanied 2 operettas, and was accompanied to the junior prom by Lowe Rudd. Rulon Ricks, her future "sweetheart," accompanied her to the senior prom.

Therel wrote that her high school graduation exercises were a "big highlight" in her life. She played To Spring in the exercises. But graduation was also a sad time. Of course, it closed a chapter in her life and opened another. Sometimes that process is difficult to undergo. For example, Therel graduated in 1932 during depths of the Great Depression when there was little money (in her words, money was "non-existent"). She had hoped to enroll in the McCune School of Music. Instead, she sought employment.

Therel first worked for Joe Maddock in his Parker grocery store. She then worked for Mrs. Ray Reynolds in 1934 at $1.25 per day "doing housework." That income for Depression years was substantial. Many breadwinners throughout the country were not privileged to enjoy an income such as that.

In 1935, Therel worked in a St. Anthony "variety store" for $10 per week. She wrote: "I enjoyed my work at the variety store. I worked with Roberta Daley, Leila Powell, Jane Powell and Bert Rule." She worked there for 7 years, until 1942 when she was 28 years old. Years later (1968), she worked for Thriftway Drug in Rexburg.

Marriage, and Married Life

In her written history, Therel first mentioned Rulon Ricks in connection with her senior year in high school. He accompanied her to the Senior Prom. He was mentioned next during the time she worked for Joe Maddock in his Parker grocery store. She wrote that Rulon became a "big interest in my life. We went to all the ward functions, had dances in the Beddes Hall, had sleigh rides, lots of good times with no money" (Therel, Personal History, p. 2).

Rulon Secrist "Babe" Ricks was born in Woodrow, a farming area west of the Junipers, on July 11, 1912. His father's given name was George and his mother was Hattie Secrist. Because he was the only baby in the area at that time, everyone called him Babe. According to Therel, "his mother used to bundle him up and take him to the dances and lay him on the bench. That's how he got the name, Babe" (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

The Ricks family moved from Woodrow into Parker where they settled north of the railroad tracks, 1 block west of where the school eventually was located. In November 1929, during an endowment session in the Logan Temple, Hattie became ill due to heart failure. She died in the Logan hospital, leaving 6 children for her husband to raise. Seven months later in June 1930, George Ricks married Anne Pearl Anderson Gheen, a divorced woman and nurse who had tended Hattie in her pre-death ailing moments. When "Aunt" Pearl came from Logan to Parker as the wife of George Ricks, she brought 4 children with her. That made a family of 10 children. One more was added when Betty Ann was born on October 17, 1933. Betty Ann, then, was a half-sister to Babe. Now we shall return to Therel's story.

Therel and Babe were married on October 21, 1936. She was 22 years old and was working in the St. Anthony Variety Store. She wrote:

> I took long enough off (work) to be married. . . . We took Aunt Pearl (Babe's step-mother), and (we) took Dad Ricks' car, drove to Logan to be married in the Logan Temple. I had a lovely going away dress and coat. I borrowed Melba's temple clothes, and we were able to be gone two days. We were given a beautiful reception at the amusement hall. All the Ward were invited. We had a splendid time" (Therel, Personal History, p. 3).

For the first 20 months of married life, Therel and Babe lived in 2 rooms on the "north side of the F.C. Jackson's home." They owned a "new cook stove, a bedroom set, and that's all." They had a "good time working in the Church, helping the folks, and keeping busy." They danced, skated, and enjoyed sleigh rides. They then moved into a "little home" owned by Sid and Marla Hanks, where they lived for 16 months. Finally, they bought a "run-down" house from Walter Kelly, located ½ block west of the Brown residence where Therel had been born and raised. They paid $500 for the house. The down payment amounted to $150 which came from selling a "truck load of pigs." Monthly payments were $25. Therel described the condition of this house and her feelings at the time of purchase:

When we walked into that house that day, I don't know, the whole ceiling, all of it, was down on the floor.

Question: It had collapsed and fallen to the floor?

Answer: Yes. And it was a filthy house. All the woodwork in those 2 rooms, the bedroom and the dining room, was just like sandpaper with flies and all. We cleaned on it at night, worked all day, then went down there and cleaned night after night. It took us a good month or better. We had to fumigate for bed bugs and the whole works, but we got it so it looked really nice. And we lived there. All of our children were born there (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Therel and Babe moved into their "new" house during November 1940. They bought a new piano and Therel was "thrilled." One year and a few days later (December 7, 1941), the United States declared war on the Axis Powers. Most young men Babe's age were eligible for military draft, but Babe was needed at home more than in the service. At that time he bought a sawmill from Clark Jackson for whom he had worked as a sawyer. The mill was located 5 miles northwest of Kilgore which is 33 miles north of Parker. Lumber was needed in the war effort.

After Babe bought the sawmill, he was gone from home constantly. According to Therel, he was home only through winter months, during which time, he sorted potatoes. Therel, of course, was alone in her house until Betty Ann became a member of the family. Therel explained how that came to be:

Early in 1942, Aunt Pearl contracted quick pneumonia. She lived three days. It was a sudden death and a tragedy for our whole family. (Also for the community. Pearl was a beloved nurse who tended the sick and delivered babies. She was known as Parker's Florence Nightengale.) Her dying wish was that Babe and I take her (Betty) to raise. I left my job at the variety store and overnight became a mother to an eight-year old precious, scared, frail girl. It was a hard summer. My dear mother (Tish) was so kind and good to help with

Betty. We fixed the one room off the kitchen for her bedroom (Therel, Personal History, p. 3).

Betty's coming ended Therel's store clerking. In fact, a little over 1 year later, at age 29, Therel gave birth to the first of 3 children listed as follows in order of birth:

Marilyn ..... September 12, 1943
Paul Rulon ..... July 8, 1946
Thomas Charles ..... February 12, 1952

Therel's pregnancy with Marilyn was difficult. The doctor's prognostication for a successful delivery was negative. Then subsequent to Marilyn's birth, infection nearly resulted in Therel's demise. She talked about those times as follows:

We were married 7 years before I was pregnant with Marilyn. And Dr. Harlo Rigby said that I shouldn't plan on that baby because I'd never carry the baby. But I carried her and she was born. And when she was about 4 months old, I got infection in my breast, and the weather was so cold. We decided we'd go up here (St. Anthony) to a doctor instead of our family doctor in Rexburg (Dr. Rigby). He gave me sulpha that didn't digest. My temperature was 107 degrees for 48 hours. So my mother came down and she just insisted on Babe taking me over to Dr. Rigby, which he did, and Dr. Rigby said, "Well, if you'd kept her another hour, you wouldn't have had to bother.

Question: Meaning you'd have been dead?

Answer: Yes.

Question: So what did Dr. Rigby do for you?

Answer: He sweat the poison out of me. I can remember them coming in and taking everything about every hour, the bed spread, the sheets, everything was just wringing wet. But I didn't have to stay in the hospital too long. But it left Babe in charge of Marilyn, and he had a hard time getting her to take a bottle after

she had nursed (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

When Marilyn was born, Betty proved to be an asset to Therel. She was by then 10 years of age, old enough to help tend the baby. Of course, before Marilyn's birth, Betty had provided little-girl company for Therel during lonely days while Babe was at work. But as other children came, loneliness faded into an uncomfortable feeling of personal responsibility for raising a family. Therel felt alone, and voiced her feelings of distress in her interview. Referring to times when Babe was away from home, she said: "Those were the loneliest times. At the sawmill we owned, he would be out there . . . and I was in here with the children . . ." (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho). Marilyn helped articulate and put the situation in perspective when, during her mother's funeral service, she told the following story:

> When we had the sawmill, she (Mother) worked so very hard. I don't think anyone realizes what that was like. She gathered our food for the week, gathered us up and headed out to the sawmill over those dusty roads, and it wasn't a drive like it is today to Kilgore. The car was hot and dusty, and I got car sick, and she'd have to let me out and walk. I'd walk a little bit. My dog, Boots, got car sick, too, and that was gross. And we'd both get out and walk. We'd pass Split Rock and we'd drive a little bit, and then we'd go to Flat Rock, and get out and walk a little bit. It took a long time to get to Kilgore.
>
> One day after we just got there, just got everything unloaded, Paul and Sylvia and I were playing on the cook shack. Paul went running down, fell off and dislocated his elbow. Daddy wasn't there. Tom was a baby. After that long drive, she had to put Paul and Tom back into the car and drive all the way back to get his arm set. She was a very brave lady. Her strength was amazing (Marilyn, Funeral Service, October 30, 2003).

In 1955, Babe's sawmill became history during stressful financial circumstances. Next, he worked as a sawyer for

Youngstroms in Dubois, Idaho, then as the children grew into young adults, he became an inspector of potatoes and fruit. For 17 years, he inspected potatoes in warehouses along Egin Bench and throughout the Upper Snake River Valley during winter months, then spent summer months in California inspecting fruit. Therel talked about that period of time in their life:

> Question: Were you bothered by the fact that Babe was away (from home) so much?
>
> Answer: He used to call every Sunday night at 10:00 and check on us. We had nice conversations. He was worried about me. He was worried about Paul, and Tom, and the yard, but we raised good gardens. One year he got home, we were so anxious for him to get home to see the garden, and he got home early that year, about the latter part of August, and about the day before he came, it hailed and everything was gone. So he couldn't see the garden we raised, it was all gone (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

In his mother's funeral service, Tom expressed what life was like without Babe at home:

> We spent hard summers without our dad. We missed him. The second he'd hit the river bridge going to California, Mother would start tearing the house up, and we'd have to paint and wallpaper and do all that crap all summer while Dad was gone, because he didn't like it when he was home (Tom, Funeral Service, October 30, 2003).

Stressful years of being alone with the children — feeling personally responsible for their welfare — coupled with her mother's illness preceding death in 1958, and compounded by difficult financial circumstances which eventuated in loss of the sawmill, created such distress and trauma in her life that Therel suffered a "complete nervous and physical breakdown." Speaking of those gruesome days, she said:

I can't remember the year, it was in January (1959), Babe happened to be over to a meeting at the church. And I sent Betty Ann to get Babe. I thought I was having a heart attack, and he came home. He called Dr. Rigby and he said he didn't need to bring me that night because he knew what I was having. It wasn't my heart, it was a nervous breakdown. So the next morning when I went, he informed us that it was a complete nervous and physical breakdown.

Question: How did you feel at that time? What were your symptoms?

Answer: Just a little pain around my heart. . . . I spent 6 weeks in the Dee Hospital in Ogden. I went to every doctor around here. Then Dr. Passey sent me down to the Dee Hospital where there was a specialist, and he was a good doctor. He was considered the best doctor in the west. And I had 26 shock treatments.

Question: Do you remember those?

Answer: I remember the treatments, but there are lots of things I can't remember. When I first came home, I couldn't even recall anybody's name, only my children. I knew my father, but other than that, I didn't know anyone's name. The first time I went back to church, I did not know one soul's name. I was organist of the ward . . . so I played that night. We had sacrament at night. And after I got through the opening and sacrament song, Marilyn was sitting over in back of me, and I turned around and told her I was going home. I could not handle that. She shook her head and said, "Mother you stay here. You stay here. This is what you're going to have to do, and you are going to do this." So I stayed and did it. And after that, it was easier.

Question: So how long were you sick with this nervous breakdown?

Answer: Well, I went to the hospital the 1st part of June (1959) in Ogden, but I had been ill since January. I came home the latter part of July. But that was so hard. I had a hard time making myself do anything.

Question: Did you feel tired all the time?

Answer: I can't describe the feeling. I just didn't want to be around anyone. Or you wanted everyone around you, but you weren't concerned about life itself.

Question: How long before you were able to begin work again as a mother and take care of your children?

Answer: I was not too good the following January (1960). So Dr. Passey told Rulon that we should go away. . . . So we went to Mesa, Arizona for 6 weeks and stayed with Pauline and Jay — that's Babe's step-sister. I was just fine while I was down there. We kept busy and we enjoyed it. But when we came home in March, I had a hard time. Then one day in early April, I went to Dr. Soules in St. Anthony (who by this time was retired). I knocked at the door and he answered it and was delighted that I had come. He kept me in his home for at least 2 hours. He visited with me, talked with me, and before I left, he had given me 3 shots. He then gave me medicine to bring home to have a trained nurse give me those shots, 1 a day until I felt better, and then I was to have them not as often. I know to this day that's what helped me get better.

Question: What were the shots? Do you remember?

Answer: B12, B6, and B1.

Question: Have you been ill since?

Answer: No.

Question: You seem to me during the past few years to have been very healthy for your age. Is that correct?

Answer: That's right. I guess you have to have certain things on this earth to appreciate other things.

Question: You have to taste the bitter to appreciate the sweet?

Answer: I was under a lot of stress, before I had the nervous breakdown, with the flu, the sawmill, and my mother being ill. So I'll always remember the day I came home from the hospital (July 1959). My father walked down to my place and sat and cried and cried because I had come home. He knew I was going to be better. He was alone at the time because mother had gone (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

After Therel's recovery from nervous exhaustion, she passed through future stress, but without drastic results. A time of concern and worry was when Paul fought in Viet-Nam with his National Guard unit. When he called to say "good-bye" on September 12, 1968, Therel wrote: "Such a sick, empty feeling to be a mother and share here son, her oldest son, with the armed forces. . . . Tom and I were alone. Babe was in California; Marilyn was gone; Paul was gone" (Therel, Personal History, p. 5).

Other stressful times for Therel were during lightning and thunder storms. She was terrified of lightning. Tom talked about that and what life was like for both family and community during such storms. In his mother's funeral service, he said:

> Nobody could ever believe that at our house, and I still do it if it starts to cloud up, I've never slept a night during a thunder and lightning storm because Mother would come in and she'd shake you and say, "It's thundering!" "Well, no kidding." So we'd have to get up and take her for a ride, or she'd go up to Alta Remington's or across the street to Ted and Geneal Rasmussen's, or just down in the cellar. Then she'd holler, "Is it over yet?" (Tom, Funeral Service, October 30, 2003).

But there were happy times in Therel's life, too — many of them. We need now to consider them.

Church Activities

As Therel was interviewed for this history, she indicated the most frightening and miserable experience in her life was her nervous breakdown with its associated mental depression. But her happiest and most satisfying experiences, by her own testimony, came in church service and contributions as a pianist/organist.

As she regained mental and physical health, following her lengthy illness, she resumed church activity. She had always been active in church organizations and music. For example, in 1926, when she was 12 years old, she was called as ward primary pianist. In 1929, at age 15, she was called as ward organist. In 1931, at

age 17, she was called to serve as a counselor in the Parker Ward Primary presidency. In 1945, she was called to serve as the Parker Ward YWMIA president, and a year later (1946), she was sustained as the Yellowstone Stake Organist. Additionally, in 1955 she was called to serve as organist in the Parker Ward and Yellowstone Stake Relief Societies. Finally in 1973, she was called to serve in the Ricks College First Stake Relief Society. She said she was "very busy" with church callings and family responsibilities.

Therel loved music and served well in her callings as pianist and organist. She said, "I was organist of the (Parker) Ward for 48 years. I was organist for the Yellowstone Stake for 23 years....I really enjoyed all that." She also enjoyed serving as organist in the Ricks College First Stake Relief Society with Helen Lamprect. She served there for 12 years. She said of that experience:

> That was a beautiful experience, to see all those many girls from all over the world. I was in charge of the Seventh Ward A and B. And I was in charge of 105 girls. I had a beautiful experience playing for all those girls, and participating in stake conferences (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Following her 12-year stint at Ricks College, she helped with religious services on Sundays at the Youth Training Center (now known as the Juvenile Correction Center) near St. Anthony. She served there with Babe. She talked about that service in the following words:

> That's where they bring the boys (and girls) who have been abused or have no families. Some of them have been caught by the law. Some of them are sweet boys. You learn to love those boys. They love to sing and we had our services at 9:30 every Sunday morning. I was there for 8 years. And Rulon was a counselor in the presidency (Sunday School) there for 3 years until he took very ill.
>
> Question: So you enjoyed the experience?
>
> Answer: Very much.

Question: Did Babe enjoy his experience at the Youth Center?

Answer: The boys loved him. One boy was there because he was 12 years old when he shot his father. He was locked up out at the school. It was Rulon's job every Sunday to go out to the Lock-up. He and this boy became dear friends. I think this boy will remember Rulon all the days of his life because he loved him very much (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Ending Years, Death, and Burial

When Babe "took very ill" and, consequently, was forced to cease serving at the Youth Training Center, he was 78 years old. That was in 1990. His illness was diagnosed as cancer, and Therel experienced a premonition that it would be terminal. She felt that Babe was tottering on the brink of eternity, and indicated this in her interview:

Question: Do you remember the day he passed away?

Answer: On the Thursday before he passed away, I was awakened and I went to get up. He and Marilyn, Marilyn was with us at the time, were sound asleep, so I decided I'd go back and lay down for a few minutes. I must have dozed off and in dozing off my father came to me — very, very clear. He had the most beautiful smile on his face I've ever seen. I knew he'd come for a purpose, and I got the message. Also, Babe's brother who was very fond of Babe, Jack, his work (temple work) hadn't been done, and he had been dead for a couple of years, and his image was there with us. His eyes . . . I could tell that was Jack standing by my father. Dad just gave me a beautiful smile and left. And when I got up, I said to Marilyn, "It's not going to be long because my father has been here this morning." And as Babe awakened and got up, he had a terrible hemorrhage at 9:00, so I called the doctor and he said that's what he had been waiting for. And we had 3 days. And in exactly 3 days, he died. (That was) Sunday about 3:30 in the afternoon.

Question: Tell me what Babe's problem was. What did he die of?

Answer: Cancer. When they operated on him, the doctor said if it was benign he could go in and . . . He thought it was the size of a small football and he could lift it right out and everything would be fine. It would take 6-1/2 hours for surgery. When he went in, when 2-1/2 hours were up, Marilyn and I were sitting and waiting, and the doctor came out and I knew. . . . I said to Marilyn, "He's either gone or there is something wrong." And the doctor came out and sat down and explained the whole thing. He said Babe was full of cancer. He said he could have picked and picked and picked and never got it all.

Question: In his stomach?

Answer: All through him. But he rallied good and he dressed himself . . . and all the energy, and enjoyed a ride to town, and visited with Tom and Paul. . . . Paul worked in Idaho Falls then, but Tom (worked) at Stone's (in Rexburg). And then towards March, he started failing faster. And he lived on till May.

Question: Would you describe the circumstances at the time he died?

Answer: That was on Sunday morning, and I told him when I got up, I said, "I'm not going up to the school this morning. I'm going to get someone to go and take my place." And he said, "No! No! I insist you go." (I said), "I want to stay and be with you." And he said, "No! I want you to go." (So I went), and I had been there about 1 hour when Sue came up (Tom's wife) to the chapel where we held Sunday School, and I knew that . . . I just got up from the piano and left. Paul and Tom came the minute I left (they came to the house when Therel left for Sunday School) and they were going to bathe him. He said, "You boys will have to hurry because I'm on my way out." They barely got through bathing him when he went unconscious, and he was unconscious from then until he passed away.

Question: About how long would that have been?

Answer: From about 11:00 in the morning till about 2:45 in the afternoon, when he left.

Question: So were you here (in the house) when he died?

Answer: I came within the hour, but it was too late to have a conversation with him. He didn't know a thing, just heavy breathing. But after he went unconscious, he told the boys, "I just can't go through this. It's too dark. I need someone holding on to me." And then he said, "I'm alright now. Don't worry anymore. I can see the light at the end of the tunnel."

Question: So, he died at home with his two boys to tend him?

Answer: And we never had to bother anyone to come and sit. Only Cindy came (Paul's wife). If I had to go somewhere, she would come. And Marilyn would come from Ogden when she was able. Sue came . . . and busied herself fixing some food so everybody could be fed. It was just all over with.

Question: Was that a hard experience for you?

Answer: Yes. When the doctor came out of the room that morning and told us, it seemed like there was a black shroud that covered me. And it didn't leave for a long time. . . . We had a huge funeral. One of the biggest ones we've ever had in Parker. And the flowers and floral arrangements were just massive. Memorial day was the following week, so we kept a lot of them here (at the house) and took them on Memorial Day.

Question: You remember the funeral, then, as a positive experience?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Is there anything else you want to talk about, in connection with Babe and your children?

Answer: I have 3 good children. Marilyn has raised a big family. . . . Paul has been a good boy. He is very kind. He never says a derogatory thing about a person. If I ever start to say a little something about someone, he will say, "Mother!" And Tom, he is busy with his business, but he is always here when there is a (need).

Question: So they've helped keep you comfortable?

Answer: Yes (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Babe passed away on Sunday, May 20, 1990. His funeral was held on Thursday, May 24. He was buried in the Parker Cemetery.

Following Babe's death, Therel lived alone in her house, tending gardens and maintaining her well-known attractive yard. Children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces and friends were always welcome in her home. She drove her car, visiting children, relatives and friends scattered throughout the Upper Snake River Valley. But as advancing years took their toll, her driving became a concern of high rank among children. Tom, talked about that in her funeral service.

> Later on, Mother was a little hard about driving. I remember a couple of times the Crapo truck drivers commented, they'd radio from Rexburg and tell the other drivers that Therel was on her way home, so they'd just give a ten-minute break there because she was going to take the center out of the road. Wilma said to me one day in the middle of that, "Tom, do you think Therel should be driving?" And I said, "No, but I can't take the keys away from her." But we finally did, and I apologize to all you people that she did put in the ditch (Tom, Funeral Services, p. 6).

When Therel lost her driving privileges, she lost, in large measure, her independence. And she seemed to lose something else, something vital to life. Perhaps it was the will to live. She spent her remaining years quietly at home, or living for brief periods with children. When at home, Paul and Cindy vigilantly monitored her needs and extended necessary assistance — they lived only 50 yards from her house (through a ghost orchard of fruit trees). Finally, she spent her remaining months with them, under their attentive care, until death claimed its due on October 30, 2003. Her death was announced in the Rexburg Standard Journal, dated October 31, 2003. It read:

Beloved mother, grandmother, sister and friend, Therel B. Ricks, died peacefully at the home of her son, Paul, in the early hours of Thursday, Oct. 30, 2003.She was born in Parker, Aug. 6, 1914, to Martha Letitia Orgill and Charles William Brown. She attended school in Parker and St. Anthony. On Oct. 21, 1936, she married Rulon S. Ricks in the Logan LDS Temple in Logan, Utah. They lived in Parker.

She was an active member of the LDS Church. She served in a variety of positions in the auxiliary organizations, both at the ward and stake levels. At the age of 12, she was sustained as Primary organist, and in 1929 as ward organist. She served as an organist for the next 75 years. Her marvelous gift of music touched the hearts and lives of many.

She is survived by her children, Marilyn (Richard) Harris of North Ogden, Utah, Paul (Cindy) Ricks of Parker, Thomas (Suzanne) Ricks of Rexburg, and Betty (Lewis) Williams of Boise. Her sister, Wilma Quayle, Parker, a sister-in-law Pauline (M.J.) Rudd of Mesa, Ariz. and brother-in-law, William Gheen of Las Vegas and 21 grandchildren and 49 great grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her husband, parents, sister, Melba, a brother Milton and a grandson.

A viewing will be held Sunday from 6-8:00 p.m. at Bert Flamm Mortuary in St. Anthony.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 11 a. m. at the Parker LDS Church. The family will receive friends from 10-10:45 a.m. Monday prior to services.

Burial will be at the Parker Cemetery.

As announced in the newspaper, Therel's funeral service was conducted in Parker on Monday, November 3, 2003. Bishop Wayne Forbush officiated. The printed funeral program indicated the service as follows:

Paul Ricks gave the family prayer. Therel Frei (a niece) played prelude and postlude music. Richard Harris (a son-in-law) offered the invocation. Margaret Suhr and Lisa Weisse

(friends) played Meditation on the violin accompanied by the piano. Tom Ricks gave the life sketch. Todd Harris (oldest grandchild) spoke. Grandchildren and Great-grandchildren sang a medley of songs accompanied by Therel Frei. Marilyn Ricks Harris gave remarks. Alyn, Robert, Kendall and Rich Andrus (nephews) sang a medley of songs. They were accompanied by Therel Frei. Bishop Wayne Forbush gave remarks. Brodee Ricks Brown (granddaughter) pronounced the benediction. Tom Ricks dedicated the grave-site. Pallbearers were Brandon Ricks, Tobin Ricks, Jeremy Harris, Ryan Harris, Todd Harris, Justin Harris, Nick Harris, and Sid Brown. Honorary Pallbearers were Clint Brown, Matt Nielson, Charles Cellan and Eric Hirschi.

Therel's daughter, Marilyn Harris, composed an appropriate tribute to her mother which was printed on the back of the printed funeral program. It read:

> There was a little girl with black curls, a shy smile and willing hands, One who walked the cows out morn and eve and worked beside her father with the sheep. A heaven-sent gift of music lent her fingers wings, Her talent blessed many lives. She was promised she would accompany choirs of angels — And she did for 75 years in Relief Society, Ward music, Stake Conference, funerals and for prophets and apostles.
>
> Those same hands made flowers grow in wild profusion. Bouquets freely given graced table tops, bedsides, and grave sites. Those hands worked long, tedious hours to provide necessities for her family.
>
> Now those hands, grown weary, rest peacefully — a momentary respite. For now she will truly accompany choirs of angels.
>
> Thank you, Mom, for life's lessons of hard work, charity, service, and our heart's music.

<u>Tributes to Therel</u>

Therel was honored as "Woman of the Week" in the November 17, 1977 issue of the Fremont County Chronicle News.

The article honoring her was entitled, "She's best known for her music." It read:

Therel Ricks of Parker is well-known throughout the Upper Valley for her musical talents as a pianist and organist, but her many friends also know her as being thoughtful and giving.

Mrs. Ricks was chosen as the Chronicle News, Woman of the Week, after she was nominated by Cleo Paulson of St. Anthony for her many years of "thoughtful service and generosity" to neighbors and friends.

Mrs. Ricks has played piano and organ most of her life. She learned to play as a young girl. "I studied under Prof. C.C. Clive, who used to live in St. Anthony. I studied organ under Ruth Barrus," Mrs. Ricks recalled. Since then, she had used her abilities regularly.

She was organist for the Parker LDS Ward for 47 years. She was released from that position only 2 years ago. She was organist for the Yellowstone LDS Stake for 5 years.

For the past 5 years, she has been organist for the Ricks College First Stake Relief Society.

She is often asked to play the organ at funerals, and in the past often took off time to do so.

She also has taught piano lessons for many years.

Her students have taken their "music all around the world," Mrs. Ricks said.

Some of her students have traveled to foreign countries and have been asked to play at church services and at other activities, she said.

While her music has kept her busy, Mrs. Ricks has found the time to do other things.

She and her husband have a large yard and garden.

They raise many varieties of flowers, including chrysanthemums and petunias, and have a large vegetable garden. Mrs. Ricks cans much of her garden produce.

"We've also had fun raising ornamental corn and gourds," she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricks have 3 children. Mrs. Richard (Marilyn) Harris of Richfield, Utah; Paul R. Ricks of St. Anthony; and Thomas Ricks of Rexburg.

They now have 11 grandchildren and are expecting 2 more.

They also raised a foster child, Mr. Ricks' stepsister, Betty Ann Williams, now of Boise.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricks have retired.

"Now we have more time to get acquainted with our grandchildren," Mrs. Ricks said. She noted she enjoys babysitting her grandchildren now that she has the time.

She also finds time to embroider and raise houseplants. Her home is decorated with many types of plants which she "loves to share with other people."

A member of the LDS Church, she has served as president of the Young Womens' Mutual, and Primary, and as a visiting teacher.

Mrs. Ricks also said she enjoys cooking. . . .

Therel's children expressed the following tributes to her during her funeral service.

* * * * * * *

At an early age of her life, Mom was given a talent, a gift, an opportunity to develop that gift of music. The gift not only touched the hearts and thoughts of so many here (Upper Snake River Valley), but it also touched people around the world. Notes, thank-you's, visits from students telling of their thanks and the ability to play for people, from Europe to Southeast Asia. I've always believed, and even stronger now, that she had a true gift of music. Anyone can learn to play the notes, but it takes someone special to play the music. I will always hear and will always remember.

* * * * * * *

Mom touched many people in a variety of ways and, of course, her music is something we always think of. . . . As

children, we were awakened to piano lessons; at night, we went to sleep to people practicing. She always wondered why I couldn't practice and be a better pianist. Well, I didn't have her gift in the first place, but after you've heard those same pieces played 47 times that week, you do not want to practice that same song. It was really hard.

One of my earliest memories is sitting in the tabernacle while she prepared music for high school graduation or for different things. I would sit in that tabernacle up in the choir seats while she practiced. Sometimes, I would run up and down those wooden benches, but her music filled that building. Those of you that are older remember being in that tabernacle, you could hear it (Therel's music) outside when she played. And she'd always ask me, "Is that okay?" And I thought she was the best musician in the world. I also sat in the chapel in our old Parker church house and listen to her rehearse. I thought that was the best day in the world. And I know that my love of music comes from the time I spent there.

Mom's service and charity were amazing. Even this winter at my house when a dear friend's husband passed away and I told Mom, she said, "You need to call and take something over."

I know in Mom's very recent interview with her Heavenly Father, she's not going to have to make very many excuses for taking care of the sick and poor. We took food to the needy; we took food to the grieving; to the celebrating — on birthdays and holidays. Daddy delivered food; my grandchildren that remembered delivered food. Grandpa (Babe) would drive and the children would run the food to the door.

Most of us have a love of growing things because of our time spent with her weeding and watering, and it wasn't always pleasant . . . she taught us all to love the earth.

Her example of hard work is legendary. She taught all those piano lessons and still worked outside the home to help provide for us. . . . We children and grandchildren have learned so much from her. . . . We have all lived better in her light.

Patriarchal Blessing

The following blessing was given to "Therel Brown Ricks" by Patriarch Willis Ray Humphreys at Parker, Idaho, on November 7, 1948. Therel was 34 years old at the time. She had been married 12 years.

Sister Therel Brown Ricks, in the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood I lay my hands upon your head and give unto you a Patriarchal blessing that it might be an inspiration and a guide and be the means of strengthening your faith. You have been born in a wonderful age as your spirit has been reserved in the spirit world to come forth at this time when the gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to earth in its fullness that you might be a partaker of its blessings and a worker therein in teaching the children of our Father in Heaven the principles of the everlasting gospel. The Lord has heard your prayers and you have found favor in his sight and He loves you for your righteous desires. He has blessed you with many talents which you have used for the benefit of mankind and they have increased through their use; therefore praise the Lord while you live and walk in his way and you shall have the things your heart is longing for. Be humble, repentant and prayerful and call upon your Heavenly Father every day of your life and plead for His divine guidance and inspiration to direct your footsteps in that straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal. You have entered the gateway through your baptism and confirmation into this church and you are a legal heir to the Celestial Kingdom of our Father in Heaven. Do not be led astray by advise by pretended friends but listen to that still small voice within and follow the advise and counsel of Church authority. Keep yourself sweet and pure by clean living and pure thoughts and the spirit of God will be with you always.

You have been born of goodly parents whose ambition has been to give you every opportunity within their power for your development and they have taught you correct principles and have delighted in your achievements. You

have been blessed with a worthy companion who stands at the head of your household who has cooperated with you in the fulfillment of your many callings, and God has granted you as parents noble spirits as your children. Therel, a wonderful privilege is yours in being a mother in Israel and you have assumed this responsibility in humility and thanksgiving for this wonderful blessing. Be of good cheer as you have found favor in the sight of the Lord and he has blessed you in the things you have done for the welfare of mankind. He is pleased with the service you are doing for others as you have always been helpful to your neighbors and friends. You have gone into their homes helping to relieve their wants and needs, you have cared for their children and have enjoyed doing unto others as you would have them do unto you.

You come through an important lineage, yea even through the house of Joseph through the loins of Ephriam and you are a legal heir to the many great and wonderful blessings that are promised to that faithful seed; and you are entitled to that greatest gift of God to mankind, that of eternal life in His Celestial Kingdom. I bless you with health and strength and a calmness in your makeup that you might overcome nervousness; that your mind might be keen and alert in grasping the wonderful truths found in the great gospel plan that your body might be strong and steady to stand up under the many responsibilities of trust that have come and will yet come to you through life. The Lord is pleased with the kindness of your heart and the sincerity of your soul, and you will receive a crown of glory, yea a great reward for the fine things accomplished in your life. Try to go to the temple of our Lord often with your companion that you might receive the spirit of that great and important work performed here in the earth for those who have not had the privilege and opportunity of doing this important work for themselves. Sister Therel, you have so many wonderful things to be grateful for; your companion and children, your home and loved ones, look about you and enjoy the beauty of lovely things that surround you. You

have endeared yourself to your friends and neighbors and many will rise up and bless you for the fine things you have done to make their lives better.

I seal you up against the power of the destroyer until the day of redemption and say unto you that when your mission is finished here in the earth that you will come forth in the morning of the first resurrection there to be crowned for your worthiness; where you with your companion, your children and all your posterity and loved ones will be reunited and you will continue on as a leader in teaching the children of our Lord. You will be chosen to preside as an organist amongst heavenly beings and then you will know and understand that God has been with you and blessed you from the beginning.

I seal these blessings upon your head, dear Sister, and say unto you with all the sincerity of my soul, they will be yours to have to enjoy and to behold through your faithfulness to the cause of truth. I do this by virtue of my calling as a Patriarch in this church, by the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Testimony

As Therel's interview was concluded, she was asked, "What do you want to say to close this interview? What do you want people to know about you and what you think? Her answer was significant:

> I know my Heavenly Father lives. I have a testimony of this gospel. I've really been blessed. While in my nervous breakdown, I forgot a lot of things, but I never did forget anything about the piano or how to read music. That stayed with me, and that was the only thing that really stayed with me. And also, I know that I was blessed. I know that I was guided and my folks were guided to have me take lessons, and I would be able to play so freely all those years, and I don't regret one minute of helping out or doing those things. I love to help the sick, and whenever I've been asked to play for a

> company of people, I've been willing to do that. Sometimes it was very hard when my children were little, but we always managed. Babe stayed bhome nights to watch them while I was busy with choruses and practicing music (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

To a final question, "You are happy and comfortable?" Her answer was: "Yes, only lonesome. But I have dear friends, and I have really enjoyed them" (Interview, September 1996, Parker, Idaho).

In this writer's opinion, Therel was pleasant to talk with. She was positive in attitude and outlook. She was generous in giving what was hers to give. And she was helpful in situations needing help.

Wilma Brown (Quayle)

Birth, Early Childhood, and Baptism

Wilma Brown was the 4th of 4 children, and the 3rd daughter, born to Charles William (C.W.) Brown and Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill, both of whom were from Draper, Utah. Wilma was born in Parker, Idaho on November 10, 1917, the day her father returned from Omaha, Nebraska where he had gone to sell sheep. Mabel Johnson, a Parker mid-wife, assisted with Wilma's birth. Wilma wrote of her birth:

> I am sure I was a disappointment to my folks because I wasn't a boy. They had lost their little boy baby (Charles Milton, born 1908/ died 1908) prior to my birth. I had two sisters. My oldest sister was Melba (born 1906). The 2nd sister was Therel (born 1914). And then, I came along (Wilma, Personal History, p. 1).

As a little girl, Wilma had a playmate named Linna Rhodehouse who lived in the house where Wilma later lived and raised her family. She and Linna built "mud houses" in nearby ditches, teased angle worms, and created patterns in the corn patch, after the corn had been picked. They also played with dolls

in a sheep camp owned by C.W. It was parked in the back yard near the house. Wilma mentioned it in an interview conducted in her Parker home during February/March 1996:

> I had some rabbits. I cleaned the rabbit pen out one day and removed the straw and lit it and started the sheep camp on fire.
>
> Question: Did the fire destroy the sheep camp?
>
> Answer: Well, the back end got burned, and I was always hoping my dad would buy some of those ribs that they put the canvas over, but he never did. I used to want a wagon so bad when I was a kid.
>
> Question: You mean a wagon that you could pull?
>
> Answer: A little red wagon.
>
> Question: So, you say you never got your red wagon? What other toys did you have besides your dolls?
>
> Answer: None (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

During elementary school years, Wilma and playmates jumped rope, played hopscotch, and shot marbles. In her interview, she said:

> I had a lot of marbles. We used to buy them over at the general store.
>
> Question: Did you pick them out, or did you have to buy a package?
>
> Answer: Oh, no. We got to pick them out.
>
> Question: Were you good at marbles?
>
> Answer: Not bad. We used to play "purge."
>
> Question: Is that a marble game?
>
> Answer: We dug holes and then we'd toss them.
>
> Question: Did girls have jacks in those days?
>
> Answer: I never did play jacks. And when I was in the 7th grade, we used to have a clean-up day in the spring and had a lot of activities. I could do the high jump. I high-jumped through the 8th grade. We had races.
>
> Question: Were you a fast runner?
>
> Answer: You bet.

Question: Did you win your races?

Answer: I don't remember winning them. I guess I did.

Question: Are there any other games or competitions that you remember participating in? Did you have ice skates?

Answer: Oh, no. I don't think we ice-skated, but I did wish I had a pair of roller skates. And I wanted a bicycle so bad. Grant Humphrey had a bicycle. And when he got it new, he would let us ride it around the block. I learned to ride a bicycle down in Ucon when I stayed with your mother.

Question: They were pretty expensive, I guess.

Answer: I don't know.

Question: At least more expensive than what C.W. could afford?

Answer: Well, he could afford some things, but he couldn't afford other things, so far as I am concerned (this was a reference to Melba's going to college and taking voice lessons, and to Therel's taking piano lessons) (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

In an attempt to save money, Tish and Melba decided to cut Wilma's hair (Charles Davenport had always performed that service before). So Wilma sat "out there on the east side of the house by the cellar" while Tish and Melba hacked away. They got it so "crooked" (uneven) that Wilma returned to Mr. Davenport to get it "evened" up. Not only was money lost, more hair than needed was lost as well.

The relationship between Wilma and her mother got a little testy at times. To the question, "How did your mother feel about your going away to play?" she answered:

Oh, she wouldn't mind me going away to play.

Question: Did you have to ask her for permission?

Answer: If so, I never did. I remember, I went over to Humphreys. She told me not to go to Humphreys once because they were supposed to have measles, but I went anyway. I don't know that I ever got the measles. Othiel and I used to ride old Jeff, a horse they had. And he was,

I guess you could say, rope shy. Anyway, Othiel and I were on the horse, and we had a rope behind him, and he bucked, and we flew off — just missed the big ole pump that was there. I never told anybody about that. We used to play a lot over at the school house, too. We had that twirly-gig thing and we'd jump off in the snow and get sopping wet.

Question: Did your mother ever spank you?

Answer: She gave me a few real spankings. She never knew how wet I got. I would go sit behind the stove when I got home so I could dry out.

Question: Was she a severe disciplinarian"

Answer: She was a severe disciplinarian.

Question: How would she discipline?

Answer: Well, I was locked in the closet once or twice, and I got a razor strap taken to me a couple of times. I climbed up in a tree once. There was no way she could get me there. She told me to come down, and when I came down, I got the razor strap.

Question: Was she a very vocal lady? Or was she a little frugal with her words?

Answer: I guess she was frugal with her words.

Question: So tell me, how do you remember your mother?

Answer: Stern.

Question: Not very outgoing?

Answer: Never outgoing. Never loving. I can never remember my mother kissing me.

Question: Did she ever put her arms around you?

Answer: Not that I remember (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

Tish not only failed to demonstrate her affection, she was committed to immaculate housekeeping and was demanding, even intransigent, in preserving cleanliness and order once a room had been cleaned and ordered. Wilma had a difficult time understanding this. Take the Brown's parlor, for instance. In her interview, Wilma said:

I remember when Dad brought . . . well, I got one of the first sets of electric lights for a Christmas tree. I was so excited. I thought that was wonderful. He bought them at Watson Drug (in St. Anthony).

Question: Did your mother appreciate the Christmas lights?

Answer: We didn't go in and warm up the parlor, I guess you'd say. And she very seldom built a fire in that stove.

Question: So you never went into the parlor very much? That was kept spotless, I guess?

Answer: I guess. It wasn't on the beaten track.

Question: When your mother would have company, would she take company into the parlor?

Answer: No.

Question: Would she ever go into the parlor, just to sit and think?

Answer: We needed to clean it, but no I don't think she ever did.

Question: What was the value in having the parlor?

Answer: That's what I often wondered. I am sure it made my dad disgusted, too (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

So Wilma was not able to enjoy her Christmas tree lights because of a need to keep the parlor clean and orderly. But she did receive a Christmas gift that she not only loved, but used for sometime. When she was probably 11-12 years old, she received a pup dog as a Christmas present. She wrote:

> For Christmas one year, Melba and Reed brought me a black pup. He grew into a beautiful, big dog. I taught him to pull a sleigh. Dad had a harness made up in St. Anthony for me. That was a wonderful time when we went flying over the roads (Wilma, Personal History, p. 2).

The dog's name was Jack, and a favorite route for sleigh riding was to the Hibbert farm about a mile south of Parker where

Wilma went for butter. Leolin Hibbert and Tish traded butter when either the Brown cows or the Hibbert cows went "dry."

Commensurate with her dog days, particularly on summer nights, Wilma and neighborhood friends (Elda Rudd, Maxine Rice, Ruby Davenport, and Magaret Muir) played "Hide 'n Seek" and "Run Sheep, Run." They would build a bonfire, throw potatoes in the fire, then while the spuds cooked, the sheep ran.

During evenings, particularly through long winter months, Wilma and her father played checkers (her mother didn't like games). He "usually beat." They also listened to recordings played on their Victrola. The Victrola was a wind-up machine with comparatively good tone. The favorite recording for Wilma, and later on for grandchildren, was entitled The Preacher and the Bear. It was a catchy tune and told an unreal, but interesting story of a bear's chasing a preacher up a tree. The limb broke. The preacher and bear squared off near a river. Ultimately the preacher prevailed, baptizing the bear 3 times.

During her growing-up years, Wilma was taught to work, both inside and outside the house. She wrote:

> At home while I was a growing girl, I seemed to have the job of picking apples. The folks had a lot of apple trees — Transparent, Duchess, Wealthy, Sweet Crab, and a row of McIntosh Red trees that had lovely apples. I picked most of the McIntosh Red apples. The folks sold quite a few bushels of apples in the fall (Wilma, Personal History, pp. 1-2).

At the age of 8, Wilma was baptized on July 3, 1926 by Royal B. Muir. She was confirmed a member of the LDS Church the following day (July 4) by L. Arden Stoddard.

Education and Employment

Wilma started school in September 1922 when she was 5 years old (she turned 6 on November 10). She attended grades 1 through 8 in Parker, then stayed in Parker for her freshman and sophomore high school years. Of her years in the Parker school, Wilma responded to interview questions as follows:

Question: Who was your favorite teacher?

Answer: Well, Mary Jenkins was a good teacher. She taught me here (in Parker).

Question: What were your favorite subjects in school?

Answer: Spelling, Literature.

Question: Do you like to read?

Answer: I love to read.

Question: Do you read a lot?

Answer: I read a lot.

Question: What was your least favorite subject?

Answer: Math. Dad was an excellent mathematician. He was smart. Anyway, Therel and Mother would sit there part of the time, and Dad and I would go the rounds about arithmetic and he would help me 'til I could see it. He would never do it for me. I would cry and Mother would get mad and go to bed and Therel would leave. We had a lot of sessions.

Question: Okay, he would try to teach you the concepts, but wouldn't work any problems for you?

Answer: Right. He wouldn't work any problems for me.

Question: Did your father ever read to you?

Answer: He used to read to me quite a bit at night. I read a lot and Dad had quite a few good books when he went to the University of Utah. I read all of those when I was young. I read Silas Marner and all those when I was young.

Question: Did you have a pretty good relationship with your father?

Answer: Yes. They always called me Dad's boy (Interview, February/ March 1996, Parker, Idaho).

School started at 9:00 in the morning. The Brown residence was only 2 blocks from the school building. So Wilma walked to school. She said,

> We used to have a lot of snow then — more than we do now. It would get crusted on top and we could walk from the road here through the school lot. We'd never

sink in the snow. We'd walk right over the top of fences (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

Wilma also walked home for lunch. She said, "Mother used to make good frog-eyed tapioca pudding" (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho). We suppose, along with the pudding, there was some of Tish's delicious bread and butter, and perhaps slices of bacon and a bowl of soup. C.W. and Tish were seldom without meat. They cured their own bacon.

After 8 seasons of snow accumulations and snow melts, Wilma graduated from the 8th grade. She then attended 2 years in Parker High School. For her junior and senior high school years, she went to St. Anthony. She wrote about those years in St. Anthony High School as follows:

> I think we all felt like dumb country kids when we started high school in St. Anthony. I got to work in the office for Mr. Wilson who was principal of St. Anthony High School and superintendent of the school district. He was a very serious man, not much fun to be around. (But being able to work for him), I guess I wasn't too dumb or intimidated (Wilma, Personal History, p. 1).

In high school, Wilma excelled in English, literature, typing, shorthand, and tap dancing. She favored tap dancing. She said:

> I loved tap dancing. I took several classes from Reggie Wayne, and he tapped danced. He was a super tap dancer from Sugar City. He taught dancing.
>
> Question: Did you always do pretty well in sports?
>
> Answer: We didn't have any sports outside in St. Anthony.
>
> Question: You indicated you had a class in P.E.
>
> Answer: It was inside.
>
> Question: Did you enjoy that?
>
> Answer: Yes.
>
> Question: How would you get to school from here (Parker) to St. Anthony?

Answer: That was a problem. There wasn't any bus then. Dad took us (Interview, February/March 1996, Parker, Idaho).

Wilma graduated from high school in 1934 at age 17. She was valedictorian in a graduating class numbering 30 students. She wrote about her graduation in the following words:

> I wrote my talk and managed to give it without dying of stage fright. Everything turned out fine. Melba (Wilma's sister) and Reed Andrus (Melba's husband) came to the graduation ceremony. I went to the Senior Ball and had a wonderful time (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix p. 2).

Wilma's memory fails to recall verbal compliments from C.W. and Tish with reference to her being valedictorian. Perhaps by then, both C.W. and Tish had come to expect high achievement from their daughters. However, Wilma wrote:

> My folks took me to Idaho Falls to buy a dress for graduation. My dad insisted on one that I would never have chosen, not because I didn't like it, but because it cost more money than I knew he could afford. But he bought it and I wore it (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix p. 2).

C. W.'s paying for a dress he could hardly "afford" was by far a more meaningful compliment than any verbal expression he might have offered. Simply speaking, he and Tish were not given to expressing compliments verbally.

Another privilege extended to Wilma, by way of C.W.'s pocket book, took her to Salt Lake City with "4 young men and 3 young ladies" to participate in a Church-sponsored MIA Dance Festival. The festival was held at Salt Air along the southern shore of Salt Lake west of the city.

Wilma did not attend college. She wrote:

> My dad didn't have the money to send me to college. I didn't mind. Not too many out of my group went to further their education. We had a lot of fun as young people, just goofing off (Wilma, Personal History, p. 2)

Following graduation from high school, Wilma was employed by Joe Maddock and wife who owned a grocery store in Parker. She wrote:

> The Maddocks were wonderful people and I really enjoyed working for them. . . . In the winter they would go to Arizona leaving Vernal Brown (Wilma's cousin) and me to run the store (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix p. 2).

Wilma also worked for J.C. Penney (a merchandising store in St. Anthony) then later, after she was well into married life, she worked at Blocks Mens Store, Thriftway Drug Store, Barretts Dress Store (all of which were in St. Anthony) and Deb-n-Heir (in Rexburg). She "enjoyed working in these stores."

Marriage and Married Life

Wilma married Stanley Ray Quayle, a young man who lived on a farm in Heman 2 miles west of the Brown residence. Ray was born May 22, 1914 to Stanley Quayle and Ethel Fisher in Edmunds, Idaho (a prime farming area currently known as Plano). Edmunds school, located across the road from where the Plano Church building now stands, was 9 miles southwest of Parker.

From Edmunds, the Quayles moved to Salt Lake City where Ray attended and played baseball for East High School. During the Great Depression, when money was scarce and opportunity for employment in Salt Lake was almost as scarce, he returned to Idaho and lived with grandparents (Earnest Quayle and Julie Ann Young) on a "huge spread" (a farm) in Heman, 2 miles west of the Brown residence.

Wilma met Ray in 1936 at a July 4th celebration on the Parker school grounds. After they became acquainted with each other, they courted for nearly a year before marriage. During Wilma's interview, she was asked:

Question: Tell what led up to your marriage. How long after you met Ray were you married?

Answer: Oh, I think I met him in 1936, so about a year.

Question: So what did you do during that year? Where did you go? What did you do for fun?

Answer: I can't remember if we even had a pickup then (later in her interview, Wilma claimed that when she and Ray were married, Ray owned no vehicle). I guess we'd go with Earl and Elda Rudd. I worked in J.C. Penney and when I got off, Earl, Elda and Ray would come up to St. Anthony and we'd go to a show. I remember one night, we went to a show and we had to drain the radiator because it was so cold and it would have frozen up. So Earl Terry had that service station right there on the corner, so they went over there and got a bucket of water, filled the radiator, and Ray was starting the pickup, Elda and I were in the pickup, and Earl filled the radiator then threw the rest of the water on the windshield, and the water froze. Ray had to stick his head out of the window all of the way home. Earl was just that crazy. (The fact that Ray stuck his head out of the window indicates he was driving and may have owned the pickup.)

Question: Did you go to dances with Ray? Did he like to dance?

Answer: He didn't like to dance at all, and that made me sad because I loved to dance.

Question: Will you describe Ray physically?

Answer: He wasn't a very large person. I think he was about 5 feet, 8 or 9 inches, and weighed about 160 pounds.

Question: Tell about his personality and character?

Answer: He had a temper. I guess he was caring in a way. He tried to do the best he could with what there was to do with. Those were bad times. We lived during the Depression.

Question: Generally, was he a happy person — pleasant?

Answer: Yes, optimistic.

Question: What did you two enjoy doing together? Did you read together? You took trips together later on.

Answer: Well, I don't know. Ray was out to the ranch most of the time (located 1 mile north of Wilma and Ray's house in Parker). He worked out there all day.

Question: How was he regarded in the community?

Answer: Well, he wasn't known too well around her for a while. And they played basketball. He loved to play basketball.

Question: Was he a good athlete?

Answer: Yes, he was. He played good ball. He played ball with the Plano team. He played ball with a team from St. Anthony. He played church ball. And Ray played a lot of baseball. He played for the Plano team. Roy Jacobs (in St. Anthony) had a baseball team, he played for that one (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

When Wilma and Ray began "dating" shortly after meeting at the July 4th celebration, Tish was not a happy lady. She "did not care for Ray." But according to Wilma, the situation was in balance because Ray's mother, Ethel, "did not like" Wilma. Nevertheless, love was stronger than parental objections so Ray (though not LDS) walked up to Parker on Sunday nights to attend church with Wilma. They "went together for about a year" then decided to get married. Because Tish opposed Wilma's association with Ray, the two eloped. They went to Rexburg where they obtained a marriage license and ring, then, according to Wilma:

> We went down to Heman/Egin and were married on April 28, 1937 by Mr. Otto Nielsen (Ray's relative) who was bishop of Egin. It wasn't too happy a time for me — Mother didn't like Ray and Ray's mother didn't like me (Wilma, Personal History, p. 2).

Due to the Depression, both jobs and money were scarce, but Ray finally found work with Lowell Remington on a potato sorting crew. Wilma wrote:

> We were ecstatic! A job! And guess what it paid? 13 cents an hour and the norm was to work 9 hour days including Saturday. The work was cold, tedious and heavy. The men would sort the potatoes by forking them onto a moving conveyor and picking out various sizes to be sacked into 100 pound sacks. The good ones were then loaded onto railroad cars for shipment to market (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix, p. 3).

Ray needed work desperately, particularly during winter months, not because he was now married, but because prior to marriage he had taken responsibility for buying a 160-acre farm 1 mile north of the Brown residence. Emil Booth went to Ray saying he didn't want to rent the farm anymore and urged Ray to buy it. Ray's folks in Salt Lake City were barely surviving the Depression — they had no money and were unable to help, but when Ray decided somehow to buy the farm, Stan and Ethel Quayle came from Utah to live in a house on the "front 80 acres."

Through years that followed, Ray raised grain, hay, potatoes, and sugar beets. Eventually, from "20 to 30" milk cows were acquired. Stan milked the cows while Ray ran the farm. With careful management and hard work Ray and Wilma, with Stan's help, paid off the farm and earned a living for themselves and Ray's parents.

Meanwhile, the newlyweds rented "several places" before they settled permanently in a house at 20 North Pine in Parker. They were already renting the house from Sid and Marva Hanks when it was offered for sale. Wilma said:

> We were digging potatoes, and Sid came up and said they were going to sell the house, and we were renting it. It was about the only house in Parker that we could live in, there just wasn't any other place to go. So we managed to raise $750 (the price for which house and lot sold). There were just 2 rooms, and a rickety front porch, a few steps there (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

A few years later, Wilma and Ray bought an adjoining lot from Harold Nagle. This addition gave them a spacious lot which, today, borders the Egin/St. Anthony highway as it turns north in Parker.

The 2 rooms in the house were a kitchen/living room and bedroom. Eventually, after children were born, an upstairs room (not finished) was made into bedrooms. There was no running water, and no hand-operated water pump near-by. Wilma "carried water from the nearest neighbor (Mabel Bergeson, about 50 yards away)." The house was heated with coal stoves which, during winter months, were insufficient, but during summer months the upstairs bedrooms were only a few degrees cooler than hell. With time, rooms were added to the house. Today it consists of a large kitchen, living room, 2 bedrooms downstairs, a small front entrance, bathroom, study, and upstairs bedrooms. Moreover, it is adequately heated by natural gas, and shade trees keep the inside temperature cool and comfortable. When asked, "Did Ray do the work on the house, or did you hire it done?" Wilma answered:

> Oh, no. He never was a carpenter. Just didn't know how. George Rudd finished the upstairs for me. It was kind of crude, but it was alright. We went down to Sears and bought a cute bedroom set — a chest of drawers and the bed (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

During these early married years, Wilma and Ray's friends were Ken/ Alice Miller, Fred/Cleo Crapo and Earl/Elda Rudd. They went dancing, even though Ray did not care for that form of entertainment. They also played "a lot of cards," but "not bad cards." Most evenings, after a hard day's work, were spent recuperating for another hard day's work.

Immediately after marriage, Wilma became pregnant. During the following 17 years she gave birth to 4 baby boys whose birth dates follow:

William Ray ..... December 12, 1937
Clair Douglas ..... March 10, 1944
Marshall Scott ..... August 12, 1949

Giving birth to, and raising, 4 energetic boys was not an easy task. Wilma talked about that in her interview:

> Bill was born in the hospital at St. Anthony. We had to call Dr. Harlo Rigby from Rexburg. The only reason he came, I wasn't due then, but I'd had a lot of trouble and the doctor I'd had was out of town, so Ray just called Dr. Harlo Rigby when we got to St. Anthony, and he said, "I know you don't know us, but she's Charlie Brown's daughter." Dad and Harlo Rigby were quite friendly. So Harlo came up.
>
> Question: What kind of trouble did you have?
>
> Answer: I had high blood pressure and albumin so bad. They didn't have anything modern then so I was just taking salts to thin my blood, only I didn't think it was necessary, so I never did do it.
>
> Question: You mean the doctor had prescribed that you take these salts, but you weren't doing it?
>
> Answer: Well, no. I was young.
>
> Question: Tell what happened after birth. Did you have a problem after Bill's birth?
>
> Answer: No. I was alright — hale and hearty.
>
> Question: Tell me about Bill. What was he like as a baby?
>
> Answer: He was a darling baby, dark, had dark hair.
>
> Question: Did you have that same problem (high blood pressure and albumin) with any of the other boys?
>
> Answer: Yes, Doug, I think.
>
> Question: Where was Doug born?
>
> Answer: He was born in Dr. Harlo Rigby's hospital in Rexburg.
>
> Question: Were there any problems associated with his birth?
>
> Answer: No.
>
> Question: As you carried him, did you have high blood pressure?
>
> Answer: Well, I did, but I got along okay.

Question: What kind of a baby was Doug?

Answer: Oh, Doug was a good baby — good natured and cute hair. His hair was almost red and when you'd bathe him in the morning, his hair would look like you had put it up in pin curls, it was curly. As he grew up he'd comb it until it was straight.

Question: Where was Scott born?

Answer: Scott was born over there, too (Rexburg).

Question: Any problems associated with his birth?

Answer: No, but let's see. Ray was cutting grain, and I was having a few pains, but I washed my sheets and hung them on the line. Alice Miller went by and she said, "I knew you were having a pain because you were hanging onto the clothes line." Then Therel came by, so she went out and got Ray. So Ray came and we got down to the corner, Crapo's corner, and I said to Ray, "We'll never make it." And I won't say what he said. He said, "Yes, we will." And I would have hated to have Ray deliver a baby because he would have just left me in the car and run the other way. When we got there, the Rexburg noon whistle was blowing, and it only took a half hour and everything was over by 12:30.

Question: Any complications?

Answer: Well, Scott wasn't very good. I had a lot of trouble with Scott. There was something wrong with his stomach. The closest thing to a pediatrician then was a doctor in Idaho Falls, there were 2 of them. Anyway, Melba got me an appointment, so I took Scott down there. The food wasn't digesting right and he'd up-chuck at night and I'd have to get up and change all his clothes innumerable times. And he cried before you fed him; he cried after you fed him. I finally, went back to Harlo and he said, "Well, he's got gas problems; can't you see that? His eyes are bulging." So then, he had me cook liver on the back of the stove real slow and then I'd strain it and give that to him; and then I fed him goat's milk. When he was 4 months old, he looked like a month-old baby. He was little.

Question: So the liver gave him the B vitamins needed to digest his food and get rid of the gas?

Answer: Probably. And then I fed him goat's milk.

Question: Did he start doing better after that?

Answer: Yes, but his heart wasn't too good for a while. He took penicillin pills for a while.

Question: Where was Phillip born?

Answer: Phillip was born in St. Anthony, and I went to Harlo Rigby for him.

Question: What was Phillip like as a baby?

Answer: Well, I had troubles innumerable with him. He was born premature. He was only 4 pounds. Then they thought Bill had smallpox (he had measles) and Phillip was just days old. They vaccinated Phillip for smallpox when he was 10 days old. Then he'd go just as black as coal. So then, I took him over to Dr. Rigby and they found out that his heart was on the wrong side. So then I kept his bassinette 90 degrees and kept him by the stove. Dr. Rigby told me to lay him on his left side all the time so the heart would go clear back over. But he fussed so much and cried, I finally took him to Dr. Soule. When I went in, Dr. Soule asked if I cared if he x-rayed Phillip. By then his heart was just right under his sternum bone, and Dr. Soule said they had discussed this in a medical meeting between local doctors.

Question: Did you continue to lie Phillip on his side so the heart would continue to move?

Answer: Yes. And then he had 2 congested lungs. But anyway he finally came out of the kinks.

Question: What other problems did Phillip have as he grew up.

Answer: Well, he had acne so bad on his face, I felt sorry for him.

Question: Do you think that affected how he felt about himself?

Answer: Yes, I do. We took him to Salt Lake once a week for almost a year.

Question: Did they do him any good?

Answer: Well, for a while they did wonderful. They gave him shots of Kenalog, or Cortisone in those huge lumps that he had, and that would take them right down.

Question: How did he get over that, just with the passage of time?

Answer: After we took him Salt Lake that year, then he graduated. And then he went out to Oregon. The doctor we took him to said the best thing he could do was get out in the sun as much as he could. That's all they knew about it (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

During early family days, Wilma not only took care of the children, and kept house, but worked with Ray in the field when her service was needed. It was needed in springtime when seed potatoes were cut, and in autumn during beet and potato harvest. She "helped load beets in the truck," and "drove truck" in the potato field for "25 years." During potato harvest while the children were young, Wilma kept them in the truck with her. She would drive the last load before noon to the pit where it would be unloaded while she and children went home to prepare lunch. They ate a "lot" of prepared, store-bought dinners for lunch (the equivalent of today's TV dinners). At night, she cooked dinner. In addition, she washed laundry and cleaned the house while tending children. Of course, when the boys became old enough, they helped.

Between harvests, occasionally an emergency tried both patience and pocket book. For example, there was the time when Bill learned from experience that one does not enliven hot coals in a stove with kerosene without paying consequences. Wilma described the incident as follows:

We were going to go for valentines over at Rexburg, and the wind came up while we were gone. So, the kids were over at Mother's and Bill decided he'd come home and check the stove. I don't know why Mother let him go. He was probably about 8 (years old). Well, anyway he came over, and I had filled the cook stove. I burned wood and coal in it. And I guess it was red hot (apparently the

fuel had burned leaving "red hot" coals), and he had seen Ray start the stove in the mornings with kerosene, so Bill just got the kerosene and poured on the hot coals, and it blew up. I don't know why the house didn't catch on fire, why that poor kid wasn't burned. And this was the living room, right here (gesturing), and we were living in the kitchen. And he had taken the dish towel, he didn't want the dish towel to get dirty, so he tiptoed in here with the dish towel and left black foot prints all over. There were just big cobwebs hanging on the wall of the kitchen, a film of oil from that kerosene and the soot all on the floor, in the medicine cabinet, in that little bathroom. There was metal, you know that metal that they put in the corners when they plaster. It popped the plaster right out of that. There must have been a real good concussion when that blew. I'll never get over that. Bill was just lucky. It's lucky it didn't burn the house down, because the wind was blowing just furious. And we didn't go to Rexburg it was so bad. We turned around before we got to Sugar City and came back. So I cleaned all night and all the next day. I thought I'd never get all that oil off the linoleum on the floor (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

As the boys matured, they developed an interest in sports. Bill played Parker Ward basketball, high school and college football and baseball. Doug played high school football and baseball. Scott and Phillip played baseball. Phil loved to pitch and, for practice, threw a baseball against the garage so much that Wilma said he "broke all the boards in it." Of course, as responsible parents should, Ray and Wilma attended ball games when possible.

None of the boys except Doug developed an interest in track (if one plays baseball, usually one does not run track, since both are spring sports). Wilma thought Doug could have run track pretty well. (Apparently, she had forgotten that Doug was a sprinter for South Fremont High School.) She said, "Doug was a really good runner — a speed demon." As a matter of fact, he could outrun Ray, but not his mother. Wilma claimed that Doug

was upset with her for "some reason." So in a moment of wild revenge, he cut leaves off a jade plant. Wilma "bawled him out," and started after him with a broom. Doug headed for the corn patch with Wilma in hot pursuit. She closed the gap enough that Doug got a good "lick" with the broom. Afterwards Doug told Scott, "Don't ever get Mom mad, cause she can run a lot faster than you think."

Wilma experienced the anxiety and concern of having 3 sons serve with the military in foreign lands. Bill served as a medic in Korea's Demilitarized Zone and Doug served as a helicopter gunner in Viet Nam. Wilma wrote that he "saw much action over there . . . and some of the experiences he lived through, he must be one of God's chosen" (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix, p. 4). Finally, Phillip joined the Navy and at this writing has served 27 years. He has "seen action all over the world — the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and on several ships at sea" (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix, p. 5).

Wilma's mother (Tish) died June 12, 1958. Her father (C.W.) Lived alone until he died in his sleep May 18, 1960. Wilma discovered him dead in bed. This was a traumatic experience for her.

Church Activities

Wilma was a regular church attender through the years. She participated in Primary, Sunday School, and YWMIA activities, then later led the Parker Ward choir and congregation for years while her sister, Therel, accompanied on the organ or piano. Taking Ray to church with her before marriage, continuing regular attendance herself after marriage, and going to church with her boys paid dividends. That is, eventually Ray expressed a desire for baptism and church membership. He was baptized March 29, 1963. He and Wilma went to the temple and were sealed as a family on April 28, 1965. This date was exactly 28 years following the day they were married. Wilma then, perhaps unwittingly, performed her most noteworthy church service simply by attending services regularly, setting an example for Ray, and through her faithful allegiance, manifest in regular attendance, silently encouraged and invited his application for membership.

Ray's Ending Years, Death and Burial

After their boys left home, Wilma and Ray sold the farm to Blair Parker, a great grandson of Wyman Parker who founded the community. They then spent time tending gardens and lawn surrounding their house. Their spacious yard became noted for its attractiveness and beauty. They also traveled the country, visiting their boys and grandchildren. Wilma spoke of those times in her interview:

> Question: So the years after you sold the farm, and you and Ray were alone here in the house together, were good years?
>
> Answer: Yes. They were good years. We traveled quite a bit. Well, not a lot, but we went back and saw Bill and Julie 2 or 3 times at least, and went to Oregon maybe twice a year. We loved those trips together.
>
> Question: Did you ever fly, or did you always drive?
>
> Answer: Yes. We flew back east a couple of times (Interview, February /March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

In addition to visiting children and grandchildren, Wilma and Ray enjoyed a "few days" in Las Vegas. They also visited southern Utah where they saw "red rock formations — really awesome and interesting." Finally, for their 50th wedding anniversary in 1987, they visited Hawaii. Wilma wrote:

> Phillip was stationed in Hawaii, so knew all the places for us to see. We went to Maui and then back to the main island (Oahu). It was all beautiful. The scenery was absolutely unbelievable. Phillip, our youngest son, was stationed there in the Navy. He arranged much of the trip and I am sure was responsible for arranging all the events and side trips we made on that trip. I am sure we didn't pay for half of what it cost, because Phillip paid. It was truly a wonderful experience (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix, p. 6).

A particularly interesting visit was to Charleston, South Carolina on March 9,1991 where they witnessed the

commissioning of the USS Cowpens (CG63), a new ship to which Phillip had been assigned. The keynote speaker at the commissioning ceremony was Senator Strom Thurmond. Wilma and Ray were Phillip's guests at the ceremony.

Later, on August 29, 1998, about 5 years following Ray's death, Wilma attended another commissioning ceremony in Portland, Oregon. Again, she was Phillip's guest. This time the ship was the U.S.S. Decatur (DDG73). This ship was the first to be commissioned in Portland. Moreover, the keynote speaker at this ceremony was Phillip's commanding officer on the Cowpens, Admiral Moore, commander of the United States Naval Pacific Surface Forces. When the Admiral left Cowpens for the Decatur, he took Phillip with him as his Command Master Chief — a compliment of the highest rank.

As indicated, Ray did not attended commissioning of the USS Decatur. In 1993, at age 79, he began to experience serious health problems. Speaking of them, Wilma said:

> He'd have black-outs. He'd say that he could feel this thing coming on. A couple of times we were going to Idaho Falls and he'd just pull off the road for a couple of minutes and then it would pass. He went up to see Dr. Soule several times. Dr. Soule thought it was because Ray was not getting enough blood up to his brain. He needed a by-pass. But Ray kept saying he wasn't going to have a by-pass. But then when he'd get to feeling so bad, he'd go over to Dr. Peterson. They x-rayed his heart and gave him an electrocardiogram a couple of times. And they never could figure that his heart was too bad.
>
> Question: When did you discover that his heart was bad?
>
> Answer: Well, just before he finally died. He was in the hospital for 10 days, but then he had pneumonia too. That's when they discovered how bad his heart was. They finally did an angiogram the last day, and they said his heart was completely gone (blocked off) on the bottom of his heart (Interview, February/March 1996 Parker, Idaho).

Ray passed from this life on October 19, 1993. He was nearly 6 months into his 79th year. His funeral service was held on October 23. His sons offered the prayers, gave the Life Sketch, and paid verbal tribute to "Our Dad." After the service, Ray was buried in the Parker Cemetery.

Wilma's Living Alone

Following Ray's death, Wilma experienced the terrible loneliness expressed by all who lose faithful spouses — those who have been companions through life's hardships and trials over extended periods of time. She wrote:

> Only the wife or husband that lose their spouse will ever realize how lonesome life can be, especially when all the children live far away. However, my kids couldn't have been better about calling often to see how I was doing, if I needed something. When there was need, they would come home, though it caused complications in their own lives (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix, p. 3).

On July 2, 1996, Wilma suffered a heart attack and was taken to Madison Memorial Hospital in Rexburg. There, Charlotte Parker visited her as the Parker Ward Relief Society President. Other visitors included her nephew Alyn Brown Andrus and her son Phillip, both of whom, upon request, gave her a priesthood blessing. The blessing given is summarized as follows:

Part One: Wilma will come through this difficult time. She will regain her health and strength and resume activities in which she was previously engaged.

Part Two: Wilma has unfinished business to take care of here and will not pass into the next life until that business is finished. But she must do what the doctors tell her.

Part Three: God was requested to guide the doctors in their diagnosis and treatment. He was also requested to give all who knew of Wilma's illness faith to validate the blessing.

Part Four: The blessing was given under the authority and through the power of the Priesthood, and was done in the name of Jesus Christ.

From Madison Memorial, Wilma was transferred to the Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls. There she underwent triple by-pass surgery. The surgeon was Dr. Gregory R. Hodson who gently referred to Wilma as his "crab apple." Wilma not only came to like him, but trusted his ability and counsel. She did as he instructed and recovered quickly. While she convalesced, Parker friends cared for her house and yard.

One damned thing followed another though. Not long after returning home from the hospital, Wilma broke her leg. It was placed in a cast not meant for walking. However, whether from ignorance of that fact or just plain determination to be up and about, she walked — to the dismay of both doctor and others who cautioned her otherwise. The leg healed with no problems. Since then, older age has brought painful arthritis to body joints, but has not kept her from doing yard work.

Today, Wilma lives alone in her Parker house. Until recently, she has continued to water gardens and lawn, and to mow her lawn on a "riding" mower. Given the extensiveness of her yard, and her age (she will be 87 on November 10, 2004), what she has done has been a remarkable endeavor.

Lately, Wilma has begun to slow somewhat. The past 2 months (April-May 2004) she has spent with Bill and Julie, building both resolve and strength to have another "go" at the yard. She plans to return on June 3 and do whatever a determined 87 year-old woman's body will allow. Her boys will continue to communicate with her daily. They will visit her frequently. In the meantime, Parker friends will accommodate her needs to the extent she will allow. Those friends, incidentally, surely have earned Divine commendation, and a place of distinction in God's world for service given to Wilma through the years. God bless good families and friends.

Wilma's Tributes To Her Sons

In her written history, Wilma paid tribute to her sons — the "4 boys that Ray and I were fortunate enough to have."

> Bill, our oldest, always loved sports. He went to grade school, high school, Ricks College, and Utah State

(University). He played basketball, football, and baseball. He was also a very good piano player. When at Utah State, he met a lovely girl who was working there as a professor. They were married in Cokeville, Wyoming and then Bill went to work in Michigan for Ford Motor Company. Bill and Julie have 2 wonderful boys — Brian and Matt.

Douglas was our 2nd son. He loved sports, especially football. Doug was always fun. He went to grade school, high school, and Utah State (University). Doug left and went into the army and served in Viet Nam. Doug saw much action over there. When Doug came home from Viet Nam, Ray had to drive to Boise to pick him up. Doug was thrown off the airplane bringing him home. As he entered the airplane, there was a long-haired hippie type sitting in an aisle seat who asked him how many women and children he had killed. It took the pilot and co-pilot to pull Doug off this guy. They removed Doug from the plane. Doug eventually went to Oregon to work. He met a fellow named Don Anderson and together they remodeled an old building and created the Soup Kitchen. It specialized in home-made soup and was popular enough that they opened a second place in Portland. They finally sold the Soup Kitchen. Doug met Joy who worked at the Soup Kitchen. They were married and have 3 children — Nicholas, Brittany, and Meagan. Doug is a contractor in Portland where he works at remodeling old houses.

Scott was our 3rd son. He was good in school, loved debate class in high school. He also, with a friend, coached little league baseball in Parker, played a lot of church baseball (softball). He attended Utah State University and loved school. He graduated and then was a little undetermined what to do. Doug called one day and said, "Get out here and help us in the Soup Kitchen." So we took Scott to Oregon. He helped in the Soup Kitchen until it was sold. He met a girl, Susan Hadley. Ray and I went out to Oregon when they were married. They have 2 children, a girl and boy. Jenny, the daughter,

is now married with a daughter of her own. Holden, Scott's son, is currently living and working in the Seattle area. Scott works for a huge dairy, Wilcox Farms. He is the sales manager. He works hard, but is very successful. His territory covers a large part of Oregon and parts of Washington. In his spare time, Scott has developed into a master wood worker and exhibits wood projects throughout Oregon/Washington.

Phillip was our 4th son. He was born premature, weighing barely 4 lbs. and with his heart on the wrong side of his body. However, with a lot of care and love from — guess who — his heart moved across his body to where it was supposed to be. Phillip, like his brothers, loved sports, especially baseball. All our boys inherited their love of sports from Ray (some genes may have come from C.W.). Phillip would stand by the hour and throw a baseball at the side of the garage. Ray said he was surprised the garage didn't fall down so many boards were split and broken. Phillip liked school and did well in school. During high school, he worked in Later's Market in St. Anthony. He saved his money and practically put himself through the first years at Boise State College. Doug and Scott told Phil to come to Oregon after his first year at Boise. He worked for a while in Salem in a window factory, but really didn't like it. One night he called and told Ray and me that he was going to join the Navy. He has been in the Navy for 27 years. He has done very well. He is a Command Master Chief and will retire this December (Wilma, Personal History, Appendix p. 5).

I want to say how proud I have always been of our 4 boys. They have lived good lives and have been really successful in their work. I'm forever grateful for their thoughtfulness and what they've done for me (Wilma, Personal History, p. 6).

Tributes to Wilma and Ray From Their Sons

Wilma and Ray's sons wrote tributes to their parents for this history. The tributes follow from the oldest boy to the youngest.

My mother, Wilma, and my father, Ray, raised 4 boys beginning in 1937 and extending through 1970. In my opinion, they were wonderful parents who endured many tough times, but always and unfailingly put the family ahead of any other priorities.

It was not until my adult life that I came to realize that in my childhood our family was poor. I never believed that nor even thought about it as a child. I always felt privileged and better off than many others. I give credit to both parents for that. Both worked hard and sacrificed for their children.

My mother, Wilma, was a wonderful mother. She was ambitious, strong, ran a disciplined home — that was meticulously cleaned — and provided unceasingly for her children. We always had 3 hot meals a day that she cooked; we always wore clean clothes that she washed and ironed. There was really nothing that we went without. I suspect that was through great sacrifice on her part.

My mother taught her children how to properly live. We all are familiar with how to care for and run a house. That was taught at an early age.

As a person, Wilma prided herself on being honest and tough. I often thought she was born about 50 years too late, because she had the mental and physical toughness that the American frontier required. Honesty was a personal must with her, and I know for a fact that friendships were severed because she did not believe that the other person was honest or could be trusted. As a result, she just did not encourage or choose to continue the relationship(s). Her honesty extended to opinions she might have of other people or of issues. If asked for her opinion, she would state the unvarnished opinion regardless of whether people might be hurt or not. She has often said, "If you think it, you may as well say it."

Wilma always had intellectual curiosity, evidenced by the fact that she was her class valedictorian — a fact that she is very proud of, but does not boast about it. She has continued the search for knowledge throughout her life.

Crossword puzzles, National Geographic and history books continue to be favorite reference material.

When her time comes, whenever that will be, I expect my mother will raise her head proudly and state that she raised 4 sons who each lived a productive life. She gave more than she took, and she tried her damndest to pass those qualities on. The world would be a better place if there were more people like my mother (Bill).

* * * * * * *

Mom did her best, which was more than most of her contemporaries did. She was a task master who drove herself and her children to be the most they could be, in doing this she went without things she herself needed, or could have used. Mom gave most of her children the things she wanted for herself but never received.

She taught us all how to clean and be clean. Each of us boys learned to mop floors, do dishes, and iron our own clothes. It should be said she gave us the tools we needed to make it through life. She turned a granary into a very comfortable home and a rough pasture into a park and garden. All her sons have left and gone their own way. Some may say a bad end, to be left alone; however, she must have given us all the strength to stand alone on unfamiliar turf. That's not a bad thing.

I have never been afraid to associate with people who may have the tendency to "look down their nose" at someone. I've always been able to hold my own in any conversation or any other encounter. That is because of Mom's coaching. At Fort Carson I walked into an inspection which was unexpected. All were ordered to remove their blouse; I did so. The Major stopped in front of me and said, "Quayle, where is your "t" shirt?" I replied, "Sir, my mother did not make me wear an undershirt and she hung clothes out in minus-30 degree weather, so why should I wear one for the Army?" The Major blinked, and moved on.

The truth is, not a day goes by that I don't use a skill which Mom had a direct hand in teaching me. She should have been the one who played piano, or attended school. But then she would have been the student, not the teacher. Thanks, Mom. (Doug)

* * * * * * *

My mother never had much as a child. She was always the 3rd child. She had great desires to play the piano, to have a bicycle, to go to college. She was never given the chance to have one of these three wishes come to fruition. She was valedictorian of her high school class. She made sure that each of her children received that new bicycle. Each one of her children attended college. Each one was given the opportunity to finish college. Each of her children was given the opportunity to learn to play the piano (which she purchased). Yes, some of you may say she was living through her children — wrong. She was living for her children. She gave us everything she could through the means that she had.

My mother knew how to manage money. No matter how bad a year that the farm was having, she always found a way to provide what was needed. She has never taken a handout in her life. She, instead, has always handed it out. She has given all her life. Yes, she has become bitter about how some recipients have treated their gifts — I can't fault her for that — another lesson she taught us.

I love my mother for her dead fast honesty. She is honest to a fault. Can a person have too much integrity? I THINK NOT. My mother taught me the meaning and value of being on time — every clock in her house is 10 minutes fast.

Mom, in my estimation, is the epitome of clean. From daily grooming to mopping every room in the house on your knees, she taught us all the value of being clean and neat.

The greatest gift that Mom ever gave me was my freedom of choice. She let each of us chart our course. Her wishes never came into our personal decisions concerning our careers. Yes, we knew how she felt, but we also knew that she would not stand in our way. She let us leave the nest on our terms. Not one of her children stayed staked in their birthplace. This has made her latter years difficult for her. Yet, she has remained strong and (sadly) independent.

Mom has never been afraid to speak her mind. She is not politically correct. Thank you for being this way, Mom. The truth is always the best. That is what you get when you talk to Mom. Her idea of truth might be troublesome to some, but she will stand by it.

Mom loves Parker, sometimes too much. What would the drive through town be like without her presence? From barrels to petunias, Mom has made her presence felt. Isn't it sad that a person can't receive accolades for what they do as well as for what they are blamed for. Sometimes, the pulpit can be a very shallow place.

Mom, I hope and pray that you have the opportunity to read this. Yes, we argue; yes, we live different lives with very different ideas sometimes. Thank you for that and all that you have taught me. Archimedes said, "Give me a lever and a place to stand and I'll move the world." Mom, you gave me the place to stand — my own two feet. Thank you with every ounce of my heart. I love you! (Scott)

* * * * * * *

I was the 4th of 4 boys born into the family of Ray and Wilma Quayle. They were married in early 1937, and my oldest brother, Bill, arrived on the scene in December of that very same year. So, the first attribute I bestow on my Mother is courage. In 1937, the country was in the depression, the economy was still floundering, the world had not learned the lessons from World War I, so the rumblings of World War II were probably apparent in

1937. Why would anyone want to get married and raise a family with the conditions that were present in '37 and the future looking so daunting? Ray and Wilma had the courage to do just that.

We (the sons) always had whatever we wanted — scratch that, whatever we needed. We just couldn't discern between wants and needs. I remember how much courage it took to bring some stray cat back home just to get Mom's permission for the cat to stay. However, when Mother reached for the kitten, the cat scratched Mom's hand so badly that the cat was banished from the household that afternoon. Years before, I had watched Mother raise about 6 kittens by herself by feeding them through a baby doll's milk bottle, so I knew Mother had a soft side for cats, just not those that scratched her hands. We did not need another cat, obviously. Whereas, I guess it took courage to raise those kittens by hand-feeding them, it certainly took a lot of courage or at least a lot of maternal pride to raise 4 sons. Mom worked all through my adolescence and young adult days to feed and clothe all of us . . . but it seemed that she was always there for us.

Mother demonstrated courage in her later years as well. Mom had open-heart surgery about 7 years ago and I was the only son that could get back home. First thing that was amazing is that when she knew something was wrong, she grabbed the car keys and was going to drive herself to the hospital in Rexburg. Thank the Lord that her good neighbor, Laren Terry, noticed she was holding her chest while trying to get into her car. Mr. Terry drove her over to the hospital. I arrived a few days later before they transferred her to the regional medical center in Idaho Falls. Remember, she had lost Dad in that same hospital 3 years before that because of heart failure. It was right around the 4th of July because they were highlighting the fireworks around the Nation's Capitol on the television in her hospital room. She had me go get her will and take it to Rich Andrus, our family lawyer and Mom's nephew, after she had read it to see if it was fair

for the 4 sons. At that time, driving back home to get the will and while taking it over to Rich, I had to pull over several times and get a grip on my emotions and how I was going to deal with Mom's surgery. I still cannot believe how strong my Mother was through that last night before her surgery and her ordeal that followed. What an absolute mess I was! I wanted somebody else there so bad. Thank the Lord for all the great relatives of Mother's. They really cared for her throughout the operation and in the months thereafter.

Mother is stubborn, along with being courageous. Is that a good attribute? It is when you are 87 years old and you have to do everything yourself. She was stubborn as a mother when someone had to stand up to 4 head-strong boys. We all tested the waters, and found that Mom usually held her ground quite well. Of course, she could badger Dad until he entered his opinion, which usually led to ultimate defeat for whatever you were cooking up. Usually, she handled the discipline quite well by herself.

Hopefully this page of writing captures some of Mother's personality. She has such a character about her. She is not always the most sunny person to be around, but she is unique in so many ways and has so many strengths. Maybe that's why she's so outspoken, because she is so much more confident about her strengths as a Mother. (Phillip)

Top: Melba, about 7-8 years (1913-1914)

Right: Melba, about 23 years (1929)

Melba, Reed and family. (L to R): Melba holding Therel, Kendall, Portia, Jean in front of Kendall and Portia, Reed holding Rich, Gordon behind Melba, Geniece, Alyn, Robert in front of Alyn (1945)

Front (L to R): Alyn Brown, Samuel Reed, Melba Phyllis, Geniece
Back (L to R): Gaylon Rich, Portia, Kendall Wayne, Mary Jean Therel, Charles Robert

Melba and Reed Andrus family home at Ucon, Idaho. Currently owned and occupied by Jean and husband, Jerry Brink (2004)

Therel, 4 years (1918)

Therel, 14 years (1928)

Therel Brown Ricks at the organ

Above: Therel, 20 years (1934)

Top right: The Brown home in Parker. Later, the Therel Brown and Rulon "Babe" Ricks home.

Right: Babe Ricks' Dodge truck hauling hay from Kilgore, Idaho. (1940)

Therel Brown Ricks, Rulon "Babe" Ricks and children: Marilyn, Paul, Tom

Therel, 20 years (1934), Parker

The Ricks children (L to R): Betty Ann, Tom, Paul, Marilyn

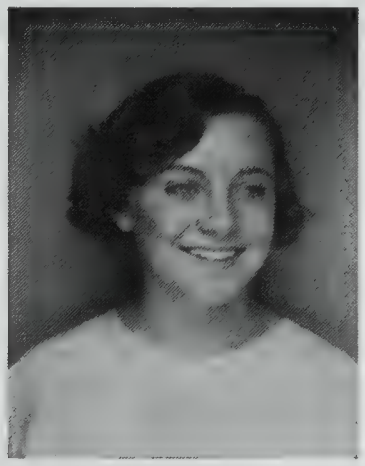
Babe and Therel 1935

L to R: Rulon "Babe" Ricks, Therel Brown Ricks and children: Marilyn, Paul, Tom (1968)

Wilma, about
2 years (1920)

Right: Wilma and her dog, Jack. Together they "flew" over Parker roads.

Below: Wilma, 14 years (1932)



Wilma, about
17 years (1934)

Wilma, about
10 years (1927)

Wilma Brown Quayle, Ray Quayle and children. Front (L to R): Doug, Ray. Rear (L to R): Phillip, Scott, Wilma, Bill

Front (L to R): Scott, Bill, Phillip. Rear (L to R): Wilma, Doug, Ray

L to R: Bill, Scott, Phillip, Doug, with Butch, their dog

L to R: Doug/Joy, Wilma, Phillip, Sue/Scott, Julie/Bill (1993)

Front (L to R): Nick, Megan, Brittany (Doug's children)
Middle (L to R): Jenny, Holden (Scott's children)
Rear (L to R): Matt, Brian (Bill's children) (1993)

L to R: Bill, Phillip, Wilma, Scott, Doug at commissioning ceremonies of the U.S.S. Decatur (Portland, Oregon, 1998)

Wilma and Ray Quayle house at Parker, Idaho (2004)

Front (L to R):	**Julie, Brian, Mary Jane, Bill**
Middle (L to R):	**Scott, Sue, Nick, Wilma, Brittany, Megan, Joy, Doug**
Rear (L to R):	**Phillip, Alex Henricks, Matt, Ann Henricks, Sylvia Henricks, Alex, Jr.**

(November 1999)

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Charles William (C.W.) Brown and Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill Brown Family
Front (L to R): Tish and C.W.
Rear (L to R): Melba, Wilma, Therel

Chapter 6

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Melba Phyllis Brown and Samuel Reed Andrus

Alyn Brown Andrus

I was born to Melba Phyllis Brown and Samuel Reed Andrus on December 15, 1931 in the Idaho Falls Riverview Hospital. I entered mortality reluctantly. Doctor Jabez West, after several attempts to induce breathing, apologized to Dad, "I'm sorry, Reed, I'm afraid we've lost him." But one last dunking first into warm water then into cold produced a gasp and got me going. I've been gasping and going ever since. However, there have been times when I seemed reluctant to stay.

At 12 months I became ill. According to Mother, I wasted away to almost nothing. I had learned to walk, but became so weak I ceased walking. Before long, I was too weak to sit. My tonsils were infected which contributed to the illness, but Doctor West refused to operate in my weakened condition. Neighbors and friends gave me up as a "lost cause." They thought I would die. Grandmother Lovenia Andrus and Mother, however, felt differently. Mother asked God to preserve my life, promising to serve Him faithfully. She then asked the doctor to remove my tonsils. Though skeptical, he did and my health gradually improved. Mother kept her promise. She gave birth to 8 more children and consecrated her life to God through their care and upbringing. In addition, she worked in the Church faithfully until death claimed her worn-out body at age 79.

My father was a good man. He was emotional, hard-working, sensitive to the feelings and needs of others, possessed a keen sense of right and wrong, and displayed throughout his life an absolute fearlessness in defending what he perceived to be right.

He taught me to work hard and be responsible. I spent considerable time with Dad (the greater part of 18 years) until I left for the mission field. I drove tractor alone in the field when 9 years old. I drove truck from thresher (in Milo) to the Ucon Bonded Mill, 5 miles distant, hauling one load of wheat after another, when 11 years old. Men on the threshing crew teased me about being too young to drive. Legally, I was 3 years too young. They certainly succeeded at putting the fear of traffic patrolmen into my mind. However, I handled the truck well enough that I was never reported by threshing crews, mill workers, or neighbors in the community.

When I grew into a teenager, I helped Dad manage his two-field, 70-acre farm in Ucon. We grew grain, hay, peas, and potatoes. Frequently, when Dad was away engaged in other work (he was an insurance salesman, a county commissioner, and a county weed supervisor), I managed the farm with my younger brother, Gordon.

During my growing-up years, Dad also served 10 years in the Idaho State Legislature (8 years as a representative and 2 years as a senator). Consequently, I developed a mild interest in politics. One of my life's highlights was 1 week in Boise with Reed Garn, a high school friend. We spent the greater part of each day watching Dad from the Senate gallery and Uncle Howard, Dad's brother, from the House gallery. That is where I learned the basic operations of state government.

Also, as indicated, Dad owned and operated a truck for about 8 years during my early boyhood. I spent more time than I could estimate riding with Dad in his truck. We hauled grain into Utah and brought coal back from mines in Helper. We hauled sugar beets, grain, hay, potatoes, and sand/gravel. Of course, most of what we hauled was loaded by hand and unloaded by hand as well — hard, sweaty, grunt-evoking labor. But, for the most part, I never minded working hard as long as I worked with Dad. The one exception was mowing peas. Characteristically, the summer sun shone bright and hot. Dad's temper frequently flared as he walked behind stringers attached to the cutter bar, keeping those damned peas rolling into a windrow. I sat on the mower seat, trembling with reins in hand, trying to keep the horses moving forward at a reasonable pace, silently cursing peas, pea-vines, and

whoever thought they needed pea seed. But together, we endured those trying times and, during years with Dad, I learned values that would serve me well throughout life.

When I started grade school, Dad taught me to shoot marbles. With a piece of chalk, he drew a large circle on the kitchen floor (covered with linoleum so worn out that chalk was easily discerned), then he spent enough time with me that I took the marble tournament in the Second Grade.

Dad liked to wrestle with his boys. We felt triumphant each time we pinned him to the floor, which was each time we wrestled. We felt triumphant and tough — we were great stuff. After all he weighed 190 pounds and was strong from hard work. We never seemed to figure out (perhaps we didn't care to think about the situation closely) why he could not wrestle better than he did.

We never had much money in our family. In fact, we were poor. But Dad, Mother, and children developed special relationships with each other — relationships that have endured to this day. I would not trade those relationships, so far as they pertain to me, for all the wealth this world might offer. Today, I do not remember absence of money in the family quite like I remember good family values, and love that ultimately overrode all obstacles.

I attended Ucon Elementary School and Ucon High School. I enjoyed teachers who were good, hard-working, and professional — Myrna Robinson, Beulah Andrus (Beutler), Rulon Simmons, Karl and Hester Devenport, William (Bill) Hill, Milton Hoyt, Lorna Robinson, Louis Robinson, and Kathryn Miles (Tracy). I enjoyed friends who were moral — Keith Brown, Gaylon Bean, Lawrence Campbell, Reed Garn, LaVar Hill, Paul Hill, Ross Phillips, Donna Chapple, Ramona Farnsworth, Lorraine Jensen, Marcene Judd, Nila Oswald, and Norma Phillips. Today, I still enjoy my friendship with Keith Brown and Lorraine Jensen (Brown). When I graduated from high school, I had lived in such a good and protected environment, and was so naive with regard to the world and worldly things, that 54 years later I am still learning, and trying with increasing frustration, to adjust.

In high school, I enjoyed participating in baseball and football. I also participated in band, debate, and drama.

Academically, I did well in school except for algebra. In that, I worked reasonably hard for "C" grades. Each time we took an algebra test, I damned and sent to hell those who had developed the miserable science.

I had a girl friend for three years in high school named Marcene Judd. Everyone, including Dad and Mother, thought we would marry, but I gave her up when I entered the mission field 8 months after graduation.

Immediately following high school graduation, I went to Boise for a pre-induction military examination. I was classified 1-A and returned home expecting a call for military service, but the call never came. The Korean War was in full rage and young men all around me, including friends, were called to serve. I worked on the farm that summer, and for Utah/Idaho Sugar Company at Lincoln (2 miles east of Idaho Falls) that fall. By then, I thought my call for military service would surely come, but it did not. So, Bishop Spencer Jenkins of the Ucon Ward said, "Alyn, if Uncle Sam is not going to call you, the Church will." He, therefore, recommended me for a proselyting mission which I served from February 1951 to February 1953. I made no attempt to dodge the draft. Frankly, I was mystified, given my exam rating, that I was never drafted into military service.

There has never been a time in my life when I was not active in the Church. Neither has there been a time when I did not have a testimony of the gospel. That is, the gospel by which I live is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The church which teaches that gospel is the Church of Jesus Christ. The authority, organization, and power by which the Church operates are embodied in the Holy Priesthood of Christ. Many ordinances of that priesthood are performed in Holy Temples. Those temple ordinances bind families together for Eternity, thus bringing about our exaltation as families in God's Heavenly Kingdom. Our exaltation, of course, depends on repentance and good deeds.

I was baptized February 3, 1940 in my 9th year by Rulon R. Price. Dad confirmed me the same day. I received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained a deacon June 25, 1944, 6 months following my 12th birthday. My uncle, Bishop Rulon L. Simmons, ordained me. I was ordained a teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood January 12, 1947, beginning my 16th year. Dad ordained me. I

was ordained a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood May 15, 1949, almost midway into my 18th year (records fail to show who ordained me). I received a patriarchal blessing from John W. Telford on November 15, 1950, one month before my 19th birthday. I received the Melchizedek Priesthood, and was ordained an elder by my uncle, John D. Philips, December 17, 1950. I was endowed January 18, 1951, prior to leaving for the mission home in Salt Lake City. Three weeks into my 34th year, I was ordained a high priest and bishop January 8, 1966 by Elder Delbert L. Stapley of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

When time came for my proselyting mission, I was timid about going, but knew there was no way out. Dad and Mother never told me to go, but their unexpressed will in the matter was so overpowering, I knew that escape from the obligation was not open for debate. Furthermore, I knew that in the mission field I must behave responsibly until my release. I knew if I shamed my name, I would still be loved and even welcomed back into the family, but I knew that under those circumstances, returning home would be not only difficult, but for me perhaps impossible. In my mind, once in the mission field, there would be no turning to the right, or to the left, or going back. Now, how Dad and Mother helped me feel that way I am not certain, but I am certain that those feelings were as powerful as any could be. And I think what I felt, my brothers and sisters felt as well. If teaching children to "fear" God and do His will, as that relates to living honorably, Dad and Mother were master teachers and surely earned a high standing in God's Eternal World.

I was the youngest missionary (only 6 weeks into my 19th year) in the Southwest Indian Mission which encompassed southern Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. I was no "cracker jack" missionary, but kept mission rules, prayed daily, studied the scriptures, developed and presented flannel-board stories in cottage meetings, worked well with companions, and reported faithfully each week to the mission president. I also disciplined my vocabulary so as to eliminate from speech expletives generously used during farm operations. I grew up swearing, and re-learned to speak like a gentleman only with considerable difficulty. Even today, swear words (not profane or vulgar words) may pepper my speech in unguarded moments.

In the mission field, I baptized only 2 "converts." This was while I served in Peach Springs, Arizona. These female Hualapais, however, promptly became inactive and fell away from the Church shortly after I was transferred. But my mission experience was quite profitable in another way. For example, it brought me and the girl who later became my wife together in Sells, Arizona.

I entered the mission field on February 4, 1951. The temperature was 20 degrees below zero at mission headquarters in Gallup, New Mexico. Eugene Flake, mission president (soon to be followed by Golden Buchanan), assigned me to labor in the Maricopa District with headquarters at Santan, just 30 miles south of Mesa, Arizona. I loved the comfortable warmth of southern Arizona to the bone-chilling cold of New Mexico. My first companion, Robert Rasmussen, was a district president. With him I traveled throughout the Maricopa District which comprised most of southern Arizona. I became acquainted with all places, within the district, where missionaries labored. Before my new companion and district president, Eldon Barnes, left the mission field, he said, "Elder Andrus, I'll send you anywhere you choose to go within the district." That was not a difficult choice for me. I had already decided where I wanted to labor. I said, "I'll go to Sells." Now Sells was a sunbaked Indian village about 15 miles north of Mexico's border. There was absolutely nothing there to commend it except cactus, Gila Monsters, Rattlesnakes, Scorpions, Tarantulas and a few Papago Indians. Afternoon temperatures typically soared to 125 degrees. The missionaries lived in an abandoned service station, part of which was used for storage and served as home to rodents, snakes, spiders, and scorpions. The only source of water was outside which meant that drinking water was always tepid and sometimes warmer than that. The toilet was 50 yards away which meant that visits had to be anticipated and metered according to a pace sufficiently graceful to be characteristic of God's servants. Missionary quarters boasted an uncovered concrete floor, 2 bunk beds, a dilapidated table with an orange crate for a cupboard, and a two-burner, portable camp stove. Bathing accommodations consisted of a small, round, galvanized, portable bath tub. But we never had to heat our bath water. President Barnes was incredulous that I

wanted to serve in Sells. And frankly, I was surprised myself. I had no idea why I was so attracted to it.

Soon after I arrived in Sells, I met the Lloyd and Ruth Goodman family. They were active church members, residing temporarily in Sells while Lloyd dug water holes, with earth-moving equipment, for livestock on the Papago Indian Reservation. Shortly after I met the Goodmans, school dismissed for summer and their oldest daughter, Gloria, along with older brothers, Dale and Kent, came to Sells to be with their family. Gloria was suntanned, cute, and could whistle between her teeth. For some strange reason, that skill impressed me. Nevertheless, I remembered my purpose for being in the mission field and paid as little attention to her as possible which, of course, was difficult whenever I heard her whistle.

After the Goodmans left Sells, Gloria wrote my companion and me "in behalf of her parents" blessing us and the work in general. That was the last time I heard from her until Christmas 1952. At that time, she sent me a Christmas card through the mission home and included a photo of herself. By then, nearly 2 years had made a young woman out of a mocassin-and-Levi-clad teenage girl whose primary claim to fame for me was a remarkable ability to whistle between her teeth. Gloria invited me to visit with her and family in Mesa after my release. I was released one month later and, though I did not visit the Goodmans then, returned to Arizona 10 months after that (November 1953) and spent a pleasantly memorable day with Gloria. From then till marriage 2 years later, we were together only 29 days. I know she loved me because the many letters I sent were wordy, stilted, and unmercifully dry. Had she been looking for an excuse to sever our relationship, those letters would have provided the excuse. Not until we were married did I understand my powerful attraction to Sells, Arizona. God sent me there to meet a girl.

Gloria Ruth Goodman was born June 25, 1936 to Lloyd Everette Goodman and Emma Ruth Rothlisberger at Plenty, Arizona. She grew up in Vernon, Arizona 15 miles south of Plenty. Vernon is a tiny community nestled among cedar-covered hills in the White Mountains.

Gloria attended school during winter months and spent summers at her Grandfather William Goodman's sawmill 10 miles

south of Vernon in the Sitgreaves-Apache National Forest. Her love of family and Arizona developed during those freedom-laced, halcyon, childhood days with the pungent smell of freshly-cut timber impressing itself indelibly upon her memory.

As Gloria grew into adolescence, she attended Round Valley High School at Springerville, Arizona. She also attended Flagstaff High School in northern Arizona. However, due to her father's moving from place to place, where work developed for earth-moving equipment, the Goodman family finally settled in Mesa, Arizona and Gloria graduated from Mesa High School in 1954. She was bright, had a mind of her own, knew what she wanted, and surmounted all obstacles to get it. Fortunately, I was what she wanted. And just as fortunately, when I met her in November 1953, I fell in love instantly. I believe our match was heaven-made.

Following my mission, I attended Ricks College during daylight hours and worked the midnight shift at Idaho Potato Growers in Idaho Falls to earn money for marriage. Even with 2 jobs, ultimately, I had to sell the only cow I ever owned to pay for engagement and wedding rings. Since then, I have teased Gloria that she is only a one-cow wife.

I took the engagement ring to Arizona and placed it on Gloria's ring finger while we stood next to the Arizona Temple one night in late December 1954. Geniece (my sister whom I have always loved even when I teased her till she chased me with a broom) and her husband David (as gentle and unprovocative as any may be) drove me to Arizona in their Ford Mercury. In fact, much of the time Gloria and I were together before marriage was spent with Geniece and David — God bless them.

Gloria and I were married by President Arvell Pierce on June 8, 1955 in the Arizona Temple. The outside temperature was 113 degrees, providing sufficient warmth that our relationship has never cooled.

After Gloria and I were married, we moved to Provo where I attended Brigham Young University for three years. That was a delightful experience. We were poor as church mice, but didn't mind at all. We rode bicycles throughout the year, played tennis in the spring, and frequently spent our last dollar on a movie.

After graduation from the "Y," Gloria and I investigated a trailer-house for sale. When we asked the owners why they wanted to sell, we were told they had contracted with the Church to teach school in Western Samoa. We were immediately interested, sought an interview with the supervisor for church schools in the Pacific, and I was hired to teach at the Church College of Western Samoa.

We spent 2½ years in that island paradise — from June 1959 to December 1961. While I taught history and geography to young Polynesians eager to learn, Gloria served as secretary to the principal. We loved Samoa for its climate, scenery, and south-sea magic, but we loved it most for a priceless, enduring gift to us. While there, we were offered for adoption a baby boy. His father had died in an accident, and his mother had 12 children with another on the way. These were more than she could care for. So we took the little fellow into our home and named him Daniel — short for Danielson, the name of the family from which he came. His middle name is Pue'ata, his Samoan given name.

We loved him, and he seemed to love us, but a brother or sister, according to family arrangements about which we knew nothing, was always in our house looking after him. We could see this situation would not work, so we gave him back. For several months following, we later learned, his mother offered him to a score of people. Finally, she returned to us and promised if we would take him, she and family would stay away and let us raise him as we wished. We agreed and the arrangement worked. Before long, Daniel had forgotten his Samoan family and had accepted us as his parents. A sad moment for his mother, and for us to behold, came when we were ready to leave Samoa. Aiga, Daniel's mother, came to say goodby. She started to cry, and Daniel (in Gloria's arms) said, "Momma, why is that lady crying?"

We adopted Daniel, loved and spoiled him as he matured into a bright, handsome, responsible, and talented young man. He was a high school and college athlete (high school basketball/football and college football). He loved music and sang in high school, college, church and community choirs. In addition, he learned to play the classical guitar. Today he earns his living as a computer programmer and problem-solver. We could not have asked for an easier boy to raise. We have

frequently remarked that children of our own would not have been as bright, handsome, talented, and tractable as Daniel.

When we returned home from Samoa, we not only brought Daniel, but an attractive teenage girl named Emelina Matua. Emmie was not only attractive, but sang with a beautiful, angelic, contralto voice. We sent Emmie to Bonneville High School, then to BYU, and finally on a proselyting mission to Samoa. We never adopted her, but she is as much ours as she is Lauina and Mau Matua's. Today Emmie is married to Fa'aleaga Toalapai, and they have a handsome son named Alyn. Emmie teaches school in Compton, California where she also lives. She is very attentive and loyal to us as foster parents.

Shortly after arriving home, we sent for Daniel's older brother, Steve, whom we have since adopted at his request. Though adopted, Steve has retained Danielson as his surname.

Steve, like Daniel, was athletic. He played basketball and football in high school. He played football in college. He ran track in high school and ran fast enough to qualify for the state finals in Boise 3 years. We quipped that our love for him was manifest in a willingness to drive 300 miles to watch a 10-second race. Steve is a devoted and wise husband and father who has blessed our home with his presence through the years. Today he works as a custodial supervisor at BYU-Idaho.

Both Daniel and Steve married — Daniel to Elizabeth Harris (they are now divorced), and Steve to Eleena Ching. Both boys and their wives have provided us with 9 beautiful, handsome grandchildren, as bright and talented as their parents. These are in order of age from Steve's children to Daniel's: Tiara Keiko, Chad Nu'uallitia Keali'imoewai, Keala Iakopo, and Ty Vaitaloa Danielson; Aaron Daniel, Tiana Marie, Loni Elizabeth, Anisa Ruth, and Turia Evelyn Andrus. We believe God led us to Samoa for our family. But there is more.

In addition to our Samoan children and grandchildren, we were blessed to have in our home for 11 years an Apache Indian girl named Diana Narcisco. She was as pretty as an Indian princess. Moreover, she was intelligent, obedient, pleasant, shy, loving, and lovable. She was always appreciative of what we did for her and expressed that appreciation frequently. She came to our home when 8 years old and left for the Apache Reservation in

central Arizona when she was 19. Today she has 4 children, a boy and 3 girls. We love her.

Finally, in addition to children, grandchildren, and Diana, Gloria and I took into our home and learned to love 4 cats. These were Catta, Shiz, Remmington, and Laddie. Laddie was killed when only 4 years old, resulting in a booklet I wrote entitled Laddie, The Angel Cat. The others lived to be 16, 18, and 14 years old respectively. Remington went with us on a proselyting mission. The missionaries called him Elder Remmie.

After Samoa, Gloria, Daniel, and I lived in Pocatello for a year while I earned a Master's Degree in Education/History at Idaho State University. We planned, after graduation, a return to the South Pacific. We had been interviewed and had filled out necessary papers to teach school for the Church in New Zealand. The day was Sunday. We planned to mail the papers on Monday, the next day. But early Sunday morning, both Gloria and I were summoned to meet with the Idaho Falls East Stake Presidency, Erwin Wirkus, Riley Westergard, and Carl Day. President Wirkus called me to be bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. Too stunned to say "No!" I said, "Yes." God had altered the course of our lives.

During the 3 years I served as bishop, I taught history at Bonneville High School. That was from Fall 1966 through Spring 1968. I loved the students, and they liked me. I had an excellent relationship with them — no discipline problems. Besides, my brother Robert taught government at the High School, and to teach with him was a delight to me. I thoroughly enjoyed my experience at Bonneville.

While I taught, Gloria worked for Hal Johnson Insurance in Idaho Falls. She later worked for Argonne National Laboratories west of Idaho Falls. And finally, she worked for Reed Moss, an Idaho Falls attorney.

Though I was happy at Bonneville, I wanted to teach college and get away from constant classroom interruptions. So on a Sunday afternoon, I drove to Rexburg, knocked on the door of Norman Ricks (chairman of the History Department), introduced myself to him, said I was a history teacher who could benefit Ricks College, and I would like a teaching assignment. I was astonished at my arrogance and boldness, but two weeks later I received a request for an interview with Dean of Faculty, Hugh Bennion.

Shortly after that, I was offered a contract to teach. I began my love affair with Ricks College during Fall Semester 1968.

When we moved to Rexburg, Gloria became a para-legal secretary for Kent Jolley. Besides teaching, I served in the Ricks College First Stake Sunday School Superintendency for 2 years, and on the Stake High Council for 2 years under President J. Wendell Stucki. I was released from this calling to serve as Bishop Keith Peterson's second counselor in the Rexburg Fourth Ward. Four years later, I served as first counselor to Bishop Frank Jacobs in the same ward. And 4 years after that, I became bishop of a new ward, the Rexburg Fifteenth. I served in that calling for 6.5 years. God required my service for so long either to get from me the full measure of my devotion (which I had not given during my brief 3-year service in the Ucon Second Ward), or because I was a slow learner and He wanted me to "get it right" before my release.

My experience as bishop blessed my life more than I can tell. I did not enjoy the calling, but since my release I would not trade that experience for any other in my life up to that time. Today its memory is a source of joy and satisfaction to me — a priceless experience which becomes more priceless with passage of time.

After serving as bishop, I served on 2 high councils for a total of 10 years. I served for 5 years on the Rexburg Idaho East Stake High Council and for 5 years on the Ricks College Third Stake High Council. In each case, I served long enough that I worked my way around the table to become senior high councilman, a rather extraordinary occurrence. I thoroughly enjoyed this church service.

While I served as bishop, then as high councilman in Rexburg, Gloria served as Stake Young Ladies President, and as Stake Young Ladies Camp Director. She wearied me as I accompanied her into the Teton Range, surveying hiking trails and possible sites for overnight camps. Also, during this time she was recruited by Ricks College to serve as registrar. Bruce Hafen, president of Ricks College at the time, was loved by Gloria for his faith in her and his generous acknowledgment of her ability — she had no college degree, yet through her 16 years as registrar she worked closely, and effectively, with PhD's, which may prove the worthlessness of advanced academic degrees. While Gloria

served as registrar, neither administrators, faculty, nor students were able to slip up, slip by, or get out of line. Her service was so much above reproach that for years after retirement, she was missed at the College.

While teaching at Ricks, I was recommended by David Crowder, and invited by Governor Cecil Andrus, to serve on the Idaho Centennial Commission. I served 4 years (1987-1991), and though I did not care for my assignments as a commissioner, I developed new acquaintances and benefitted in various ways as a result of the experience. The Commission met several times, each time in a different place, so I traveled all over the State. My primary assignment on the Commission was chairman of the Youth Committee. I resented this heavy responsibility, but loved my association with the bright, energetic young people with whom I served.

During our Rexburg years, Gloria and I bought and rode 2 Honda Silverwing motorcycles, one a 500 cc, the other a 650 cc. We rode through country from Mount Rushmore, South Dakota to San Diego, California. In fact, over a 20-year period, we covered all of Idaho and Wyoming, most of Montana, Arizona, and Utah, and some of Nebraska, South Dakota, Nevada, and California. We rode only on oiled roads. And we encountered near head-on and rear-end collisions, near lightning strikes (simultaneous lightning and thunder), rainstorms, hailstorms, snowstorms, scorching heat (Death Valley), and bone-chilling cold (central Utah). Gloria rode approximately 50,000 miles; I rode 100,000 miles during our biking years. Locally, we were known as "Heck's Angels." We cast sufficient doubt in the minds of "straight" Latter-day Saints that we never did convince a missionary couple at the St. George Temple Visitor's Center that I was a bishop in the Church.

In the meantime, I turned 65 years old. By end of Winter Semester 1997, I had taught 29 years at Ricks College, 12 of which were spent as chairman of the History Department. I was ready to retire. And by then, Gloria felt "burned out." We both desired to serve a mission for the Church while still in good health. So, together, we retired from Ricks during the summer of 1997. We put the motorcycles in storage and sought an interview with Bishop Charles "Chuck" Porter to recommend us as a

missionary couple. He did and we were called to serve in the Arizona Tucson Mission office.

The ATM mission president was Douglas McKinlay who claimed he prayed us to his mission because he needed someone who knew enough church history to deliver monthly lectures to investigators. I didn't know much, but I knew enough to develop 6 one-hour lectures to be given over a period of 6 months — one lecture per month. To these were invited missionaries and investigators (missionaries were required to bring 2 investigators to be admitted). After the first 6 months, we went another round. Before Gloria and I left the mission field, I had delivered all 6 lectures 3 times. Many investigators — perhaps as many as 80 — heard the lectures over that 18-month period. How many were converted, we don't know, but we know that 4 of them were baptized because they told us so. Besides this proselyting activity, Gloria managed the mission while President McKinlay managed the missionaries. I managed 57 vehicles, 100 pagers, and commissary.

I did everything during this mission I never wanted to do except deliver the investigator lectures. I was challenged, especially managing vehicles. I bought, registered, and delivered new ones; I prepared for sale and sold used ones; and checked missionary cars at zone conferences. I traveled all over the mission (from Tucson, Arizona in the west to Roswell, New Mexico in the northeast and El Paso, Texas in the south) and became acquainted with the missionaries. I had remarkably rewarding experiences as I was enlightened, led, sustained, and warmed by the Holy Spirit. Gloria too had her spiritual experiences as she dealt with sick missionaries, truth-seekers calling for information, and missionaries just needing motherly counsel and encouragement.

Serving in Tucson placed us just 60 miles east of where we first met. We were privileged to return to Sells where, with Elders from the Arizona Tucson Mission, we held family home evening twice with members there. Once on a Saturday (our "P-day"), we traveled to Sells and located a concrete slab — floor of the abandoned service station where I stayed while serving in Sells. We also found the spot where the Goodman trailer house had been parked. This experience was emotionally stimulating for us

— through it we had come full circle, from where we first met as a young Elder and a younger girl, to where we now served as missionary companions. That doesn't happen to many, and we thanked God for the privilege.

Six months before Gloria and I returned home, President McKinlay assigned me to write a history of the 3 years he had served as Arizona Tucson Mission president. I never prayed harder and devoted myself more conscientiously to an assignment in my life. I did not know how I would be able to write such a history and do all else I was expected to do. But God answered my prayers. I was infused with the mental and physical energy necessary to meet all assignments, including development of a manuscript numbering 433 pages, which was published in 30 hardbound copies. These were distributed to President McKinlay and his office staff only 3 days before our departure. Copies of the book were also given to Church Archives, the Area Presidency over the Arizona Tucson Mission, and to the BYU-Idaho Library.

Following our mission, we remained home for 13 months, during which I finished writing my autobiography. Then we were delighted to accept an invitation to serve, without pay, as teacher and librarian in the BYU Semester at Nauvoo program. I taught History 120 (American History through the Civil War) while Gloria served as librarian in the Joseph Smith Academy — a large academic complex in Nauvoo acquired by the Church in 1998 from Catholic Benedictine Nuns who had built and operated the facility as a girls' prep school.

We lived on the boys' floor in the dormitory where we became one with the students. We were visited frequently by them — they came asking gospel questions, wanting to borrow this or that, requesting priesthood blessings, or needing assurance and encouragement. One of our stated reasons for being at the Academy was to be good role-models for students, many of whom came from broken homes or were new converts. In this assignment, we succeeded. We had students tell us that because of unfavorable family situations they had determined never to marry, but seeing us together they felt differently about marriage. We have a file full of letters and thank-you notes telling us how much we were loved because we loved each other. We loved the students and they loved us.

Two weeks of each semester, faculty staff and students went on field studies to church history sites in western Missouri (Adam-ondi-Ahman, Far West, Independence, Liberty, Richmond), eastern Nebraska (Winter Quarters), Iowa (Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah), western New York (Palmyra), northern Ohio (Fayette, Hyrum, Kirtland, Johnson's Farm), and northern Pennsylvania (Harmony). We traveled on highway buses and got to know each other very well. In all our association with the students, Gloria and I were never disappointed in their behavior.

To give some idea of how we felt about the students, and life in the Joseph Smith Academy, I quote from our journal:

> Being here at the Joseph Smith Academy has satisfied our need to be loved and to give love to young people who have also needed to be loved and have learned to give love. I told Gloria the other day that being here has been like being in an academic, social, and spiritual Camelot, a sweet taste of Zion in a troubled, turbulent world. To have Zion here on earth is possible. Just ask us.

Gloria and I served at the Joseph Smith Academy in Nauvoo for 2 academic years (4 semesters). During that time, I wrote A History Of BYU Semester At Nauvoo And The Joseph Smith Academy 1994-2003. This was written by assignment from Larry Dahl, director of the Academy and the BYU program there. The endeavor resulted in a manuscript totaling 572 pages. Thirty-nine copies were published and these were distributed to faculty and staff who indicated a desire to have copies by paying the publication price of $40. Copies were also placed in Church Archives, BYU, BYU-Idaho, and the Joseph Smith Academy libraries.

My most satisfying accomplishment in connection with writing this history was having the manuscript approved by Larry Dahl. He once was an English teacher-turned BYU professor who had published extensively. His literary expectations were severe. The fact that he accepted my manuscript as written with only a half dozen red marks, indicating words he preferred over words I had used, was regarded by me as a miracle — an answer to prayer. I

felt unburdened to have the assignment completed and accepted. Nevertheless, writing this history enhanced our time spent in the Academy. Gloria helped me prepare the manuscript for publication.

From May 1998, while serving in the Arizona Tucson Mission, to February 2004, after returning from Nauvoo, Gloria and I underwent 6 surgeries. I was operated on for hernia, spinal stenosis between L4 and L5, a ruptured disk between L5 and L6, a worn-out left hip, an enlarged prostate, and had 2 vertebrae (L4 and L5) fused. Gloria had 30% of a disk removed between L2 and L3. In addition, she suffered a minor heart attack. With each surgery or setback, we recovered rapidly and lost no time at work either in the mission field or the Academy. However, I have decided that "retirement" should be avoided, if possible, for health reasons alone.

Today (June 16, 2004), I am 72 years of age. Gloria is 68. Presently, we are in good health, better health than many of those around us, including family and friends. For that we are thankful. We have much yet to accomplish. Our prayers consist of sincere thanks for having lived to do what we have done, and requests to live long enough to accomplish what we desire to do insofar as that may bless the lives of others. So far as we are concerned, that is what life is all about — serving others and building vibrant, warm relationships. After all when we pass from this life, we take with us only a record of what we have done and the relationships we have developed.

Geniece Andrus Smith

My father, Samuel Reed Andrus, was born March 8, 1904 to Robert Andrus and Lovenia Bawden Andrus. In my eyes, he was a great man. He was a real scholar of all types of books and subjects. He was well read and a master at interpretation of the scriptures. His patriarchal blessing stated that he had the wisdom of Solomon of Old. He was a good husband and father. He loved my mother and each of his children. Seldom did he leave the house to go some place without taking one or more of us with him. He was strong on discipline and he had a short fuse and was impatient by nature, but he was never angry for long, and was always repentant. I didn't like it when he was uptight and

angry, but I loved every minute of his good nature and humor. He had been raised in a very spiritual home and his father, Robert Andrus, had served as bishop of the Ucon Ward for 18 years. His mother, Lovenia, was a spiritual giant and was given the gift of tongues in her prime of life.

My mother, Melba Phyllis Brown, was born January 4, 1906 and was the oldest child of Charles William Brown and Martha Letitia Orgill. Everyone who knew them called my grandpa "Charlie" and my grandma "Tish." My Grandfather Charles was a sheepman who was quiet and mild and never lost his temper. My Grandmother Letitia was a typical strong, determined English lady by nature. My grandmother was very organized with a time and place for everything. She was a good cook and an immaculate housekeeper. I loved this lady and she loved me. My mother, Melba, was very much the same temperament as her father. My mother was very positive, constant and stable. She was quiet and kind. She loved my father very much and each one of her children. She supported my father in his decisions and was a calming influence in our home. She was very spiritual and taught with love. These two people, Reed and Melba, were totally unselfish and gave everything they had to others and to us, their children.

I, Geniece Andrus Smith, was born to Samuel Reed Andrus and Melba Phyllis Brown at about 7:30 in the evening on a Tuesday, April 17, 1934. My father who held a leadership position in the youth organization of the Church, and at that time the organization was known as the MIA, was at MIA that night. I was born at home without the assistance of a doctor, but the doctor was called and came later to make sure everything was alright. The Doctor called was Jabez West. Years later, in asking my mother what kind of a baby I was, she said, "Geniece, you were a very happy, cheerful little girl. And you and Alyn were good little companions." Alyn was my older brother and was 2 years and 4 months older than I. There were 9 children in our family and I'll list them in the order in which they were born: Alyn Brown, Geniece, Gordon Reed, Charles Robert, Kendall Wayne, Portia, Therel, Gaylon Rich, and Mary Jean. You notice I was the 2nd child born to this family and the 1st girl. Therefore, I became my

mother's "right arm" at a very early age. I remember the birth of each child except for Alyn and Gordon.

We lived in the same house my entire growing-up years until I got married. The house was located 1 mile east from the city center in Ucon, Idaho and sat in the middle of the block. On the south side of our home property was the Ucon LDS Church, and on the north side was the Percy Jones home. It only took about 2 minutes to walk from our house to the church.

I was born during the Great Depression. Times were hard and there was no money. We were poor, but both my father and mother were very positive and thrifty people. They were both very hard workers, and I never considered us poor. My father owned farmland. One farm was located just east of the Ucon Village and consisted of 50 acres. The other piece of farm land was located 1½ blocks to the south of where our home was and we called it the South Field. The field located down close to the Village of Ucon we called the North Field. There were approximately 70 acres of land between these 2 fields.

I was a "tom boy" in my early growing-up years. I was raised with 4 brothers before a girl ever came into the family. I climbed trees, played with toy trucks out in the dirt, played cowboys and Indians with my brothers and neighborhood boys, played Annie-I-Over, Run Sheep Run, Jolley Jolley Butcher Boy, Mother May I, and many more. The kids in our neighborhood played lots of games in the evenings during the summer months. We had a big yard and because there was a vacant lot across from us, all of the neighborhood kids congregated on our street — most of them were boys and because Alyn was about the same age or just a little younger they came to our street. We had lots of good times at night sometimes until quite dark, but during the day we worked hard — no time for play. Alyn worked hard, and Dad, and my Andrus uncles expected lots from him. I worked hard helping Mother. I cleaned house, tended babies, worked in the field. We always raised a huge garden and would can vegetables from it for the winter. Mother baked bread every other day — 10 loaves and a pan of biscuits. We also washed every other day, all day long. I did not know what it was like to cook on an electric stove until I got married. We had a coal stove in the kitchen that we kept hot all day. It had a reservoir on one side that we could fill with

cold water and by keeping a fire going in the stove all day it would heat the water to a hot temperature. This hot water we used for baths and everything else.

Our original home had a living room, and Mother and Dad's bedroom on the front of the house, with a small kitchen, and a very small bedroom, and a narrow hall, and a back door on the back of the house. When I was about 10 years old, Dad started digging a basement on the front of the house to make a new living room and it was at that time that we did some real remodeling. It was not until I was 12 years old that some of the building project was completed and we added a bathroom. Up until that time we had no indoor toilet or bath facilities and we had no furnace or vented heat, just the coal stove in both the kitchen and the front room. We took our baths in a big tin, round, washtub. Mother would bring it into the kitchen on Saturday night and the little kids were the first ones that we bathed. Then us bigger kids got our turn. How all of us slept in that little 2-bedroom house, I will never know, but that just wasn't something that I thought much about as a kid.

I loved home, and I loved my dad and mom. When a new baby came into our house, I would have to go stay with some of the relatives while Mother was in the hospital, and I would get so homesick I felt like I would die. In those days the mothers had to stay in the hospital for 10 days and to me that felt like an eternity.

From the time I was very young, I did most all the house work. Saturdays were the major clean day. All of the floors had to be scrubbed and then waxed with a high-gloss wax, everything dusted and cleaned for the Sabbath Day — windows washed, clothes washed, shoes polished. Mother would wash the clothes which took nearly all day — beds were stripped. I did all of the cleaning of the house. I hated Saturdays, but I loved Saturday late afternoon and evening — everything was clean and done up, and I loved the feeling. Mother and I shared in caring for the baby. Every 2 years there was a new baby born to us until I was 12 years old — I was 12-½ years old when Jean was born. I had rocked and tended more babies by the time I was 12 years old than some women rock in a lifetime. But I loved all of these

babies which grew up to be my brothers and sisters, and I still love all of them today.

I entered the 1st grade in the fall of 1940. I had a wonderful 1st grade teacher, Dorothy Seedall. And I really remember and loved the 1st grade. My 2nd grade teacher was my Aunt Beulah, and I loved her and that grade. In fact, when I think back on my grade school years, they were happy years. I had good teachers that I really loved and I felt like they loved me. I had some really good classmates and it was in these early years that we started bonding friendships which would have lasting effects, and bondings that would last a lifetime and into the eternities.

Before I go on to an older period in my life, I want to give some feelings on some things concerning my young years. There were both good and bad feelings about the seasons of the year — by this I mean summer, fall, winter and spring. And the thing that changed some of those feelings as I got older was because the circumstances changed. From the time that I can remember as a little girl up until the time I was 12 or so my feelings about these seasons were different from as a teenager. Because we had no toilet facilities in the house and had to go outside to the toilet, and because we had no furnace or central heating and only had a coal stove in both the kitchen and living room, in general I hated winter. It seemed like I was always cold. Mother and Dad would get up and build a fire in these stoves to try and get at least 2 rooms in the house warm before we kids would get out of bed. But I remember Alyn, Gordon, and myself standing on the oven door every morning trying to get warm while Mother fixed breakfast. As the other children came along we bigger kids had to let the little ones occupy the warmth on the oven door. The winters were cold and many days the ice on the windows would not thaw at all. We would go for days with thick coats of ice on the windows never having it melt at all. Using the outside toilet during those cold winter days and nights was a real pain. Sometimes, you wondered which was the biggest pain, going through the cold to use the toilet or standing the pain when you didn't want to have to go out into the cold. Even after the house was built onto there were a few years before the bathroom was finished and so we still had to use the outside toilet. During the coldest months of winter, we had what we called a slop bucket

that we used and it would have to be emptied every morning. What a chore. I hated it. After the house was built onto there were still only 3 bedrooms. There was Dad and Mother's room and it always had the baby's bed in it. Then there were the girls' bedroom and the boys' bedroom; all 3 of us (girls) slept in 1 bed. I slept this way until I got married. The boys' bedroom had 2 beds in it and the boys shared those 2 beds.

Washing and drying clothes in the winter was a terrible ordeal. Mother would hang the wet clothes on the lines outside and they would freeze solid. Then at night we would bring them in and hang them on wooden clothing's racks and rope hangers in the kitchen until they dried. On these days wash wouldn't get dried before the next wash day came along. We were always drying clothes in the house. Winters and the memories of winter in general are not pleasant memories. However, I did like the snow and we did a lot of ice skating up on the canal 2 blocks away from the house.

I also didn't like winter because the cars would never start and they had to be pushed or pulled or cranked, and it was miserable. And Dad cussed at these miserable things.

During the summers and falls there was always so much work. As I mentioned earlier, we always raised a large garden and we would can all summer long. We canned bottles after bottles of peas, beans, beets, pickles, apples, peaches, pears, raspberries. And we would bottle meat in the fall. We had no pressure cooker in those days and we used a large boiler. The boiler was on the stove nearly all day every day during the summer. Most of these vegetables had to be boiled in the boiler for at least 4 hours and in the hot summer that's a long time. The boiler would hold 20 quarts of whatever fruit or vegetables we were canning. So if we did 80 quarts of something for the day that would be 16 hours of boiling time. Summers were also busy with weeding gardens and weeding the potatoes in the field. We would tromp and stack hay and then haul it from the field to the yard to be stacked by using a derrick.

At threshing time, Mother would fix meals for the men who worked on the thresher. We would feed the men on long tables out under the shade of the trees. I loved the smell of fresh corn on the cob and the apple dumplings that my mother made. It was

always fun hearing the men talk and tell all sorts of stories and experiences and I was always afraid there wasn't going to be any food left for us kids to eat. Mother made gingerbread cake with whipped cream on the top, and the men really liked it and so did I. On summer afternoons, Renae (my cousin), Bonnie (a friend) and I would go swimming in the canal after work was done. That was really fun. I loved to swim, and after swimming on some days either Aunt May or another would just be taking the hot bread out of the oven and it tasted so good.

Sundays were always special because we always went to church. In those days we would go to church in the morning, but church in the morning was Sunday School only. Then at 7:30 at night we would go back to Sacrament Meeting and the meeting would last until 9:00. But I loved Sundays. Mother would always fix a nice dinner — always roast, potatoes and gravy. The whole family would sit around the dinner table and enjoy the meal, and we did a lot of talking. My dad really knew the gospel well and he could explain the scriptures, and we enjoyed Sundays. Sometimes, I would spend Sundays at my friends' homes. We would go to their homes for the day and back to church at 7:30 at night and then home after church.

I don't remember too much about my baptismal day. I do remember that Dad was over in Boise. He was a member of the Legislature of the State of Idaho and they had called a special session that spring and so he was not at home, but in those days your dad was not the one who baptized you anyway. They had one young man who held the priesthood do all the baptizing. That day, the young man's name was Ray Jardine and he baptized all of us. The baptism was held over in the Ammon church house because there was a baptismal font in that building. The next day, I was confirmed in Sunday School meeting in the morning. My Uncle Rulon Simmons was the bishop of the ward and he confirmed me a member of the Church.

Church was always very important to me. I loved it. When I was about 13 years old, they called me to be Jr. Sunday School pianist. I had taken some piano lessons and I played well enough to be the pianist. It was my very 1st calling in the Church.

My teenage years were fun. There were 7 of us girls who were all the same age and in the same class except for 1 of the girls

and she was 1 year younger than the rest of us. We were all very good friends from the time we were in grade school. When we entered the 7th grade, we started singing together. One of the girls which was my cousin did not sing, but she played the piano very well. We formed a sextet and that was the beginning of lots of fun years and lots of experience in music. We sang everywhere. We sang sacrament meetings, MIA, concerts, dances, school activities, high school plays and programs, graduation exercises, and many other places. One time when we were over in Boise, Idaho and were supposed to sing at the State Capitol during a program and dinner, I had a real traumatic thing happen, but now when I look back on it, it was funny. All 7 of us girls stayed overnight in the Idaho Hotel which was close to the State Capitol. We were supposed to be to the dinner at 6:00. We started getting ready at 4:00, pressing our formal dresses, fixing our hair and showering. I went to press my formal and as I laid the iron on the skirt of my dress, it was too hot and it burned a big hole the shape of the iron right in front of the dress. I was sick about it and we didn't have much time. One of the girls, Carolyn Prater Clawson, went with me to a store and we tried to match the material, but we couldn't. We finally found a piece of taffeta which came close, but was a bit lighter. We went back to the hotel, cut and pieced the material in the hole. It ruined my night. I was so self-conscious the way I looked. But we sang beautifully and that's what was important.

Two of these girl friends were not members of the Church, but by the time we were in high school or maybe we were sophomores, they were baptized. They have always said it was because of our good example that they joined. We didn't ever talk religion to them. We just included them in everything as if they were Mormons. We remain very good friends still.

At this same time, we had a group of boys that chummed around with us 7 girls. There were 6 of the boys, but 5 of them were really great friends. We spent time together after ball games and visited after church in the evenings. We dated different ones of these boys at the various school dances. Then in our sophomore year, there was the Burtenshaw family that moved to Ucon and they had 2 more boys that fit into our group and those 2 boys had a cousin that lived in Idaho Falls who always spent

time with them, so there were 3 altogether who entered our group and we had lots of fun. Many times the boys would pick us girls up and take us to our singing engagements just on a friendly basis. The one boy who was a cousin to Bill and Don Burtenshaw, ended up marrying Connie Hill. His name is Ken McGary. We are all still good friends.

One night after church, in fact it was Christmas night that year, Christmas had come on Sunday and we were juniors in high school. After church, 3 of us girls got in Johnny Seedall's car with Johnny and 2 of the other boys. We were going to take Lorraine Hill home who lived a couple of miles away. It was cold and the roads were slick. We got half way between the church and Lorraine's home and all of a sudden the car went out of control on the slick roads and we were thrown across the road and up on the canal bank and the car was upside down. There was broken glass inside the car and when all 6 of us climbed out, we realized the car was still running and gas was pouring out of the gas tank. One of the boys said, "We've got to turn the motor off before the car explodes." Johnny climbed in and turned the car off. All of us girls were in our new Christmas dresses that we had just gotten for Christmas. We also had our dress shoes and were in our hose. We started walking to the nearest farm house for help when a car came down the road. The driver was a man from Ucon we knew. He had his car full of children, but he saw we were in trouble and needed help. Another car came along just then. And so with all of the help from the men and the 3 boys, they tipped the Seedall car back over and pushed it back on the road. It still ran, but the top was all mashed in. Johnny did drive it home. We were all really shaken up and in shock. I shook all night long and all the next day. The next evening all of us had dates with these same boys to go to the Senior Ball Formal dance. We had a good time, but sure crept along on the roads. We had lots of experiences together, but that was the most scary and we felt lucky to be alive.

My brothers and I were close in age. I was surrounded by boys as I grew up. Alyn was 2 years older than I. Gordon was 2 years younger. Bob was 4 years younger. And Kendall was 5½ years younger. So I grew up relating to brothers and really having a close association with them. Alyn bought me my first formal dress

and asked me to go with him as his date to his Junior Prom in high school. I admired Alyn, and he and I have always had a good special relationship. Gordon was killed in a farm accident when he was 10 years old and I was 12. The day Gordon was killed, we had spent all morning together over in the South Field turning water on the potatoes. I would flag the rows at one end of the potato field as soon as the water was at the bottom of the field and Gordon would shovel the dirt in that row so the water could move on to other rows. We had spent all morning together, just the 2 of us. He was killed in the afternoon of that day — down at the grain elevator in the village of Ucon. His feet slipped off the running board of the truck my father was driving as he was backing out of the grain elevator after having dumped a truck load of grain. Gordon's head fell in the path of the truck tire and it rolled over his head. He died 15 minutes later while en route to the hospital in Idaho Falls. My father was holding him in the back seat of Curtis Holland's car and Gordon died in Dad's arms. It was the most traumatic thing that ever happened in our home and in our lives.

Bob and I worked a lot together. In the fall, after our potatoes had been harvested, Dad would let us get work picking potatoes for other farmers. Taylor Lott, who was one of the big potato farmers of Ucon, loved to hire Bob and me. We worked hard and picked more potatoes in 2 hours than most of his pickers picked all day. I enjoyed these times with Bob.

I had a little different relationship with Kendall. He loved to tease and irritate me, and he did plenty of that. When Dad and Mother went to Arizona to pick up Alyn as he finished his 2-year mission, they decided they would take some of the younger kids with them and leave some at home under my care. I told them I didn't care whom they took, but one of them had to be Kendall. If I remember correctly, they did leave Kendall home to help milk the cows, and I put up with him. However, as Kendall matured, we developed a closer and better relationship.

The 4 younger kids in the family — Portia, Therel, Rich, and Jean — were still quite young when David and I got married. So my relationship with them was a little different as they grew up.

When I was a junior in high school, I was chosen by a committee in the community of Idaho Falls to attend Girls' State

of Idaho. I was the only girl from School District 93 (including Ammon, Iona, and Ucon High Schools) to attend this statewide activity. We went to Nampa for 2 weeks during the month of June and were involved in all kinds of political activities and debates. The only others from this area chosen to go were 2 girls from Idaho Falls High School. It was a wonderful opportunity and I had a lot of great experiences in those 2 weeks. My dad and mother didn't have the money I needed to let me go attend this activity, but Mother asked my Grandmother Brown to lend me the money. She did and I paid the money back later that summer.

It was right after I got back from Girls' State that I attended one of our stake dances. We used to have wonderful dances sponsored by the LDS Church and they were held in a large ballroom upstairs in our stake building here in Idaho Falls. Every Saturday night, everyone (young and older people alike) went to the stake dance. It was on one of these Saturday nights that I had a blind date with one of Lorraine Hill's friends. I traded dances with my good friend Johnny Seedall. Johnny and I sort of had a brother-sister relationship. We had dated each other, but we were just good friends. As we danced around by the punch counter, Johnny spoke to a very handsome boy standing at the punch counter. He called him Dave. I said, "Wow! Who is that?" And Johnny said, "Do you want to go with him?" When I asked where Dave was from and found out he was originally from Jackson Hole, Wyoming and had just moved down here, I said, no, I didn't want to date anyone from Jackson Hole, Wyoming because that was a rough town with a rough reputation. Johnny assured me that Dave was a good guy and I agreed to let him line me up to go to the stake dance with him on the following Saturday night.

The next Saturday night, I found out that Johnny and Dave were cousins. Johnny and his date, which was my friend Shirley Peterson, and David and I had a marvelous night together. David was such a gentleman and treated me so well. I fell in love with him that night. Johnny kept pushing this relationship all summer long, though David dated a good-looking blond from Ammon all summer. Finally in the later part of the summer David asked me on his own to go out with him. That fall we started to date pretty steady.

This was my senior year I was going into and the school district had consolidated all the small high schools — Ammon, Iona, Ucon — into Bonneville High School. We met in the Ammon High School building which was the largest and nicest building in the district. My senior year was very different and very fun. There were lots of new kids to get acquainted with and a new high school to decide on ball team logos, and school colors, and a school song, and every other important thing that goes along with organizing a new school. There were lots of new boys to date, but I didn't care to date any of them.

David had graduated that spring (1951) from Jackson High School and he had come to Idaho Falls to accept a job with the U.S. postal service. His father had serious heart problems, and the family had lost their business and home, as well as personal belongings, in a bad business deal. David was the one available, so to speak, to take care of his dad and mother, so he had come to Idaho Falls to find work. Because of his working a weird shift 7 days a week both day and night he attended all of my school activities with me. The kids out at Bonneville High knew David as well as they knew me. It was as if he was one of the classmates. When I graduated in the Spring of 1952, everyone was sure I would receive a diamond ring for graduation, but they were wrong. David did ask me to marry him that spring, but I told him I was too young and that we needed to wait. It was in November of that year that he gave me a diamond and asked me again to marry him. I knew he was the one I wanted even though I was just 18 years old. We set our wedding date for April 17, 1953 which was also my 19th birthday. David had bought an older house in the fall of 1951 which was located at 187 5th Street. He and his family lived there until we were married in April of 1953.

We were married in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple by President Choules. It was a wonderful day with a wedding reception at night at my home out in Ucon. David's parents moved downstairs into the basement apartment and we took the upstairs inasmuch as David was the moneymaker and provider, and the house was in his name. I was working at Snake River Mutual Fire Insurance Company as a secretary when we got married. I had worked the summer following graduation from high school for Bill and Clarebell Call who owned Farr's Candy Company. I lived in their

large luxurious house and cared for their children while Clarebell took care of their business. Then in September of that year, I went to work for the Insurance Company.

David and I supported his father and mother totally except for some of the groceries and clothing that David's mother was able to buy for herself because she had a winter job sorting potatoes for Idaho Potato Growers. David's father died of a heart attack the November after we were married. By this time, we were expecting our 1st baby.

LaVaun was born March 17, 1954 just 11 months to the day that we were married. Grandma Letha Smith was still living with us and so was David's brother, Max. Kellan, our 2nd child, was born nearly 2 years after that on December 1, 1955. The day that I came home from the hospital was the day that Grandma Letha Smith went to the temple and was married for time to Grandpa Robert Bowman. She moved out that afternoon and moved to Lewiston, Utah to live. Max continued to live with us until February 1956, then he left and went to Salt Lake City to find work. We finally were our own little family of just David, Geniece, LaVaun, and Kellan, and it seemed so good after sharing our house and our means 3 years with others.

We loved these children (LaVaun and Kellan) very much and even though life was busy and we were working hard they were good years. David was still working for the Post Office 7 days a week, both night and day. Each Christmas there was about a week when he would get only 1 or 2 hours sleep in a 24-hour shift. We were busy in the Church and were both very involved in the MIA.

On July 2, 1956, David was hired out at the site and that totally changed our life. He was working days and was home at night for the 1st time in our married life.

When LaVaun was 5½ and Kellan was 3½ it was my birthday and their dad took them to the store to buy me a new pair of shoes. They were in the process of hiding the shoes when I came in the house and Kellan said, "Mom, we bought you a new pair of shoes for your birthday." He was so excited about them. And LaVaun got all upset and said, "Kellan, now you told her and it isn't a surprise." Then Kellan started to cry and said, "Yes, but I didn't tell her they were brown."

It was Halloween about that same year when LaVaun and Kellan were all dressed up and had been trick or treating. Their dad had taken them and then they stopped off at Greg and Lydia Painter's who lived across the street at 205 5th Street. David came on home and dressed up in an old man's mask and a pair of coveralls with a big rubber hand. It was after dark and as the children came running out of Painter's house to come home, they saw this big strange looking man coming toward them. It frightened them and they stopped in their tracks and just stood there very frightened. Then their dad took off the mask and started to laugh. They laughed too. They were so glad to see their dad.

LaVaun could hula a Hula Hoop like no child I had ever seen. And Kellan could ride a tricycle the same way. They were good friends even though they had their differences.

One Saturday about noon, we had company come to see us. LaVaun and Kellan had gone across the street to play with the Miller kids. They knew they were not to cross the street unless we were watching them. All of a sudden David and I heard a car's brakes screech. We looked out the window and saw that Kellan had been hit by a car. He was rolling in the street. He had all of a sudden decided he wanted to come home and without looking ran between 2 parked cars and the driver of the car that hit him was an older man and was going very slow. Otherwise, Kellan would have been killed. He was scared and bumped good with tire marks on his body, but otherwise he was all right. We thanked the Lord for sparing his life.

One night when they were a little older than the accident just described, their dad had gone to work at 3:00 in the afternoon. I had cleaned the house clear through that day and had mopped and waxed all the floors. They went to bed at 10:30. This was on a Friday night and there was no school the next day, but at 12:00 midnight they were still awake laughing and carrying on. I told them to settle down or I'd make them get up and clean the house. They knew I had cleaned the house already and decided they were safe and it was just a threat. But at 12:15, I made them get out of bed and vacuum and dust and clean the house. When the work was done at 1:15, they were happy to go to bed and go to sleep. They didn't like me much that night.

Christmases were always fun. When I was a girl growing up, Christmases were spent at my Grandma Andrus's house in the afternoon with all my aunts, uncles and cousins. On Christmas Eve, the aunts, uncles, and some of the cousins would go Christmas caroling around the village of Ucon. We always went to the older people and people who were sick and to those who were not members of the Church. All of the Andrus Family had lots of musical talent, and there was lots of harmony and people loved to have us come into their homes and carol. Then on Christmas Day, after we saw what Santa brought, we would fix food to take to Grandma Andrus's and we'd all eat dinner there and have a nice program. We did this until I was about 14 years old. Then the family got too big to meet at Grandma's so we started doing our own dinner at home, but we still Christmas caroled. We have carried on this tradition through the years. We still carol at 2 of those same people's homes today.

When David and I were married, we carried some of these same traditions over. When LaVaun and Kellan were little, we always stayed overnight out at Grandma and Grandpa Andrus's (my mother and father). Santa found them out there. Then as LeAnn and Curtis came along, we started having our Christmas at home and had a big dinner on Christmas Eve. We had all our married children and grandchildren come. I love Christmas and music that goes with the season.

LeAnn was born on March 8, 1961. We had gone more than 5 years without a baby and were afraid we could have no more children, but the Lord blessed us again with a little girl. I had lots of complications both before and after her birth. She was a "miracle baby." And she was a good baby. I was in the hospital for 2 weeks after she was born and flat in bed for a month at home. I could only get up to use the bathroom. LeAnn hardly ever cried and would sleep the night through from 10:00 till 8:00 the next morning. I had to have help, so with help from my mother and David's mother, we got along.

Then again, when we thought there might not be any more children born to us, we were really blessed again. Curtis was born nearly 5 years later on December 13, 1965. We were all ecstatic with joy. Here was another baby boy born 11 days before Christmas. He was not due until December 19, but was born

nearly a week early. This meant lots of fun again at Christmas, but again I had complications and had to stay in the hospital. This was very disappointing to LaVaun who was just about 12 years old, Kellan who was 10, and LeAnn who was 5. It looked like I was not going to be home for Christmas that year, but all of a sudden on Christmas Eve Day, the doctor told me I could go home if I would stay right in bed for 10 days. Everyone was so happy. David took time off work, and all 3 of the children really helped out with the new baby — cleaning the house, the wash, and ironing. It was a very different Christmas Eve and Christmas Day that year, but LaVaun always said it was the best she could ever remember because a baby had been born to the Smiths just like the Christ Child had been born to Mary and Joseph.

Before Curtis was born and when LeAnn was about 3½ years old, we started a major remodeling job on our old house. Every wall came out and we totally redid the entire house except for the kitchen and kitchen cupboards. David had set up his large table saw in half of the house and used it that way all winter. One winter day when I had gone to sing over at Rigby, David was watching LeAnn as he worked in the house. He turned on the saw to cut a board and all of a sudden she reached up to grab the saw blade. He was quick and grabbed her hand just before she touched the whirling blade. What a close call! She could have lost her entire arm. It scared David so much, he could hardly work the rest of the morning.

That same year, David took all 3 children over to Rigby to look at a litter of puppies that were old enough to be given away. I didn't want a dog because we lived in the city and dogs had to be kept inside or on a leash. Well, guess what. They came home with a little white puppy with black spots around his eye. We named him Sport. The first thing Sport did was chew my new sewing machine cord right in half. It made me so mad, I called him that "damned dog." LeAnn was only 3 years old, and she thought that was his name. She started calling him "That Damn Dog." I had to correct that mistake in a hurry. All summer we kept Sport outside, but then fall and winter came and he got really sick. We took him out to the veterinarian. Dr. Allen took one look at him and said, "You better trade him in on a new dog." LaVaun, Kellan, and LeAnn stood there with big tears running

down their faces. We had become very attached to this dog. I told Dr. Allen if there was any chance at all, we needed this dog in our lives. He told me to leave the dog and he would see if medication would help make him better, but he was sure the dog would probably die. We waited 6 days and did not hear from Dr. Allen. So I called to see what was going on. He said, your dog is alive and better and you can come get him tomorrow. What great news. That was the beginning of having a dog in the house because we could not put him back out in the cold. Sport was the best dog that ever lived. He taught us lots of lessons. He was very mannerly and courteous. He was a real protector of the kids. When Curtis was born, Sport was actually jealous of Curtis for a while because we gave Curtis so much attention. But he soon got over that and really became a protector of Curtis. Kellan always called Sport his dog.

We had some good and also some funny times with Sport. Just 2 days before LaVaun got married, Sport was lying out on our front lawn. A policeman drove by in his car and guess what Sport did, he chased the police car, barking all the way down the block. That is something Sport never did with cars, but he did that day to that policeman in his car. Well, the policeman was mad and found out where the dog lived. When he knocked on the front door, LaVaun was the one who answered. The policeman issued a ticket to her. It didn't say anything about Sport being a dog. It just said, "LaVaun Smith is summoned to pay a fine for barking at and chasing cars."

When Kellan came home from the mission field after 2 years, we were not sure that Sport would remember him, but oh, My goodness! What a welcome home! We had left Sport home while we went to Salt Lake to pick Kellan up off the airplane. It was dark when we pulled into the yard. So Kellan was the first to open the door. It only took Sport a second or two, and as soon as he recognized Kellan, he jumped and barked and licked him for about 15 minutes. It is amazing how much that dog loved and knew and remembered. He taught us all many lessons. We had him for 18 years. He finally got so old and so sick we had to take him out to Dr. Allen and have him put to sleep. What a terrible, terrible, sad morning. David and I cried all day. All the kids came that night and we made a nice wood box and wrapped him in

white sheets and buried him in our back yard. He will always be a part of this family.

We've had lots of fun times and some not so fun during the time we raised our children. We worked hard and made them work hard. We also played hard with them. We took on the cleaning of the Eye Clinic when Curtis was only 3 ½ years old. Every child went with us every night of the week and on Saturday, and everyone had a specific job to do. One night LaVaun and LeAnn finished their jobs and said they were going to walk home. Kellan and I still had to take the garbage out to the alley and dump it. We assumed Curtis had gone with the girls because he went out the door with them. He was only 3 ½ years old. Kellan and I locked the Clinic and took the garbage out. Kellan said, "Mom, let's just walk down the alley." All of a sudden, I felt like I needed to check the side door of the Clinic to make sure it was locked. Kellan was a little irritated because he knew the door had been locked, but I felt this urgency. I told him I'd meet him at home if he wanted to go on down the alley. I went back around the building and all of a sudden I could hear Curtis crying for me. "Mom! Mom! Help me!" There was a small steel vault on the north side of the Clinic that the employees put their IBM cards in each night for the Pony Express Truck Service to pick up. Curtis had not gone home with LaVaun and LeAnn, but had wandered outside and the driver of the truck had left the vault door open. Curtis crawled inside the vault and shut the door, and it was locked tight. Only 2 people had a key to that vault, the driver of the truck who had come and gone, and Max Stanton, an employee of the Clinic. As soon as I saw that Curtis was locked in, I became frantic. There were no air holes and he was having a hard time breathing. He had already been in the vault about 15 or 20 minutes. I prayed and asked for help. I could see my little son suffocating to death while I stood helpless. There was no way I could get the door open. He was crying so hard, he couldn't breathe. Two people in the neighborhood were coming home from work. Both of them saw my frantic situation and went to their homes to call the police and fire department. I was trying to be calm and console Curtis. I turned my back to the vault and all of a sudden Curtis was standing by my side with his little arms around my leg. I asked him how he got out. And he said he

touched the yellow light and the door opened. Well, the inside of the vault was all black. There was no yellow light and no handle, just a black box with a round key hole. My prayers had been heard. Curtis's life had been spared and he knew it. Two days later, he said to me, "Mom, if I ever get in the vault again Heavenly Father will get me out. All I have to do is touch the yellow light." We cleaned the eye clinic for 28 years.

We love all of our children. We tried to support them in all their activities regardless of whether it was music, track, baseball, football, basketball, or whatever.

David was called to be the bishop of Idaho Falls Second Ward in January 1975. He had already served for nearly 6 years as the 1st counselor. Kellan was the very 1st missionary to leave for the mission field after David became bishop. LaVaun had been married almost a year when Kellan left for the mission field. He was called to the Kentucky, Louisville Mission. The day we saw him off on the airplane in Salt Lake City, Utah I cried all the way home. I was so homesick for him. At midnight I was still crying and I had to go to work at the bank the next morning early. I said to David, "How can I go to work in the morning?" And he said, "The first thing you've got to do is stop crying."

Kellan had only been home from the mission field 5 weeks when David had to have back surgery. His back had bothered him for a long time, and it got to the point that he couldn't get out of bed the pain was so great. David was the bishop at the time, but he got along fine and by the time Kellan and Linda were married on August 12, 1977 David was able to stand and sit in the reception line with them.

Curtis served a mission just 10 years later in the Louisiana Mission. I experienced the same thing all over again. I was so homesick, but I was also very grateful that our sons were good boys worthy to serve the Lord in the mission field. That's what we had always planned and talked of doing. My tears were truly tears of great joy.

One summer before she was married, LaVaun worked at Jackson Lake Lodge in Wyoming. It was hard to have her leave home and go there for work. The summer before she was married, LeAnn had the opportunity to go to Hill Cumorah and be in the pageant back there. It was hard having her gone, but what a

great opportunity for her. I did not like the changes of having our children leave home. I was very attached to each of them and hated to let go.

LaVaun married David M. Ball. Kellan married Linda Birch. LeAnn married Steven D. Jensen. And Curtis married Kristine Clark. We really love the 2 sons and 2 daughters that married our children. They come from good homes and are good parents to our grandchildren. Our great joys now in our life are our grandchildren. Each one is very special. Our life literally is our children and grandchildren.

I have had a few health problems in the past few years. One time I was very sick with liver problems and was sent to Salt Lake City to a doctor there. He said I had a 50-50 chance of living. He wanted to admit me to a hospital down there, but I was so sick of being in the hospital in Idaho Falls that I told him I would take my 50% chance and go home. I got better.

Later, I developed cancer. It was all in my lymph nodes and in my stomach with the main tumor wrapped around my spine and the aorta. The doctor gave me 6 months to a year at the most to live. They did surgery on me, but could not take any of the tumor out. They sewed me up and sent me home. I was in the hospital that year at Christmas. Curtis was in the mission field and Kellan and Linda were building a new house. Christmas Day everyone came to the hospital while I opened my gifts. I decided to have chemotherapy to see if that would bring the cancer into remission. All I asked the Lord for was long enough to see Curtis come home and have him happily married. The chemotherapy was really rough. I lost all my hair. Not one hair was left on my head. I felt very sick all the time, but tried to keep going. I was the Relief Society President of the Ninth Ward at the time and in April of that year, I asked to be released. The family and my friends were excellent support. They all helped me make it through. After 16 years, I am still alive and I thank the Lord every day for the gift of life and letting me live to be with my family here.

We finished an addition to the back of our house that required 7 years to finish. David, Kellan, Curtis, and I did the work. I love my home and appreciate all the help we had in finishing it.

I've worked most of my life at various places. My 1st job was for Snake River Mutual Fire Insurance Company before we were married and until after Kellan was born. When Kellan was a year old, I went to work for Idaho First National Bank. I hated leaving him and LaVaun with baby sitters and I cried for 2 days before I went to work because I hated the thought so much. I worked for a year and then did other things. I worked for Holidays Gift Shop, then went back to work for First Security Bank, then was hired back at Idaho First National. I worked 11 years at banks as a teller and did all their general ledgers. I worked for Home Lighting, and Deamers Diet Center. During those years all I wanted was to be home with the kids.

I have held almost every position in the Church there is to hold except being a secretary. I am not a good secretary and the Lord knows that. I have been Relief Society president, Primary president, in the YWMIA presidency both at the ward and stake levels. I have taught all kinds of Primary classes both boys and girls. I have also taught in the Sunday School. I was Sunday School Coordinator for 4 years. I've been organist and chorister to several organizations, and have been a bishop's wife. But out of all these callings, I loved being Primary chorister more than anything else. I loved the Primary kids and I loved Primary music. I have served in that capacity 3 different times through the years. I was Ninth Ward Choir Director for 15 years. I was asked to do all of the Ward Sacrament Meeting Christmas programs. I always put together the narration with all of the music and at times used Young Men and Young Women as well as the Ward Choir and Primary children. I was also involved every December in putting together a program for our Ward Christmas Dinner and Social. In this calling, I was also asked to take care of the Easter Sacrament Meeting program. Of course, the choir always performed. We were responsible to furnish the music for the 3rd Sunday of every month which was High Council Sunday. Through those years, we have done some wonderful programs with beautiful music. The choir members were very faithful and supported me well. Through the years from when David was bishop in 1975, the bishops of our ward called upon me to be responsible for the music at funerals in the Ward. It was a big responsibility (we had many funerals), but people always responded well.

I love to sing and have belonged to singing groups and several sextets all of my life since I was 13 years old. All through high school, it was with 7 girls and we were very close friends and still are today. Then it was with women and close friends within wards that we lived in. Finally, 10 of us within our Stake that were good friends formed a group we called the M and M's which stood for Musical Moms. Florine Berston was our accompanist. She is the best. We practiced every Monday night. We did a lot of singing and performing up and down the Valley. We quit only recently when our voices started changing. Music has been a major part of my life and I have loved singing and being involved with good friends and music talent. I have sung with my own brothers and sisters and we have put on programs many times. That has always been a pleasure. I love singing with our kids. I am proud of each one of them and realized they have a talent with which many are not blessed. Music definitely binds a family together just as family prayer does. As our children grew up and traveled in the car together, we sang a lot. David had an old mandolin that I re-strung into a ukelele. I would play the ukelele and we would sing as we traveled. Many of the songs were fun songs such as "Mister Moon, Mister Moon," our favorite.

I am so grateful to the Lord that He extended my life after my cancer experience. Since that time, we have witnessed the births and have been involved in the lives of another 7 grandchildren and 1 great granddaughter. Altogether, we have 16 grandchildren — 6 granddaughters and 10 grandsons. Five of them have either served a mission or are serving at the present time. All of our grandchildren (and great granddaughter) are very special to us, but 2 of these children had special circumstances and were in a foreign setting and a foreign nest until their birth and arrival to Curtis and Kris. We are so grateful for all these grandchildren who have blessed our lives.

David and I have had the experience of officiating in the Idaho Falls Temple for the past 8 years. It has been a very special experience for both of us. When I'm in the Temple, I feel so comfortable and safe. I feel like I am at home.

In August of 2000, I suddenly lost the sight in my right eye. This is the eye I have done most of my seeing with all my life. It is as if a big black spot is over the entire retina. I see some light

and figures out of the sides, but my vision in that eye is gone. I was diagnosed with wet macular degeneration in that eye and with dry macular degeneration in the other eye. Even though laser treatments have been done a number of times, there has been no change in vision. I can still see enough to get by with my left eye which has never been good. My condition is very strange and disorienting to me. It affects my balance and my perception. I am thankful, however, that I still have some vision and some independence. The Lord has been very good to me.

I've had lots of experiences that I have not touched on. Some are important and interesting, others are just experiences. I have had a good life. I was blessed with a very good husband whom I love deeply. He is half of me. I was blessed with obedient, special children who have loved and respected me, and they have loved the Lord and have wanted to keep His commandments. They are the other half of me. I have a very solid and firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know He lives. He is my Savior. He died to take away my sins. I love my Father in Heaven who answers my prayers through His Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Gordon Reed Andrus (Written by Alyn)

Gordon Reed Andrus was born March 4, 1936 in Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho. He was baptized November 4, 1944. He died August 17, 1946. He was endowed November 13, 1946 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

Gordon was the 3rd child and 2nd son born to Melba Phyllis Brown and Samuel Reed Andrus. His mind was bright. His disposition was pleasant. He was patient, understanding and, according to memory, never demonstrated frustration through tantrum or angry words. He was sensitive to the feelings and needs of others. He was considerate and courteous in social relationships. He was loved by all who knew him and loved all whom he knew. He was physically active. He loved work. Especially, he loved outside work — work on the farm with his father, brothers (Alyn and Robert), and sister (Geniece). He was a choice soul and special blessing in the home to which he came.

Now, lest anyone reading this should assume exaggeration in honoring a little boy whose death was both tragic and premature, according to mortal measurements, please know that such

assumption is invalid. As a matter of fact, this description of Gordon was written with care and discipline. More, much more, could have been written indicating his goodness. My personal testimony is this: To work with Gordon was a pleasure because he was so cooperative and eager to please. As a result, one could hardly become angry with him. In fact, Gordon was a peacemaker.

Gordon loved his father. He chose to be with him whenever possible. And his father loved and trusted him. In fact, Dad trusted Gordon so much, he taught him to operate farm machinery though Gordon was so small he could not manage clutch and brake pedals without sliding off the seat. When he learned to drive the truck, he would slide off the seat, push in the clutch pedal, shift gears, then pop back up to see where he was going. His left hand never left the steering wheel, but for a second or two Gordon, otherwise, was not visible. He drove tractor the same way. That is, he had to slide off the seat to reach the clutch pedal. But in all this procedure, he never let truck or tractor stray — the truck stayed on the road and the tractor in its path.

While just a little fellow, before learning to drive, a wooden panel from a sheep pen fell, breaking Gordon's leg. He wore a cast for 6 weeks and got around on crutches. He was as adept at locomotion on crutches as in maneuvering machinery later. He moved rapidly and smoothly. His cast was covered with signatures and "get well wishes" written by loved ones and friends.

A poem composed by Aunt Beulah (Beutler) summarized Gordon and his brief life. She wrote:

They've taken you away, little Gordon of mine,
to a realm of joys and beauty sublime.
But one thing, my dear, they shall never erase,
the memory of your smiling face.

Ah, daily you trod in your Daddy's step,
always with vim, vigor and pep.
If he needed aid, you were always there
to help your Daddy, his burdens to share.

You were a regular guy, Gordon dear,
it seemed you never had a thing to fear.
You would sit upon that tractor seat,
and folks said you were hard to beat.
The truck you handled, too, little guy,
and folks seemed to wonder why.

I can tell them, little student of mine,
about your talents and abilities fine.
Daily at school your smile would grow;
your smile influenced others row by row.

"Aunt Beulah," you would say,
"I studied my spelling today.
"And wait, I'm not quite through,
"I can tell you a story, too."

The students would listen with mouths open wide,
for what from them had you to hide?
Nothing to hide, but something to give —
something that helped others to live.
That great big grin across your face,
the memory of that they shall never erase.

I saw you, dear, the other night.
I saw you In the gray lamp light.
I saw you at Grandma's place.
I can see you now — your smiling face.
I teased you about your curly lock.
Did you turn and give me a nasty sock?
No. You turned and gave me a happy grin.
That was what came from deep within.

You've lived a full life in a few short years,
devoid of cross words and homely fears.
You've taught each and every one
the joys of being a dutiful son.

May we catch from you the golden ray
that you imparted day by day —
The ray of life, of light and love;
The ray engendered from heaven above.

Gordon's death has been described with some detail in other parts of this history, particularly that part of Chapter 5 which relates to his mother. To describe his death in the same detail here would be not only redundant, but inappropriate. Accordingly, I shall write only that which follows.

Gordon was killed at the Ucon Bonded Mill when he attempted to get in the truck as Dad was backing off the scales. As he stood on the running board holding onto the door, I pushed the door open. He fell and the wheel on the passenger's side of the truck rolled over his head. He died en route to the hospital in his father's arms.

Dad felt responsible for Gordon's death. He felt he should not have put the truck in motion until Gordon and I both were safely in the truck. But Dad was no more responsible for Gordon's death than I — I pushed the door open. Why? I don't know. Certainly, it was not a calculated act of malicious perfidy. I loved Gordon. We had been together and had worked with each other for the better part of 10 years. To have thought of killing him would have horrified me. But while Dad unloaded the truck, Gordon and I played in front of the mill. We teased each other, and perhaps the final act in our frivolous play was my pushing open the truck door.

Previously, I indicated Gordon's death was tragic and premature. It was because he never made the contributions that may have been his privilege to offer in this "lone and dreary" world needing good people. Furthermore, he lost the privilege of living out his life, and blessing lives of others in multitudinous ways. And finally, he lost the privilege to marry and raise children — to enjoy all blessings this may encompass. But the most tragic consequence of all, perhaps, was the terrible burden of guilt under which Dad labored throughout the rest of his life.

No words passed between Dad and me regarding the cause of Gordon's death. No words could have assuaged feelings we both experienced. Nothing could be done except resolve that future

endeavor would never allow for such waste, insofar as that might be humanly possible. So far as I was concerned, a resolve materialized that whatever must be done to atone for the past would be done; and never would I be anything, but a worthy example for brothers and sisters who remained — an example worthy of God's forgiveness and commendation.

As word circulated around the community that Gordon was dead, people came to the house by scores offering condolences and help. Mother wrote in her history: "Everyone was so kind and helpful to us. One never knows about their friends until tragedy comes."

The funeral was attended by more people than the old church building would accommodate. Many stood outside. The service featured Uncle Tom (Andrus) as speaker. He developed his address around Eugene Field's poem Little Boy Blue. Mother used to sing that to us children. It was a family favorite. After the funeral, however, it was seldom recited or sung. Following the funeral service, I heard people say what a "masterpiece" Uncle Tom's address had been.

The words in Eugene Field's poem are so appropriate to Gordon and the life he lived, they must be given here.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said.
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of his precious toys.
But as he was dreaming an angel's song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, while waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Today as I read the poem, I think of Gordon's siblings as the little toy dog and the soldier. I think of the house in which he grew as the little chair. Time was when we were young and "passing fair." And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue — our brother and companion — bid us goodby and left to join the Angels' choir. And through the years since his passing, we have stood in the "same old place," living gospel principles, remaining faithful and true to each other, sturdily and staunchly, though contrary to his words, we have made a little noise now and then. And the accumulated dust of age may have taken its toll. But surely, we all await in anxious expectancy the touch of "a little hand, the smile of a little face" as we gather in a happier place within felicitous family bonds.

To write this has been a trial because words fail to express feelings. Nevertheless, to write it has been an honor and privilege. Even in my advanced years Gordon has strengthened my resolve to be a better man. I thank him for that, and for fond memories. I await, in anxious timidity, the moment I face Gordon, requesting his forgiveness. I know what he will do. He will draw me into his embrace with the assurance that all is right. That will be a purging moment. Alyn

Charles Robert Andrus (popularly known as "Uncle Bob" to Seniors of Bonneville High School)

My full name is Charles Robert Andrus. I was named after my two grandfathers — an honor, one that I would not expand upon, but in my own way I'm not a bad sort of fellow. And after all is said and done and we enter through the Pearly Gates, if my lot is

to fire the furnace for better men such as Charlie Brown and Rob Andrus, I will consider it an honor.

I'm a married man, and Jean and I have 7 kids. My wife is Jean Caroline McBride. Our kids are: Kerry Robert, CharDawn, Charles Thayne, Stephanie, Patrick Shaun, Kate, and Jamie.

Our girls only received one name because we didn't want to burden them with too many names should they marry. That saves ink and paper and is less confusing. The boys got a couple of names so they could brag about their two names.

People, when they write histories, tend to embellish the truth. They believe it makes them look better than they really are and of course they start to like themselves for what they are not. I plan on just telling it the way it really was and is because I already like myself just a little bit.

I was born 1 Sept. of '37' at Idaho Falls, Idaho to S. Reed and Melba Brown Andrus. Why, I remember the day I was born. The lightning struck and the thunder rolled — just kidding!

There were 9 of us kids in the family. And in those days we seemed to get along O.K. As we married and went our separate ways, contentions would sometimes arise and we are not as close as we once were under the influence of Mom and Dad.

My parents did a super good job with us kids. Dad was an honorable man, one with sound principles. Mom was an angel sent from God to bless our lives.

I had a good childhood. I loved growing up. Everything about my youth and teenage years was A-1 O.K. My only regret was that I wasn't born 20 years sooner. I wanted more of the horse and buggy years.

As kids, we played hard and worked hard. We played mostly at night when the work was done. All the neighborhood kids, old and young, would come to our place. We had a vacant lot across the street and we would play Kick the Can, Dare Base, and Annie I Over. Alyn would set posts in the grass with a rope around the posts, and we would box. Yup! One year we got boxing gloves for Christmas. We were really pretty darn good and that skill saved my bacon a couple of times. We also had a boxing team in Junior High School with J. Darwin Baxter as coach. We were dang good!

We were a rather poor family what with the Depression and World War II. So we kids would create our own entertainment.

We made swords to play the Viking game. Our swords were lath sticks all made fancy and our shields were pieces of wood with a leather strap. We had hay and straw stacks to jump off from. Kendall and I had really neat farms down in the bottom of the church lot amongst the mighty cottonwood trees. All our toys we made from sticks and steel from Miskin Scraper Works. We had tractors, trucks, derricks, fences. Wow! Double Wow!

Winters were fun for us. Lots of snow in those years and weather temperatures of 20-30 degrees below zero. We would play ice hockey in the Anderson Canal with the use of willows and rocks. The winter of '49' we were out of school due to road closures of drifted snow for 6 weeks. Nobody could go anywhere. What a blast! We played ball in the Ucon High School gym in the morning and played Tarzan off the trees and drifts in the afternoons. Karl Devenport would entrust the key to one of the older boys, so we could get in the School.

Now, you understand the fun came in between our chores. Dad was making laws in Boise as a State Senator so we were responsible for the livestock. At 30 degrees below zero, we would milk cows in shifts. We didn't have a barn. We simply would squat down with bucket between our legs and juice the cows. Then we would straw and feed them.

Summer entertainment was floating the canals on inner tubes, playing cowboys and Indians at the stock yards in Ucon by the old railroad station. Touch football and sometimes tackle at the church ball park. Once in a while we could do a matinee Saturday movie at the Paramount Theatre in Idaho Falls. Gene Autry and Roy Rogers were our movie heroes.

Bill Pointer of Idaho Falls was our local entertainment. We called Bill "a less fortunate individual" — meaning he didn't have a full deck upstairs. He would take his red wagon and park outside the Paramount and watch Roy Rogers with us kids and he would jump out of his chair and SOB the bad guys who were after Roy Rogers. I remember one summer I was working for Bonneville County Road and Bridge. We were in a pickup heading across the Broadway bridge and there was traffic backed up and some kind of commotion. Bill, who carried a sheriff's badge and a cap pistol, had stopped a motorist from out of town and he was gonna shoot him. Burt Ingram talked Bill out of it, apologized to the tourists,

and things got back to normal. Fun, fun days! By the way, movies were only a dime, milkshakes 15 cents, popcorn a nickel — Wow, eat your heart out.

By the way, we didn't have indoor plumbing. We went down the path to the outhouse, "Sweet Surrender." Sears Roebuck's catalog did the job, and love those flies!

When the end of the day came in Summer and we were all dirty and sweaty from hauling hay, we would take a dip in the Harrison Canal. Dad and Uncle Tom were excellent swimmers. We kids would often team up with the Jenkins kids in Saunders field on the Farmers Friend Canal.

Until I started working for Taylor Lott, Harry Woodland and Karl McDaniel in Swan Valley, my big job on the farm was mowing and raking hay. It took forever with our Super C tractor. We would cut us, Uncle Tom, Uncle Jack, Uncle Howard, and Walquist. When we went to a swather, that became Kendall's job. He did grain plus hay with the old Owatona.

Just a word about our neighbors before I talk about the farm life. We had the best of neighbors: Two Jones families, Bert and Percy, Tutor Sievers, Karl Sievers, Jim McDow, Jim Berry, By Hill, Tom Clayton, O. Higgenbotham, Spence Jenkins, Kenny Dustin, Tom and Rawlie Forbes, Roy Jensen, the Keeles, Defies, Miskins, Devenports, Fretwells, Woodlands, Cleggs, and Grandma Andrus.

Tutor Sievers was the local whistle-maker. He made whistles from willows. He was good, plus we liked to hear him talk. Tom Clayton was the local fisherman. We ate fish from the surrounding canals, thanks to Tom. The grader king was Carl Sievers. He worked for Bonneville County and sometimes would clean a ditch. Strawberry King was O. Higgenbotham. Explosive expert was Kenny Dustin. The holy man, Bishop, was Spencer Jenkins. The tool man was Percy Jones.

Grandma Andrus was the divine one of Ucon. She didn't go to church while I knew her. She couldn't walk very well, but she had been a spiritual giant all her life serving with her husband, Bishop Robert, for 18 years and blessing the lives of many. She spoke in tongues and blessed people. She didn't need the priesthood, she had faith.

I grew up on a farm and worked not only on the family farm but for others, also.

Work was done by hand. Cutting, picking, and hauling spuds, hauling hay, threshing grain, irrigating. It was all hard work.

Alyn, Gordon, Kendall, and I worked hard. Gordon was killed during harvest when he was just a boy. But, he did the work of a man. When Gordon was killed in a farm accident, a part of my light was snuffed out and I know that Dad died a thousand times. Gordon was a true son of God, like the Savior himself. Everybody loved him.

Geniece and I were potato-picking partners. The only people faster than we were Billie Bills and the Woodlands, Ephraim and Bertha. Seven cents a sack or 3 ½ cents a basket. We picked for our relatives, and for Bill Jenkins and Taylor Lott.

I worked on the threshing crew for Taylor Lott. I ran a bundle wagon. We did Bill Jenkins, George Byram, Wendell Harmon and Taylor Lott. I even helped Oliver Robinson one year just before Christmas. There was snow on the shocks of grain. By the way, gathering bundles and putting them in shocks was another hard job. Bucking spuds was perhaps the hardest job, ever more so than bucking hay. Kendall and I would hire out to the Sargents of Ucon after helping Dad with spuds and we would go until about 2-3 o'clock in the morning.

I spent time in Swan Valley working for Karl and Bonnie McDaniel. I moved pipe along with the other farm work. They were at that time building Palisades Dam. I fell in love with Swan Valley and all the girls of the valley. Sweet, sweet memories! I even became a fast draw with my Smith and Wesson. Billie the Kid would never have been a match for the likes of me!

My heart was broken when in Holland as a missionary. Mother wrote me that Bonnie and Karl's girl, Mary Gale, was killed. Her tractor went off in the Snake River.

Kerry and Thayne both moved pipe on the same farm many years after I left.

Oh, the days of youth and glory, would that I could have them again. I believe that all the evils of the world could be done away with if everybody could work hard and have the kind of friends and neighbors I had. Today, for the most part in this country, our kids are spoiled. They don't work; and they have too many toys.

My work experience is listed as follows: Along with farm work I drove truck for Bonneville County; I Worked on the Road and

Bridge gang for Bonneville County; I drove delivery truck for Associated Grocers of Idaho; I Worked on a survey crew on Interstate 15; I Was head compaction expert for I-15 construction, Idaho Falls, Idaho; I welded for Hallway Manufacturing and Miskin Scraper Works; I ran the boilers at Ricks College; I worked maintenance at Idaho State University; I worked at Andy's Service Station, the night shift; I worked a night shift at U and I Sugar Company; I worked a night shift at Idaho Potato Growers; I fueled airlines at the Idaho Falls airport; I was night custodian for the Seminary at Bonneville; I was custodian for the Annex Building at Bonneville; I custom plowed with the help of Kerry and Thayne; I taught school at Bonneville High School for 34 years; I taught Government and Economics at Skyline High School in a summer program for 20 years; I taught night school at Idaho Falls High School; I taught citizen classes for adults for the State of Idaho for a dozen years; I was coordinator for I.S.U. evening classes at Eagle Rock Jr. High School for a number of years; and I taught government for Senior Citizens wanting to get their G.E.D. My teaching years were good to me. My Patriarchal Blessing stated that many would call me blessed. Well, that may have been in the classrooms of the Snake River Valley more than within the church, except for the mission field, and a Sunday School class of semi-active members I was assigned to teach in Ucon Second Ward. Otherwise, the Church has been somewhat of a trial for me. However, I'm presently employed by the Church as a security guard at the Idaho Falls Temple.

I still farm a little. I sold my farm to Patrick, but I do rent Arlan Ball's place. I have really enjoyed farming and having beef cattle through the years. When I was no longer able to rent Uncle Tom's farm, I sold my place to Patrick.

I've always worked three jobs at the same time. I have no patience with people who are lazy. I don't care for Wall Street Bums, people with a lot of money. The salt of the earth are hard-working people who sweat.

I loved teaching. I worked mostly with seniors and was class advisor for about 30 years. Most of my teaching experiences were positive and I love those kids and enjoy bumping into them from time to time.

My schooling took place in Ucon Grade School, Ucon Junior High, Bonneville Ninth Grade at Ucon, Bonneville High School at Ammon, Ricks College at Rexburg, Idaho State University at Pocatello, Royalton College in Vermont, a summer at Utah State University in Logan, and night classes through B.Y.U.

My best college experience was at a school in Vermont, Royalton College. There, I did summer graduate work in World Economics and International Law.

Ricks College was the fun years where I sang a lot. I sang in the Messiah and an operetta. I starred in A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. We also did a lot of singing throughout the valley.

Dad and Mom encouraged us to further our education, but we had to do it on our own. They had no money. So I worked a lot. At Ricks, I worked in a 'tator warehouse for Remingtons. We loaded railroad cars at night and I was boiler operator at the college. At I.S.U. I worked for maintenance and put in 50 hours a week at an all-night service station. I carried 18-21 credits per semester and worked 60 hours a week. And yet I loved it. Now ya know why I don't care for lazy, whimpy people. I would go home on a Saturday in the summer and help Dad out on the farm when Kendall was in the mission field.

When I was in the mission field, Dad sent me $50 per month. A lot of money then. Mom and Dad never had money. Dad couldn't have done it without Kendall. I'm in their debt.

I was always prepared to teach. I taught U.S. Government mostly. I read everything to prepare myself. I committed to memory my lessons.

I served a mission for the church from October 1957 to May 1960. I served in the Netherlands (Holland) and part of Belgium. It was a good experience. I also served 3 stake missions. The last one with my wife, Jean. The first and last were the good missions. Our baptisms in Holland brought some very special people into the Kingdom. The mission that Jean and I served ended with some good people being activated and baptized. I became a much better person as a result of those missions.

Bob DeRuijter, Brother and Sister Visser, Thomas Kraijveld, the Olie family, Sister LaFrandt, all beautiful people, and their posterity now bless the Church. I was privileged while serving in

Holland to serve as Branch President, District President and Traveling Elder. Here at home I was benched by the locals, but that's O.K. — it's not my loss entirely. My jobs in the Church in Ucon have been teaching the teenagers, the Gospel Doctrine Class, and the Gospel Essentials Class. I have been Priesthood adviser to the Teachers Quorum, a Seventy, a High Priest Group leader, an Elders Quorum President, a couple of times, in Stake Sunday School leadership, Ward Sunday School leadership, but never in a bishopric or on a high council. Those jobs were reserved for others.

So far as I am concerned, a weakness in the Mormon church at the local level is a lack of true leadership. People need to be loved. Locally we don't do that as well as we should. Love, I say, can overcome all obstacles.

My mission to Holland was the right time for me. We were given freedom to use our intellect and talents. We did our own lessons. We gave performances with an all-mission choir. We played tournament basketball with the Dutch cops. We taught at the University. We had a few miracles happen in Holland, and as a result I have a strong testimony of the Restored Gospel. God lives. Christ is our Savior. There is life after death.

Married life is bliss. I'm married to a really good woman, Jean Caroline McBride, from Burley, actually View, Idaho — a hard-working farm girl.

Jean and I met the fall of 1960 at Ricks College and were married 1 Sept 1961 in the Idaho Falls Temple. We literally bumped heads scrubbing pots and pans at the cafeteria at Ricks. I ran the boilers and Jean worked at the cafeteria. My boilers lost steam for a while, so when it fired up again, I went up to the cafeteria to help out. I walked Jean home to the dorm on College Avenue, and our courtship was off and runnin'. I dated a lot of girls, but this girl was different. I liked the way she cuddled. She wasn't mouthy but rather quiet. Jean throughout the years has never nagged or complained. She has lived on very little money. She has never traveled far. What money she has had has been given to the kids and co-workers at the hospital. She has been a good mom to seven kids and worked as a nurse for many years. I was rarely home while our kids grew up. Jean was always there for them, being both mom and dad. Jean has a very tender heart

and has many friends who need her kindly character. She has given birth to 7 kids and I love them all and I'm proud of their characters. They haven't made a lot of money and they are not hot shots in society and the church, but they are, for the most part, the salt of the earth — kind people. Honesty is a needed virtue. Our kids are honest. Dependability is another virtue. Our kids are dependable. They don't pretend to be something they are not.

Kerry is proud to be an Andrus. He has no malice in his heart. He was my tractor operator when still a small lad. CharDawn is a fireball mom and community service worker. Thayne is the never-give-up guy, a hard worker and loyal employee. The people he works for love him. Stephanie is the cook of fine foods and the teacher. She is a natural teacher. I've witnessed that in her classroom a number of times. Patrick gave me grey hair and ulcers, but is now the father of two smart, handsome boys, and he took over my brand, the famous Andrus A. He and Stephanie Ritchie were married, as the others were, for eternity. Kate, the holy one of the tribe, finally settled into marriage with a ready-made family. She is the health-care gal of Salt Lake City. Jamie finished the grey hair and ulcer job on me and bankrupted her mother. She now almost has her Masters Degree in Athletic Administration and is working at the University of Utah, a neat kid. Five of our kids served missions for the church: Kerry in Toronto, Canada; CharDawn in Hawaii; Thayne in Virginia and North Carolina; Stephanie in Spain, Seville; and Kate in Micronesia, Guam.

Jamie is the only one who has not married. Kerry and Wendee (now divorced) had no children. CharDawn and Blair have five children: Matasia, Curtis, Keysha, Pearce, and Alyssa (Charlie). Thayne and Tammy have three children: Kayla, Natalie and Sam. Stephanie and Darrin have four children: Kyle, Nathan, Tyson, and Jacklyn (Jackie). Patrick and Stephanie have two boys: Sullivan and Duncan. Kate and Josh have two children: Ashton and Gavvy. Grand total: 16 grandkids.

In my father and mother's family, due to my age, I was close to Gordon and Kendall. I was somewhat close to Alyn and Geniece. At Ricks College, I would dance a lot with Portia. At home, I really don't know much about the younger three kids.

Today I'm very close to Geniece. Mary Jean is my neighbor and "Bud." Kendall, Rich and I have sung a lot together. And Therel has played for the family on the piano. Kendall and I are daily jerks around the big valley. In school Alyn was my football hero and today Geniece is my idol.

With my own kids, I love them all and beg them to be patient with this old guy.

Music has always been an important part of my life. I've sung all my life. I've sung in the shower, oops, tub! (We don't have a shower). On the throne, out in the field, in church, in the community, in family programs, in the mission field, in the army reserves, at school, at college. I've done solos, duets, quartets, choirs, and Rich, Kendall and I have trioed for years. We've done a lot of programs and sung at many funerals. I've been the chorister for Sunday School, Sacrament Meetings and the Choir Director for a couple of wards.

I was once honored to be the only tenor at State Music Festival to receive a superior rating. Now, however, I can't sing worth Sour Grapes! But I still try.

I've sung in an all-church youth choir at Salt Lake City a couple of times. We had an all-mission choir in Holland and did a concert at the concert hall in Amsterdam. I've sung with the Idaho Falls Choral, the Upper Valley Choral, Ricks College choirs, Bonneville High School choirs. I've been solo in several musicals in high school and college — good memories and lots of fun.

In the field of politics (note I saved the naughty for the last), I'm a Democrat. A Thomas Jefferson, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman Democrat. I care about people. I care about working people. I care about the poor and the oppressed. I support projects that help people get an education and provide work for Americans. I care about exploration of ideas and opinions, new frontiers, preserving our heritage, preserving our constitutional principles.

I'm an independent thinker, but I like the Democratic philosophy. I often disagree with candidates and planks of the party platform. I once ran for the legislature but lost by 300 votes. And that's O.K. I had a lot of Republicans vote for me, and that's O.K., too. If I, with the help of Kendall, had more time to go door on door, I would have won.

I have no pride for the cheap politicians of today. They lie, steal, and cheat to be re-elected. They are much too partisan and they are controlled by special interests. Idaho cannot be proud of our congressional delegation. They don't do much — they are mostly rubber stamps for the leadership.

I joined the Army Reserve in 1955 after graduation from high school. Gordon Harmon and I went to Fort Ord, California for our basic training. There were home meetings on the weekends every other week, then once a year for two weeks we would go to an army base for updated training. I went to Fort Lewis, Washington. My home base was first at Rexburg, then at Pocatello. At Rexburg my MOS was chef; at Pocatello we were Infantry. So I did combat training. There is an enormous expenditure of money for limited results in the Army. I was later at Randolph Air Force Base, and we visited the training base at Lackland. I was impressed that the Air Force does a better job than the Army. I've also been to Annapolis and was somewhat impressed. Overall, there are gross waste and mismanagement in the military, but I'm glad I served.

As I close my brief history, I'm an old-fashioned farm boy. I'm proud of my heritage. I'm thankful for the Priesthood of God. I'm grateful for life. I'm thankful for my family. I hope I may stay healthy that I may continue to do security at the temple and farm a little to stay happy. By the way, anybody want to arm wrestle? I'm now working out at the World Gym. Neat, huh?

Kendall Wayne Andrus

I, Kendall Wayne Andrus, was born November 21, 1939 in Idaho Falls Idaho, and baptized January 3, 1948. My endowment came August 10, 1960 before leaving for the Canadian Mission, headquartered in Toronto. I married Linda Rae Biornstad on September 21, 1962, in the Idaho Falls LDS temple before moving to Provo, Utah to complete our degrees in education at Brigham Young University.

A major thrill of my life was teaching elementary school for 39 years at Lincoln, Iona, Hillview, Ammon, and Tie-Breaker Elementary Schools. I loved those children and my relationships with others on the staff. While teaching, I drove school bus and worked summers at Miskin Scraper Works in Ucon, Idaho Falls

Steel, Hallway Steel, and sold shoes at J.C. Penney. Linda taught at Bonneville High School, Ricks College, and BYU-Ricks Continuing Education for 22 years.

We are the parents of 9 children: Kevin Reed (Stacy Lynn Merkley, divorced), Devry Lin (Myron Douglas Nield), Drae Kendall (Jill Rigby), Alesa Gaye (Robert Earl Gulley), Shalae (engaged to John Kuffel), Trent Alyn (Darla Grover), Troy Kenneth (Jennifer RaNae Hoopes), Clay Biornstad (Jennifer Ann King), and Caleb Michael (Karen Watts). Currently, we are the grandparents of 31 grandchildren, and more are expected.

In 1973, Linda and I moved our young family of 5 children from Ucon to Milo. We had purchased a farm of 93 acres from Orville and Julia Loveland. Bishop Kent Jenkins of the Milo Ward asked me to be the Elder's Quorum president, a position in the church I have always cherished. I believe that I filled a timely need. Heaven wanted me to do that which at the time I had no thought of doing. However, at the beginning, I thought it was just another church calling. Other church positions included: High Councilor in the Ucon Stake, Ward Chorister, Choir Director, Gospel Doctrine Teacher, working with the young men and assisting the young women each year on hikes at Girls' Camp.

Being president of the Elder's Quorum required a lot of work in those days, to be done right. We went to Island Park to cut trees for poles and posts, then sold and delivered them to Milo residents. We accomplished temple work, and assignments at the church dry farm on Antelope Flats. Our Elder's Quorum dug a well and cesspool for the Lucy Newman family, piped water into their house, and installed sinks and a bathroom.

In addition, we worked for 3 weeks in Idaho's Teton Dam Flood of 1976 to help victims of that tragedy. We furnished tractors, liquid manure pumps, and men. At that time, my brother, Alyn, was bishop's counselor of the Rexburg Fourth Ward. We pumped out every flooded basement in his ward, for which he and they were very grateful. I enjoyed joking with the Ricks College professors, of whom some were flood victims, about having to get their hands dirty. It was a humbling situation for them. They took the teasing in good stride.

Many are the touching, emotional experiences gained in efforts of service, particularly in the well-installation project for

the Lucy Newman family. We raised money by presenting quality family movies in the church recreation hall. We bought paper copiers and educational items for the ward. We helped finance missionaries by the money we raised. Those were busy, but rewarding times. I loved the work.

With joy, we were instrumental in baptizing some non-members and activating others. One man criticized me for some of these projects; let it be known, this man never once helped on any project — he was too busy creating his millions.

I have always been grateful to those who generously responded with helpful tasks in all the spiritual and temporal callings asked of them. Lives were blessed because of their efforts. My brother Bob was frequently there to help, even though he lived in the Ucon Second Ward.

I always loved dancing and, thank goodness, I married a gal who loved dancing too and danced well. We had a lot of good times together. We married in 1962, attended Brigham Young University, and returned to live in Ucon. Linda graduated and accepted an English teaching position at Bonneville High School. We rented for the first year, then bought a small home on 5 acres in Ucon, the former Glen White house, sometimes called the Higgenbotham home where Glen's wife, Barbara, had grown up. It was painted white, so to us it became the "White House."

Then came our move to Milo. Kevin, Devry, Drae, Alesa, and Shalae had come to us while living in Ucon. The larger house in Milo, though still small, was a welcome item. The farm was to become the home of Trent, Troy, Clay, and Caleb, the 4 younger boys. They only knew of the home in Ucon as they were told or shown.

These were extremely busy times. Linda with 9 children — cooking, cleaning, sewing, and eternal laundry; and I with farming and teaching school, doing custom farming, working part-time at various jobs, church work (including Elder's Quorum President), 3 and 4 positions at once. Life was very demanding. Linda taught school for 4 years, then stayed home to be with the children. Needless to say, the financial challenge was always before us.

We have rented several farms through the years. In each case, I have left the farm improved from its condition when I started farming it.

I have been a strong believer in the conservative views of the Democratic party. I have never endorsed the extreme left or right of the Party.

In 1977, we bought milk cows, set up the barn, and increased the 10-head herd to 50 milk cows before we sold out in the late 80's under the government buy-out program. Drae was just leaving on his mission to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the day we hauled the cows to market to be sold. Kevin had acquired a truck from a neighbor, and after milking that morning, we loaded the truck and hauled the cows to Idaho Falls Livestock Auction. Then we packed Drae's missionary possessions in the car and drove to Provo, Utah, to the Missionary Training Center (MTC).

Drae filled a mission in the same area Kevin had served in just two years earlier: Louisiana-Baton Rouge Mission, which covered both Louisiana and Mississippi. Alesa and Shalae were called to Texas-Houston Spanish and Tennessee-Nashville. Shalae served in places with unique names like Possum Trot, Kentucky. Caleb followed by serving in Mexico-Chihuahua Mission. I have always been proud of my children. They are hard workers and help others to lighten life's burdens.

From the year 1973, when we moved to Milo, to the present time of this writing, summer of 2004, our family has enjoyed a lot of exciting experiences, heartaches, and tribulation in health, finances, and living.

We were involved with custom farming, raising hay and grain on our own ground, and for one season, peas. We were also involved with dairy, milking up to 52 cows for a number of years, renting extra ground, teaching school all this time, and helping any neighbor, friend, or anyone who needed help in any way, and many other services to people in the community. I've never been ashamed of the service I've rendered to people in need, to family, or in church service. In fact, I've always welcomed the opportunity to give and help, when possible.

Some of that help includes donating to missionaries, missionary service, working at the cannery, and on the welfare farm. With the many and varied services, it worked a hardship and sacrifice on my family in order that I might help others. Drae spent more than his share of time milking cows; Kevin did tractor

work; and the younger boys, Trent, Troy, Clay, and Caleb filled in all the varied responsibilities that farm work brings.

How Linda cared for the family with all their demands when I was gone practically all the time is still humbling and astonishing to me. At the time, I was not cognizant of the many sacrifices she made, but in retrospect, my heart goes out to her in the challenges she faced so nobly, rearing her 9 children and meeting so many demands which I was good at producing. I'm sure life wasn't always the happiest for her.

In 1985, Caleb began kindergarten. The day before school began for the new school year, Linda received a telephone call to renew her service as an English teacher in School District #93. I was harvesting grain, and Linda was baling hay and straw when she renewed the English teaching experience she had vacated 15 years earlier to rear our 9 children, once again adding challenge to the family and to Linda with all the many responsibilities we were pursuing.

During this time, Linda also held many and varied church responsibilities. She was somehow always helping someone in the neighborhood in some type of service; through these varying times I felt the blessings of our God affecting and supporting our lives both in health (though the children had many accidents in life) and in finances. When the doors seemed to be closed, Heaven seemed to open them and provide a way to meet our obligations in an honorable way.

All my life, I have worked hard physically, even with an injured back received years before in an 8th grade physical education class. Heaven has blessed me to endure the pain and to accomplish the many physical tasks, even to this day I can still work physically. My work has been varied. It has ranged from picking and bucking potatoes as a child and young man on Dad's farm and on those belonging to aunts/uncles, and neighbor's to hauling hay, both loose and baled.

Further hard, physical labor included hauling mail from the Idaho Falls train depot to the Idaho Falls U.S. Post Office 365 days out of the year. Some of the parcel post bags weighed 100-125 pounds when the Time and Look magazines came in. The job also included hauling Post Register newspapers from Idaho Falls to the train depot and then a run at 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning

to Blackfoot. I started the job when I was 16. That responsibility ended for me when I left for the Canadian Mission at age 21.

My oldest brother Alyn has written about me:

> During his life, Kendall has made friends easily and gotten along well with others. Everyone seemed to like him, his humor and his ability to make life a light and happy experience. Dad came to depend on Kendall to do much of the farm work. When Dad's health broke, without Kendall the farm would have suffered from neglect. Consequently, Dad and Kendall developed a close relationship, perhaps closer than Dad's relationship with his other boys.
>
> Kendall has a beautiful singing voice and loves to sing. He has participated in high school, college, community, and ward choirs from teenage years to the present. He has also sung widely throughout the Snake River Valley with his brothers, Robert and Rich. Finally, he has held lead parts in productions such as the King in The King and I, the Prince in The Student Prince, Petruccio in The Taming of the Shrew, Professor Henry Higgins in My Fair Lady, and Vashek in Smetana's grand opera The Bartered Bride.
>
> Kendall played football for Bonneville High School. He was a lineman who loved the sport and was good at his assigned position. He began playing football at Ricks College, but Dad suffered a heart attack, so Kendall dropped several classes and football to care for the farm. Nevertheless, he continued to carry some college classes along with farm work.
>
> Kendall is a staunch defender of what he believes to be right. He exercised that trait, in part, by serving a proselyting mission for the LDS Church in Ontario, Canada. President Thomas S. Monson, for whom Kendall has deep respect, was his mission president.

In junior high and high school, I was in many plays. I had the privilege of attending many music conventions including All State Choir and All Northwest Choirs, both very rewarding experiences.

But the time I cherish most in life was my positive and close relationship with my parents who influenced every facet of my life — spiritually, morally, and politically. Mom would always say, "Kendall, be a good boy." In no way could I ever mar their integrity.

A break from the physical work came in 1980 when Drae was released from his mission. Linda, Alesa, and I traveled to the Capitol of Mississippi to bring Drae home. We had two fun weeks driving, singing, and visiting. We had a wonderful experience on the Mississippi Delta visiting some of Kevin's and Drae's former acquaintances from Mobile Bay to Pensacola, Florida. It was a real treat! On the way home we visited Hannibal, Missouri, Mark Twain's writing-home of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Then we drove on to Far West, Adam-ondi-Ahman, Liberty Jail, and the temple site in Independence, Missouri, Harry and Bess Truman's old home and their memorial, and then on to Nauvoo, Illinois.

The trip was an experience that will always be remembered. I'm grateful for seeing the faces at Mt. Rushmore, then returning home through Antelope Flats and the "green, green fields of home," the gem state of Idaho with its varied seasons, weather, and beauties. As the poet once said, "East or West, Home is Best." Every time we have ever left Idaho and then crossed the state line on our way home, the family and I would sing our state song, "Here We Have Idaho." This is a tradition our family carried down from my father's family.

Our children studied piano, organ, voice, violin, viola, cello, drums, trumpet and saxophone.

Since our trip to the South, Linda and I have had the opportunity of visiting the Southwest and the Boston area. We even had a chance to visit the family of our exchange student daughter, Cristina Mudrea from Moldova in Eastern Europe. We also toured Romania and Ukraine with their own unique beauties.

When our youngest daughter, Shalae, moved to the East coast, I was wary about her decision. However, it proved to be a delightful and positive experience, not only for Shalae, but also for Linda and me, because we have been able to visit her and she has shown us historical sites of our founding fathers dear to my heart. The Old North Church, Lexington and Concord, the Norman Rockwell Art Museum, the birthplace of a prophet of God, Joseph

Smith, in Vermont, the Hill Cumorah in New York state where the angel Moroni of old buried gold plates containing the history of the American Indians, on to the waters of the great St. Lawrence River and Niagara Falls, only fifty miles south of where I spent my first few months as an ambassador for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. I've been very blessed to have these opportunities.

Linda also had the privilege of walking in Italy, Egypt and Jerusalem, what most people call the Holy Land, but I call the land of turmoil and unrest. It was her privilege to also visit some of the lands of the Book of Mormon — Mexico and Guatemala, and see some of the buildings of the ancients of this continent. But in regard to all of this, nothing is as important or beautiful as our own children and grandchildren that we have been blessed to have, and to them I say: If you want to live a happy life and a fulfilling life, keep the commandments of Jesus Christ and follow his precepts.

One year in my youth, I even worked on the thrashing crew with my brother Bob down on the George Byram farm. Did they put on a feed for the thrashing crew! The grain was tied in bundles, stood on end and left to dry in the hot Idaho sunshine. This process was called "shocking the grain." When the grain bundles were dry, they were carried by wagon to the jaws of the thrashing machine, standing stationary in one part of the farmstead. Mountains of loose straw for feeding cows and horses blew out one end of the thrashing machine. The grain, separated from its stalk, was poured into 100 pound burlap sacks or dumped into pickup trucks or a bobtail, two-ton truck. Next, the grain was transported and augured into wooden granaries near the house, or hauled to market.

After the thrashing machine, the combine was invented. The first combine Dad owned was a Case. As children, we enjoyed chewing grain like chewing gum. We also liked Black Jack chewing gum. In the "North Field" one sunny harvest day, brothers Gordon and Bob teasingly told me that if I chewed the grain long enough, it would turn black like Black Jack gum. "They were spoofing me!"

Another fun and memorable time was sheep-shearing in the spring of the year. Our responsibilities as youth included

tromping the wool to make room for as much wool as possible in the long 10 foot burlap sacks. When I was between 16 and 18 years old, I drove Dad's green 1951 Chevy cab-over truck, purchased from Brent Bell of Rexburg, up Dan Creek and a little further south to Lava Creek to bring out the wool Uncle Howard had sheared. It's beautiful up there. Hell Creek runs into Dan Creek, which runs into Willow Creek, which runs into the Snake River. Lava Creek runs into Outlet Creek, the outlet for Grey's Lake.

I also helped Uncle Howard dock his sheep. We boys would hold the lambs while Unc castrated them. If not, the meat became "bully," tough and strong-flavored. Unc used his teeth to pull the sheep's testicles, because he needed both hands free for cutting. Each "lambing" time we would get a few "bum" lambs from Unc to raise for meat. Aunt Dot always raised bum lambs and chickens. We helped Unc feed the lambs and sheep by hauling hay in his horse-drawn wagon. He fed hay pellets to the ewes when they were in the lambing sheds south of his house.

Each lambing shed had 2 rows of small, individual ewe pens down each side, with an aisle in the middle. The buildings were rectangular with 4-foot sides and a long canvas roof stretched overhead. Each ewe had one or two lambs. We had to make sure the lambs would nurse and that the ewes would accept their lambs. Sometimes, we had to teach the lambs to nurse by putting our fingers in their mouths. Occasionally, the old ewe would bunt the newborn lamb away, rejecting them. They became "bum" lambs and had to be bottle-fed. The sheep herds had to be checked day and night. If the ewe had twins and one twin died, the dead lamb was skinned, and the skin was placed on the back of the other twin until the ewe accepted it. Ewes can nurse two lambs at a time.

Dad's friend, John Fuller, had Jersey bull calves that were "not worth ten cents" because there was not a lot of meat on them. John gave the bull calves away or charged very little. John was a philosophizer; he had weird ideas about religion, but he was a good man. He and Dad were always in religious discussions. He had four children. Sadly, John's missionary son, David, died of asphyxiation. Both elders (David and companion) died of gas poisoning from a faulty heating system in their missionary

apartment. As a young married couple, Linda and I bought a dresser and old freezer from John. The dresser is still in use, 42 years later.

When I was young we had a neighbor, Mr. Higginbotham. Everyone called him "Hig." He liked Reed Andrus and Reed Andrus' kids. He offered to let me take his 16-gauge pump Winchester. I brought home a couple of pheasants to Mother, but she sternly refused to skin them. Wisely, she made me clean my own birds. She said, "If you can kill them, you can clean them."

As children, we didn't have TV. We played all kinds of games. We played war games, walked on tin cans tied to our feet, and made sleds out of old scrap wood. At other times, we played games in Grandmother Andrus' plum bushes. Cowboys and Indians, Kick the Can, and Run Sheep Run were our favorites. We would feast on her apples. Bob and I built play trucks, then we built highways and bridges for the trucks. Another favorite pastime was swinging from tree branches like Tarzan. When the branches cracked and broke, we went crashing to the ground.

We kids ate every apple we could find, off any tree. Grandmother Andrus had all kinds of apples, some were not good until the seasons changed, and they had a good freeze. Grandmother Brown, in Parker, had a wonderful sweet crab apple tree with golf-ball-sized apples. From the sugar beet field, we cut beet tops to cook and eat like spinach.

We kids would go down to Miskin Scraper Works in Ucon where Jimmy McDow punched out metal and drove nails to attach doughnut shaped wheels on our toy trucks. Through our imaginations, we played as if we were real truckers. Robert always had the neatest place. Sometimes we built wooden boats to run in the ditches and down the potato rows. We saved our money and bought cap guns to play Cops and Robbers. Another great memory was floating pea pod boats in our nearby ditches.

We weren't rich enough for a store-bought sled, but one year we received a "real" sled for Christmas, a "Red Flyer" sleigh. We tied the sled behind our horse, or sometimes behind the Super C tractor, or Oliver Robinson's old pickup — anything that would pull us!

One day "Old Tom" Clayton was shooting robins out of his raspberry patch. Bob and I were unloading grain half way

between our place and Grandmother's. Bob was on one side of the grain auger, and I was on the opposite side when a .22 bullet almost hit Bob, but lodged instead in the granary. Tom had no idea of the consequences of his actions.

Before construction of the Palisades Dam, canals were full all winter for watering livestock. We could also ice skate on the frozen canals. We would skate up the Harrison canal to the Farmer's Friend canal, paralleling it. Then we "canal-hopped," or walked to the Anderson canal to skate its patches of ice. Snowdrifts often filled the canals. After the Palisades Dam was built, water was kept in the reservoir for storage purposes.

In summer, we awakened when the sun came up to "do" hay. By three or four o'clock in the afternoon, Dad would say, "OK, let's go swimming!" Dad and Uncle Tom would swim in the canals with us kids. After swimming and doing chores, we worked hay again until dark. That way the hay would toughen with the evening's moisture (dew), and we wouldn't lose the leaves of the loose, unbaled hay.

During haying season, lunch was the biggest meal of the day. The evening meal (supper) was meager, usually consisting of bread and milk, or toast and milk. Once in awhile we would have potato or tomato soup, or cheese sandwiches. Mother was making bread or washing clothes all the time. She bottled all our own fruit — peaches, pears, and apricots. Best of all were Mother's apple dumplings every fall.

Mother was a good cook. We loved her tapioca pudding, carrot cake, and homemade chicken noodle soup, but the big treat was when she made raisin-filled cookies. She made good white beans with ham, and her pumpkin and apple pies were delicious. We often had cooked cereal for breakfast. I used to like cream on mine, or just milk and sugar. In season, we mixed peaches in our cereal, or raspberries, or strawberries from our patch.

After school, the big treat was peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Another after-school treat was graham cracker cookies with chocolate frosting. As kids, we didn't like raw onions, but Dad loved to make raw onion sandwiches on fresh homemade bread. He also loved to buy Fig Newtons, and especially ice cream cones. Another big family treat was a trip to

the A&W root beer stand for a cold, frosty gallon of deliciously refreshing root beer. Years later, I learned that A&W stood for Alice and Willard Marriott — LDS founders of a worldwide hotel chain.

At Christmas, Mother made the best fruit cake with walnuts and raisins. For Thanksgiving, she always made orange-slice cake. Oh, that was good! Every Sunday dinner was roast beef, well done, on the burned side, mashed potatoes, vegetables, and tossed salad. We always had red strawberry Jell-O with fruit cocktail. She set it and then stirred it, different from most preparations. She made yummy Sunday chocolate cake; we liked to eat it with her home-canned peaches. Despite Mother's wonders in the kitchen, we all remember her terrible fear of high places such as Wyoming's Jackson Pass with its steep, winding road.

Traditionally, Sunday night was a time the family gathered to visit, and Mom made cold roast beef sandwiches for everyone. A special event was packing a picnic and driving through Yellowstone Park to see the bears and famous Old Faithful.

As children, we loved watermelon busts, dances, parades, parties, baseball games and water fights. We came from a progressive area, talented in the arts, music and programs such as Dad's minstrel shows with "down South" music and lyrics. One time, Uncle Tom and Taylor Lott did a humorous act of figuring on a roll of toilet paper. My, it was funny!

When we built the new Ucon church in the 50's, everybody turned out! I spent every minute I could, working on that building. Bishop Karl Devenport and I worked on the plumbing together. Some of us kids played in the uncompleted church building. It's amazing that some of us didn't fall through the rafters and get killed there.

My brothers and sisters were all very loving to each other. We were always playing games in the evening after work or gathering around the family piano singing harmoniously. Many of the neighborhood friends would come to our home to play games of Kick the Can, Run Sheep Run, Annie-I-Over, and many more.

My brothers and I would make our own sleds, stilts for walking high, play toys, boats, trucks, pistols for rubber bands,

slings, and flipper crotches to shoot rocks. Money was scarce, but imagination and desires ran high, so we made our own.

Fall was the season of potato picking and earning money for winter coats and school clothes. We picked spuds and bucked sacks of spuds onto wagons and trucks to haul to the potato cellar. It was all hard work and we worked from early morning until late at night, harvesting those potatoes and putting them into the cellar. We worked on our place, then went on to the uncles' places. Often, we went down to the potato warehouse and hauled sacks for Bert Sargent, sometimes finishing in the early morning hours from 12:00 to 2:00 a.m.

We lost our brother, Gordon Reed, in the fall of 1946 in a truck accident. It changed all our lives. I was only about 6 years old, so I wasn't affected like Alyn, Geniece and Bob were. Mom and Dad's hearts were broken. Gordon was very close to his brothers and sisters. He was just a special boy. Many things changed after the accident. Bob and I became closer buddies and have been through all these years. We've been involved in many projects together: farming, custom work, family activities and almost everything.

Bob, Rich and I have sung at many programs, weddings, banquets, funerals, and church meetings, with Therel as our accompanist. Alyn sometimes sang with us. We brothers and sisters put on a church and patriotic program in commemoration of the founding of this nation and the restoration of the gospel in this dispensation. We performed this special commemoration in Sacrament Meeting in many wards and firesides of the Church in Idaho and Utah. That was a spiritually rewarding venture.

Once Bob, Rich and I were given $100 for a performance. In turn, we donated the money to a family whose mother suffered from cancer. We learned to love music in our childhood home where Dad and Mom taught and touched our lives with their own beautiful voices and talents. We grew up in music and culture. Dad was self-educated and possessed the wisdom of Solomon of old. Mom, with her many and varied talents of music and drama, along with Dad's many talents, gave us children a great legacy and direction in life. Most important was the purity and honesty of heart and soul they instilled in us, with an unwavering

conviction in the atonement of Jesus Christ. For my strong heritage, I am grateful.

Portia Andrus Morgan

I was born into this life in the Idaho Falls Hospital on the 23rd of March 1941. I was the 6th child of 9 children born into the Samuel Reed Andrus and Melba Phyllis Brown Family. My parents lived on a farm in Ucon, Idaho that consisted of a 2-acre lot where the house was located and Dad farmed about 70 additional acres. Besides the grain, potatoes, and hay crops, we raised cows and pigs. Our home was small with only 3 bedrooms, a kitchen, front room, small bathroom, and back porch. I remember sleeping 3 in a bed for quite some time, and for some reason, I always had to sleep in the middle. There was no heat in the bedroom, so my mother would warm up the cast iron on our coal stove and iron the sheets before we climbed into bed to keep us warm for a few minutes.

The year I was born was an interesting year in the history of the United States. I was almost 9 months old when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7th of the same year (1941). The Depression had hit earlier and times were hard.

My parents were loving, kind, and caring people. They devoted their lives in working very hard to provide for their family. They were not blessed with a lot of material wealth, very little in fact. They were hard-working, talented, and spiritual. We, as a family, had many great times together. Some of the special times we shared together were gathering around the piano to sing, Christmas caroling, chatting around the dinner table on Sunday afternoon discussing a religious topic, and then playing games outside on the lawn with my father. Some of the games included Pomp, Pomp Pull-away, Steal the Sticks, Run Sheep Run, Kick the Can, and others.

I don't remember very much about my very early years. I do remember hearing my mother tell me about a life-threatening experience that happened to me at the age of 3. In the month of November, 2 of my brothers, Bob and Kendall, who were just older than I, and myself were playing outside. There was a ditch on our property about a half block away from our home and we were playing near the ditch. In November, it was cold enough that the

water in the ditch was frozen over. I lost my balance and fell through the ice into the cold water. My brother Bob, who was the older of the two, got on his tricycle and rode home to get Mother while Kendall, who was nearly 5 years old, tried to help me. I was totally blue when Mother got to me. She wrapped me in a wool blanket and she and my father held and cradled me all through the night, rubbing my frail body to help circulation. My mother always told me it was a blessing from the Lord that I lived.

Another recollection happened when I was 4 years old. My brother Gordon, who was then 10 years of age, was helping Dad and my brother Alyn haul grain. He fell from the running board of the truck. Gordon was called home that day to live back in the presence of our Heavenly Father. I don't remember any of the happenings of that day. The only thing I remember about his death is viewing his body in the casket. He was placed in our home in the living room. His casket was a blue color. I have a very vivid recollection of sitting on the lap of my cousin, Kathleen Phillips, during the funeral. I remember she cried all through the service. I wish I could remember more about Gordon. I know it was very hard on both my parents to lose such a wonderful obedient son. Mother placed a picture of Gordon on our piano. His picture remained on the piano until after both my parents passed away many years later. I have had a great love for Gordon over the years. It gives me great comfort knowing that someday I will be able to know him and spend time with him if I keep myself worthy.

I have many recollections of my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins on both sides of the family, with the exception of my Grandfather Andrus. My Grandfather Andrus died of sugar diabetes before I knew him. Our family had great gatherings at Christmas time for as far back as I can remember with Dad's side of the family. We used to have a family party at Grandma Andrus's house at Christmas time. As I got older, we would rotate meeting at the aunts' and uncles' homes for the Christmas party and then end the night going Christmas caroling. We traveled to the homes of the elderly people in our ward area to sing carols to them. We also traveled to the hospital and old folks home in Idaho Falls to do some caroling, hoping to leave a little Christmas cheer. The Andrus family has always been known for their music.

My brothers and sisters and their families have carried on with this Christmas tradition over the years. Since my marriage, I have always lived away from my home area and so I have missed out on this part of the family's tradition.

My family's Thanksgiving dinners were always spent with my mother's side of the family until the kids in the families started marrying and moving away. Thanksgiving dinner was always fixed at one of three homes — my parents, Aunt Therel's, or Aunt Wilma's. It was rotated each year. My Grandma and Grandpa Brown and all of the family members would gather around decorated tables and feast on wonderful home-cooked food. This was a fun time for all.

Christmas was always a very special time in our home. After the traditional Christmas caroling, my parents always made sure we had a special family hour and family prayer before retiring to our beds anticipating the arrival of Santa Claus. I well remember the feelings I had after being tucked into bed. I could hear the sleigh bells of Santa's sleigh in the distance. Christmas morning was always fun and exciting. We were always up early, like 4:00 to 5:00 o'clock. Mom and Dad always made sure we had a bowl of cereal first, then we would line up from youngest to oldest, and my father would sneak into the front room and turn on the Christmas tree lights. When he would finally open the door and give us the high sign, we scattered in every direction for our very own Christmas sock. Dad and Mom always made sure we had something special, even though it wasn't always what we had asked for or hoped to get. We always had a big Christmas Day dinner later in the day and then topped it off playing games together that Santa had brought for the family.

The winters at home used to be very cold and hard with tons of snow. I well remember the Winter of 1949. I was 8 years old. The snow was so deep that year that we could walk over top of my Grandma Andrus's garage roof. I had lots of fun playing for hours in the snow, building forts and tunnels. One of the favorite games to play in the snow was "Fox and Geese" with neighborhood friends along with my sisters and brothers. Quite often on Saturday afternoons my father and my uncle Tom would tie our sleds to the back of the car or truck and pull us along the

snow-covered roads. This was a lot of fun, but I look back now and think that we were really brave and quite foolish.

I was 4th to the youngest in our family. I had 2 sisters and 1 brother born after me. Each time my mother had one of these babies, I was sent to my Aunt Minnie Phillips home to stay until Mother would come home from the hospital. Aunt Minnie was a wonderful lady and I loved her a lot, but it was while staying at her place that I learned to hate eggs cooked sunny-side up. She had a rule at her home that the food placed on a plate was to be eaten. The eggs placed on my plate were always so runny that I remember hurrying to stuff my mouth with toast to be able to swallow them. To this very day, any fried eggs that I eat have to be cooked hard enough to bounce.

My early recollection of work on the farm was to arise early and eat breakfast so I could herd cows. We used to take the cows from the corral and let them feed on the ditch banks. It was my job, along with my sister, Therel and sometimes my brothers, to watch the cows so they didn't stray off. Herding the cows was not something I loved doing. In fact, sometimes it was downright boring. I can say, however, that it teaches one to have patience. Like any child, I had to learn that in order to play, one has to work first or do chores first. Farm work, for the most part, was tedious, hot, and hard. It wasn't anything I would term as fun. It was, however, very rewarding and it taught me how to work hard all my life. As a result of the work on the farm, I can truly say I have taken great pride in my work over these many years. I have always tried to go the extra mile in any job I have ever had.

Always in the early spring, each day after school was out, my brothers, sisters, and I would hurry home from school, change our clothes, and go to my Uncle Jack's potato cellar to cut potatoes into seed for planting. Dad would then take the cut potatoes and plant them so there would be a full crop for harvesting in the fall.

As I grew old enough, sometimes I would drive the tractor to scatter manure on the farmland as a fertilizer for the crops. Generally, this was my brothers' job, but sometimes we girls had to help with it.

Always in the summer, I had to help drive the tractor to help the men lift and stack the new hay into large haystacks for winter

storage for the livestock. My sisters and I also had to drive truck while the men were harvesting the grain crop.

Summertime was always very busy. Dad always planted lots of potatoes. There were lots of obnoxious weeds. It was the job of us kids to walk along the long rows of potatoes and pull those weeds. I well remember one particular day. I wanted a sun tan. I put my swimming suit on to go pull weeds that day. I was so sunburned and blistered, I could hardly stand to have anyone touch my skin. I learned a very good lesson about taking care of my body.

Each fall, school would be out of session for 2 weeks so the farmers could harvest their potato crops. School kids would get the jobs working for the farmers. Potato harvest consisted of the farmers digging up each row of potatoes with a potato digger pulled behind a tractor. It was the job of us kids to pick each potato up into wire baskets until they were full and then dump them into burlap sacks. When the burlap sack was full we would leave it standing along the potato row to be picked up, put on a truck, and hauled to the potato cellars to be stored and later sold. We were paid by the amount of sacks we picked. We kept track of our picking and were paid after the crop was finished. I remember several years picking potatoes in the snow. Mom used to bring us hot chocolate to drink on those cold days. We always took a sack lunch from home. It was tiring and tedious work, but we also had our fun times with it.

Swimming in the summertime was a favorite pastime for our family, when our work was done. We would go swimming in the canal not far from our home. My dad taught me what little I know about swimming. Sometimes we would pump up old patched tire tubes and float down the canal. That was always lots of fun. Once in a while, for special occasions, we would drive to Heise Hot Springs to swim in a public pool. Heise was about 15 miles from our home. Those were enjoyable times.

One great memory of home was the smell of baked bread. Mother used to bake lots of bread — about twice a week. We used to come home from school to that wonderful smell and have a piece of hot bread and butter. I stand in amazement to this day how my mother ever did what she did for her family each day. The

same goes for my father too. It was not easy raising a large family. But they never complained.

We have so many conveniences now that it is hard to imagine life without flush toilets, automatic washers and dryers, and carpets throughout our homes. I was around 6 years old when we finally had inside bathroom facilities put in our home. I remember, prior to that, we had an old outhouse down in the yard that served as our toilet. Mother used to heat water on the coal stove to pour into a big round tub which was placed in the kitchen for us to bathe in. My mother never had an automatic washer and dryer until I was much older. We had only a conventional washing machine. It took a whole day to just wash the clothes and hang them on the outside clotheslines to dry. We never had carpet on any of the floors until after I was married. Every room had linoleum. We worked hard at scrubbing and waxing the floors to keep them clean and shiny. Quite often on Saturday afternoon when Dad and Mom would clean up to go to town to buy groceries, my sisters and I would hurry to mop and wax the floors to surprise Mom when she returned. It made us feel good and helped take some of the pressure off her.

Families quite often have nicknames for their children. We had nicknames in our family. From a very early age, my father called me either "Pop" or "Poppy." It stayed only in the family. As my brothers got a little older, they also called me by my nickname. I actually liked it a lot. I had this nickname until I left home for college.

My 1st Grade teacher was Mrs. Payne. She was a wonderful teacher and I liked her a lot. I remember liking school. I was always a very shy, quiet little girl. I never had a lot to say, but I listened and did what I was told because I didn't want to get into trouble with anyone.

Girls were not allowed to wear pants or jeans to school. We wore long heavy cotton socks held up by garters on a garter belt. Most of the girls wore brown colored socks. My mother, bless her heart, bought two pairs of white stockings, one for me and one for my sister Therel. I'm sure Mother somehow knew not only how ugly those brown colored ones were, but how much we hated to wear them. She would wash out our stockings each night so we always looked neat and clean.

I don't remember my 2nd Grade teacher and not much about 2nd Grade. My 3rd Grade teacher's name was Miss Pincock. She was young and single. I liked her. I remember an incident in the 3rd Grade which changed a part of me forever. Our class was learning subtraction problems. One day after finishing our work on these math problems, the teacher gave us the answers and had us check our own papers to see how many we had right. I missed every one of the problems. I then realized I had added rather than subtracted. I was afraid, and so instead of going to Miss Pincock and explaining what I had done, I went up to her and said I had lost my paper and couldn't find it. I felt so frightened and yet so guilty from lying, I decided right then that it would never happen again. Since then, I have great pride in being honest in everything. There have been times over the years when I could have been money ahead because a store clerk made a mistake, but I've seen to it that the problem was corrected. I have always tried to be honest in all things.

I had some great school teachers all the way through elementary, junior high, and high school. Many of them were from my hometown and ward and some of them were my very own aunts and uncles. For my early elementary school years, I attended Ucon Elementary School. This school was about 1/4 mile from home. Very few times did I have a ride. I walked to school. My junior high school years, or middle school years as sometimes called, were spent in what used to be the old high school, just adjacent to the elementary school. When I was old enough for high school, we were bussed over to Ammon which was probably 10 miles from home. I spent my sophomore year at Ammon (Bonneville High School). My junior and senior years were in a new high school building build on property between my home in Ucon and Ammon, probably about 7 miles from home. My senior class consisted of 105 graduates — the largest ever from our school to that date.

Roller skating, swimming, and going to the sand dunes just out from Parker, Idaho used to be the fun activities for school parties. I've never been really fond of having my head under water. When our school classes would go swimming at Heise Hot Springs, I would be very cautious of the boys. They loved to tease the girls by dunking their heads under water.

I used to miss school because I would get sick quite often as a kid. I had the childhood diseases such as mumps and chicken pox. But I also was sick often with headaches and vomiting. Once I would start vomiting, it was hard for me to quit. Mother used to boil green tea as a medicine to help me stop vomiting. To this day, I can't stand even the smell of tea, so it never has been a temptation for me to drink it. When I was in the Sixth Grade, I became very ill with Scarlatina. I was out of school for a month. A few years later, I became ill and had my appendix removed. Later in life I had surgery for a hernia. Little did I know that this was just the beginning of much more illness and many more surgeries to cope with in my life. I have always felt that the Lord blessed me with a strong mind and will to overcome these problems.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Brown were wonderful people. Once in a while, I had the privilege of going to their home in Parker, Idaho to stay for a few days. They were always so kind. I remember one summer when Therel, my sister, and I stayed for a few days with them. Grandma bought flannel night gowns for us. I was so excited. It was fun to stay at their place. We got to bathe in their tub. It was one that had 4 legs. People are now buying these tubs and having them restored for bathrooms. I loved that tub. The best memory I have of their home was a chime clock. It sat in their front room on a buffet. One could hear it click away the minutes, and on the hour, it had a beautiful chime to it. I remember thinking that some day I would like a clock like that.

Grandpa kept a great garden and Grandma had beautiful flower gardens. They had 2 big pine trees in the front yard with a little ditch running in front of them. I loved to gather the fallen pine cones that Grandpa had missed. It was fun to visit them. As a family, we would travel up to Parker which was about 30 miles from our home to visit with my grandparents on a Sunday afternoon. Grandma always had delicious cake made to serve us.

My sister, Therel, and I used to spend a few days in the summertime staying at my Aunt Therel's home to play with Marilyn, our cousin. We always had lots of fun. We would quite often go swimming in the ditch that ran along the main road and we would swim in the ditch in front of their place. Remington's

had a daughter by the name of Mardett who was close to my age. She was a friend to Marilyn. We all played together in the ditch and had a great time. Little did I realize then that much later in my life, Mardett's own children would teach my children swimming lessons in Bountiful, Utah.

My Grandmother Andrus was a widow for 20 years. As she got older, her feet bothered her a lot. She had a hard time getting around. She had 2 beds in her bedroom. The smaller one was where all of the grandchildren would sleep as they took turns staying with her at night in case she needed help. Grandmother slept in the bigger bed. I used to visit her often. Her home was on the same block as ours. She used to sit in front of her kitchen window. I can still remember seeing the reflection of her glasses as we would pull into her driveway to visit. Grandma used to challenge each one of us with spelling words. Her favorite word for us to spell was Constantinople. She would reward us with what she called "nickels," which were big round white mints about the size of a real nickel only thicker. I loved the smell of her kitchen pantry. I could always smell her wonderful home-baked bread.

I started working for pay before I was 16. My father had a good friend by the name of Simone (a Dutch lady) who was the dietician at the Idaho Falls Hospital. With the help of my father and Simone's goodness, I was hired to work in the kitchen, fixing food trays and washing dishes. My working hours started at 5:00 a.m. until mid-afternoon. I made acquaintance with some older women there, and they became my special friends. I later took on another job working in the evenings at a drive-in hamburger stand. I worked these jobs until graduating from high school.

My junior high school years were full of lots of home work, but also lots of music. I didn't really like school all that much, but I always loved the music in choir. I got to participate in the operetta we had the year I was a freshman. I had one of the leading parts. I was Susan in the musical, Babes in Toyland. I'll never forget my music teacher taking me aside, along with Lester Phillips who also had a leading part, to teach us how to kiss each other. It was a whole new experience.

My high school years were filled with lots of music. I sang in the choir and Madrigal group throughout my 3 years in high

school under the direction of Marcell Bird. He was a wonderful music director. Every year at Christmas time we would perform the Messiah. We also performed around the Valley at ward sacrament meetings and in the springtime each year, we usually made a trip to Salt Lake City to perform at various places. We always prepared an operetta, which I took part in each year. In my senior year I was chosen, along with 5 other students from the music department, to go to Seattle, Washington to sing in the Great Northwest Choir. It was a wonderful opportunity for me. We were in Seattle for a week preparing the songs to be performed in the Seattle Civic Auditorium on March 7, 1959. We had some rigorous practices, but it was a great time for me. We were placed in homes of students from the Seattle area. The home I stayed in had a daughter my same age, and we actually met again when we both enrolled at Ricks College.

High School was busy for me because I not only was busy with the music department, but I was a member of the pep club and I worked all during my high school years. I graduated from Bonneville High School in June 1959. I went to the graduation dance with David Monson, a good friend of mine from Ucon. In the summertime after graduation, I started taking voice lessons from Mrs. Ruth Jacobs who was an instructor at Ricks College. She had a beautiful voice and a lovely personality. I enjoyed the opportunity of learning more about music.

In the fall of 1959, I started school at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. I lived in a basement apartment with 5 other girls. I landed a job working as a waitress at Grover's Cafe. I attended my classes during the day and worked at the cafe in the evenings. Most of the time, it was 1:00 a.m. when I would get home from work. My brother, Kendall, was also attending school and living in an apartment down the street from me with some other fellows. He had a car. I didn't. He always saw to it that I had a ride home from work. If he couldn't come for me, he would send one of his roommates to pick me up. The second year at Ricks College, I lived in a different apartment than I had my first year, but only for the first semester. The second semester of that year, I moved home and rode back and forth with 2 fellows from Idaho Falls. They were both returned missionaries and very nice gentlemen. We would study and quiz each other on text material

going to and returning from school. I actually did better, grade-wise, at Ricks than in high school. This made me feel really good about myself. I really studied hard to do well. At that time, Ricks College was only a 2-year school. The campus consisted of the 2 old original buildings and a new music building (Kirkham Auditorium) and some very old sheds used for classrooms.

By the end of my first year at Ricks, Kendall had left to serve a mission up in Canada. Kendall had met and was dating Linda Biornstad, who would later become his wife. Linda, who we called Lin, was a friend of mine because of her acquaintance with Kendall. Lin was from the state of Oregon and had invited me to go with her for the summer to work. She had an aunt and uncle, Norman and Dottie Norquist, who lived in Gresham, Oregon. We stayed with them during the summer while we worked in a berry plant. Lin worked in the office and I stood at a conveyor belt stemming berries and picking out the bad ones. Lin's aunt and uncle treated me wonderful, but I was so homesick before the summer was over — I just wanted to go home to my family. I was so glad to finally have the summer end. The job wasn't the most pleasant, but it made me some money for my second year at Ricks, and my experience away from home was good for me. It certainly made me appreciate my family.

My Aunt Inez Tracy lived in Portland, a few miles from Gresham. She offered to take me to the bus station for my return trip home. She was late getting me to the station and unfortunately I missed my bus. I was able to board a local that stopped at all the towns along the way. I was on the bus all night and most of next day. I was so glad to see my family waiting for me upon my arrival. It was wonderful to be home.

The fall of 1960 was my second year at Ricks College. I had sung in the college choir my first year, and I had the privilege of not only being in the choir my second year, but I also sang in the Ricks College Madrigal group along with my brother, Robert. Our music director was Professor Chester Hill for whom I had a great deal of admiration. I might just add here that all my life, music has played a big part of it. I used to sing a lot with my brother, Kendall, and with my sisters, Geniece, Therel and Jean at the piano. I always sang soprano. My brother, Robert, and I graduated together from Ricks College in the spring of 1961. We

drove from our home in Ucon which was about 23 miles to the College and were late for the march in our caps and gowns. Every one of the graduates was in his/her seat when we arrived, so we just quietly slipped into our seats to fit in.

For several years, I desired to go to beauty school (cosmetology school). My father had told me if I would go to Ricks College and graduate, then if I still wanted to go to cosmetology that he would help me as much as he could financially. After graduating from Ricks College, I still had the desire to go to cosmetology school. In the fall of 1961, I enrolled at Excellcis Beauty School in Idaho Falls. My parents supported my decision. Beauty school was under the direction of Mrs. Rowberry, an older woman, whom I admired a great deal. I had 2 wonderful instructors that I worked under — Lottie Madsen was one of them. She was quite stern and a real perfectionist, but she and I got along great and I learned a lot from her. It took me a full year to complete this training. I knew that it would be hard for my folks to help me much financially so I was hired as a waitress at the A&W Root Beer stand in the evenings. It was a very busy year for me working and studying to take my state board exams. We were given both a written and a hands-on-test. Each student had to furnish her own model for the hands-on part of the test. It was a lot of pressure, but the end result was good. I was very relieved when it was over and I had passed. I was now a licensed beautician. I really felt that I had accomplished something. Mrs. Rowberry hired me to help as an advisor at the beauty school, but I wanted to move away from home. In the fall of that year (1962), Lottie Madsen helped me get a job working as a beautician in Logan, Utah for Helen Baer. Helen owned a shop called Helen's Beauty Shop on Main Street in Logan. I was able to work up a good clientele and really enjoyed the work, but the wages were not very good. I got paid strictly on commission. As an example, at that time hair cuts were about $1.50 and I got half of that. Things have certainly changed a lot. Now, when I have my hair cut, the price starts at $18.00 and that is cheap compared to some beauty places.

Therel and Merlin (my younger sister and her husband) lived in a trailer at a trailer park on the campus of Utah State University at Logan, Utah. They invited me to stay with them for a while. I

really appreciated their kindness to me. I later moved and lived off campus with some other girls. Carol Hill was one of my roommates. She was from my hometown and was the same age as my sister, Therel. She and I became great friends. While working at Helen's Beauty Shop, I decided to go back to school, so I enrolled at Utah State University. I worked and went to school at the same time. I was really busy, and found some of my classes to be extremely hard. It was in this same time frame that I met Ron Morgan. Ron was dating Julie who just happened to be one of my roommates. I remember the first time he came to our apartment to pick Julie up for their date, my heart took a leaping jump. I thought to myself "Wow! What a guy." I didn't ever dream that I would have the chance to date him because he and Julie were going quite steady at that time. I remember very well the day I got my first phone call from Ron. Julie had signed up to go on a Fine Arts tour to San Francisco, California with a group from the University. She informed me the day before she was supposed to leave, that she felt like Ron was going to ask me out. I just laughed it off and thought she was being silly. The day she left, I got a call from Ron asking me to go for a soda drink with him. That was our first date. One week later, Ron left his car for me to drive over to Brigham City, Utah to pick him up. He worked in Brigham City for Thiokol Corporation and rode in a car pool. He thought if I could pick him up we could go from there to Salt Lake City and save some time. We drove to Salt Lake where we ate at the Hawaiian Restaurant which, at that time, was a very popular place. After eating, we went to "How The West Was Won," showing at the Villa Theater in Sugar House. It was the first time I had seen a movie on the big cinema screen. It was wonderful. This was a very big event for us because I had never really done much of that sort of thing. I think it is appropriate for me to add that as a kid growing up, we went to the drive-in movie theaters, only once in a while did we go to indoor movie theaters. Our family never ate out at big restaurants. Eating out for us was eating hamburgers once in a while at the drive-thru stand. It was only when I started dating that I did much of this kind of thing. Needless to say, whether Ron really had much money to spend that night or not, he did it up in a big way. I was in seventh heaven, as some might say. Ron and I shared many fun dates

together over the next year, everything from rabbit hunting, to swimming, to playing tennis, to driving up to his parents home in Liberty, Idaho where we would stay for the weekend.

During this year of dating, Ron and I had moved — I to another apartment off campus with 5 new girls. But it was closer to my work on Main Street and still within walking distance to campus. I had no car so I walked everywhere and was with Ron a lot of the time anyway.

One thing that both Ron and I enjoyed doing a lot was dancing. We were really pretty good at it. I don't mean to sound boastful, but we just seemed to be in tune with each other when we danced. Utah State University used to have some great dances. Quite often, I miss those good old days and fun times. I loved Ron from the first day I met him. He had, and still has, a way of making people feel good. He can make people laugh. He loves to make conversation with people he doesn't even know. He loves life and doesn't let things bother him too much. I'm still learning some of these things from him.

Ron drove me from Logan to my parents home in Ucon where he left me. I had a hernia that had been bothering me for years and I needed to have surgery to take care of the problem. After I recovered from the surgery, I returned to my apartment in Logan. I hadn't heard from Ron and I didn't hear from him for about 6 weeks. I was a pretty unhappy camper, wondering what was the problem with me. This was a really hard time for me because we had dated every week for almost a full year. When he finally did call me again, he admitted that he was scared. Not long after that, he proposed marriage and we were married within one month after he gave me a ring. My mother and sisters, bless their hearts, worked hard to get everything ready for the wedding. I was still in Logan at the time.

Ron and I were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on November 21, 1964. We drove from Logan to my home in Ucon the night before. We didn't arrive until about 10:00 or 11:00 that evening and were up until 2:00 a.m. We had to be in the temple at 6:00 a.m. Needless to say, I had a horrible migraine headache. We had gone through the temple session and were in the sealing room kneeling over the altar ready for our vows, just before the question as to whether I would take him for my mate,

I had to leave because I felt like I was going to throw up. It's been a joke over the years that I was scared, and left him at the altar.

Ron's parents and his 2 sisters, Noreen and Genice and their husbands, were driving up from Logan, Utah for the marriage. They drove as far as Pocatello, Idaho and had to leave Ron's father in the hospital there. He was having some real problems with ulcers and was in too much pain to go on to Idaho Falls. He was unable to attend the marriage, but the others came and met us at the temple.

After the temple session and marriage, we went to my parents home in Ucon for a luncheon with the relatives. We stayed at the Westbank Motel in Idaho Falls and went home to Ucon the following morning to pick up Ron's brother, Dean. Dean stayed at my parents home the night of our reception and needed a ride to Salt Lake. We stopped at the Kentucky Fried Chicken Restaurant in south Salt Lake then drove to Las Vegas for our honeymoon. The highway was 2 lanes all the way — the freeway was not in the making for quite a few years. We drove as far as St. George, Utah where we stopped to cash an old war bond that Ron's folks had saved for him. We were really short on money. I think the war bond was for $50.00. This basically helped us to stay for 2 or 3 days in the Stardust Motel and Casino in Las Vegas. On the way home, we drove to St. George and stayed in a motel. I called my folks that night to let them know we were on our way home and that we were O.K. We drove from St. George to Liberty, Idaho the following day to see Ron's folks because it was Thanksgiving Day.

Our first apartment was in Logan, about 2 blocks from the A&W root beer Stand. It was a nice one-room apartment and we paid $65.00 a month for it. It wasn't too far from my work at Helen's Beauty Shop. Ron worked for Thiokol Corporation at the time and rode the bus. It was about one hour each way for him.

Ron had just turned 26 years of age the same month we were married. I was 23 years of age. We both had a great desire to start a family right away. I became pregnant with our first child just 2 months after we were married.

We took a trip that first summer up to Portland, Oregon where we stayed with my Aunt Inez and Uncle Clair and their family for

a few days. They showed us some of the sights of the Portland area. It was a fun trip.

Ron and I will have been married for 40 years as of November 21, 2004. We have been fortunate enough to have 5 children, 4 daughters and 1 son. Their names from oldest to youngest are Tonya, Cindie, Jaren, Lori, and Cami. All of them were born by C-section. Each one of them has brought much love and joy into our home. It was fun watching each one grow and develop over the years, even though sometimes very challenging. As of right now, we have 12 beautiful grandchildren — 9 grandsons and 3 granddaughters.

Over these last 40 years, we have lived in Logan, Utah; Las Vegas, Nevada; and Park City, Utah. We had some great experiences and wonderful friends in each one of these places. We chose to make our permanent home in Bountiful, Utah. Ron has worked for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for 27 of those years. I worked as a dental assistant for 20 years. We are now both retired.

Since moving to Bountiful, both Ron's and my parents have passed away. Dad was the first to go in July 1976 at the age of 72. Mother died in May 1985, three days before Mother's Day, at the age of 79. Ron's dad died at the age of 84 in August 1989. His mother passed away in April 2001 at the age of 89. These were sad times and yet joyous times knowing that they were worthy of the highest glory in Heavenly Father's Kingdom.

I have been tested many times with the surgeries I have had over the years. The birth of each one of our children by C-section was a test. We came close to losing our first child. I had a close brush with death with my last child. I also had gallbladder surgery in which the doctor removed a walnut-size stone. I blew out my left knee at the age of 57 and ended up with several surgeries and complications for 6 months. At the age of 60, I suffered a mini-stroke and the result was open-heart surgery. Through all of these rough times, I tried to keep my focus on Christ.

My most enjoyable hobbies are walking, jogging, gardening, and home decorating.

I served in many different church callings over the years and with each one of them, I have learned much. My callings were in

the Relief Society, MIA, and Primary organizations in both leadership and teaching assignments. The calling I have loved the most is being chorister in both Relief Society and Ward Sacrament meetings. My testimony has grown and become strong. I have a real love for my Savior, Jesus Christ. I am thankful for the atoning sacrifice of our Savior. I thank Him for my blessings, my family and my life. I am thankful for my great heritage, and for the knowledge I have of being with these great ancestors in the hereafter.

Therel Andrus Frei

My patriarchal blessing tells me that I was among "the morning stars who sang together" in the heavens at the announcement of the great school of mortality to which I was to come in covenant with my father and mother. Through them, under the "new and everlasting covenant," I was to come to receive my body of flesh and bone and blood, with which to participate in the disciplines of mortality.

And thus it was. I was born in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. hospital in Bonneville County, Idaho, to Melba Phyllis Brown and Samuel Reed Andrus on 3 August 1942. My father blessed me on 4 October 1942 in the Ucon Ward Chapel and gave me the name of my mother's first sister — Therel. I am the 7th member of a family of 5 brothers and 3 sisters. Following is each of us children in our birth order and with married names in parentheses:

Alyn Brown, Geniece (Smith), Gordon Reed, Charles Robert, Kendall Wayne, Portia (Morgan), Therel (Frei), Gaylon Rich, Mary Jean (Brink).

Although I was born in Idaho Falls, our family home was located in Ucon, Idaho, a small city about 8 to 10 miles north of Idaho Falls, between Idaho Falls and Rigby.

My parents were born of pioneer families who had religion in their hearts. This religion was instilled into the hearts of my parents who in turn tried to instill religion and patriotism into the hearts of their children. Dad and Mother always practiced those precious virtues of integrity and industry.

My mother's parents (Martha Letitia Orgill and Charles William Brown) lived in Parker, Idaho, a distance of about 30-plus miles north of Ucon. My father's parents' (Lovenia Evelyn Bawden and Robert Andrus) home was in the same block as ours in Ucon. Even though Grandfather Robert passed away before I was born, I feel as though I know him, thanks to a good family who kept his memory alive. I'm proud of my heritage.

Among my earliest memories at our home in Ucon was of some little "pigskin" shoes that Dad and Mother had purchased for me. I loved them so much I remember wearing them to bed. I think the bed was a white, iron, crib-type that several of us children probably claimed at one time or another.

As I think of this bed, I also remember times when I was sick with Mother attending to my every need. Always I can remember how good a home-canned "dill" pickle sounded. I'm not sure I always received a pickle, but it always sounded good. Most of all, my memories are of Mother being kind and gentle — never harsh or impatient in any way.

Another early memory was seeing Mother press temple clothes so she and Dad could attend the temple. The ironing board was set up in the northeast corner of our large kitchen. A long-sleeved, white shirt was included in the clothes to be pressed. The collar and cuffs always were "starched." And, oh yes, there was a fresh, white handkerchief for Dad.

Mother watched out for Dad. His meals were prepared; his clothes were washed and ironed. His Sunday shoes were shined, usually by us children, but Mother saw to it that this happened. She was his "right-hand woman" in many instances. And years later, she commented to me several times that Dad was her "Knight in Shining Armor." At an Andrus reunion in July 2003 at Jean and Jerry Brink's home, I used the term, "King." But, this was quickly corrected in my mind very shortly following the reunion. Dad was her "Knight in Shining Armor."

Also, among my earliest memories was of my older brother, Gordon, who was killed in a truck accident when he was 10 years of age. I was only 4 years of age, but I can still see his blue casket in the southeast corner of the long living room. I remember Gordon for his kindness, and how well he took responsibility.

My Grade School years are full of memories. My teachers in school were: 1st Grade — my Aunt Sarah Simmons; 2nd Grade — Mrs. Spaulding; 3rd Grade — Wanda Brower; 4th Grade — Myrna Robinson; 5th Grade — Kirma Hill; 6th Grade — Max Fullmer. When I think of these grades, I think of our Grade School Custodian, Jim McDow. And I can hear him saying, "Heads up," as he pushed the big broom down the hall.

In our home, we were taught to "be kind to others." My heart felt this a lot! I remember one incident, especially, that I will relate. There was a girl named "Beatrice" in my class when I was about a 4th Grader. She was rather underprivileged, or so it seemed, and was "looked down" on by most of the other kids. I don't remember why I invited her to come home with me, but I do remember that she came. I have never, throughout my life, ever felt ashamed to be associated with someone less fortunate than I; in fact, I have felt it a privilege to "watch out" for these people.

Another incident associated with Grade School was when we were to "sell subscriptions to certain magazines," and if we did, we would earn something for the school. Well, I don't remember any of the homes that I went to except Uncle Jack and Aunt Minnie (Phillips). The road (now Crowley Road) was not paved. It was March, and it was muddy. I didn't know the road was muddy, so I took our one family bike. What an utterly horrible experience trying to push that bike through the mud. But there was no way I would give up. I pushed right on through to their house. And they probably purchased a subscription; I'm not sure. What I am sure about is the wonderful smell and warmth of their home and the acceptance and love I felt there.

Our winters during my "growing up" years were snowy ones. I remember Dad and Uncle Tom Andrus pulling us on a toboggan behind the tractor or car. It was great fun! During these winters, Mother would make "homemade" ice cream to be frozen in our non-electric ice cream freezer. We would all take our turn turning the freezer handle until the ice cream was hard enough to eat.

It was not uncommon to awake to the radio announcement that school would be closed due to drifting snow. This usually happened several times each winter. School closure would usually last for a day, but sometimes up to a week or even two, depending upon the storms. Of course, we kids loved this type of a vacation.

I remember spending much time in the snow making "snow forts," usually with Rich, or sliding down a huge pile of packed snow on a "washer tub lid." And back inside of the house on a cold winter day, I enjoyed playing "jacks." There were also the "Big John and Sparky" radio programs to listen to.

During all of my "growing up" years and since, I have loved attending church. Sunday School was held in the morning and Sacrament Meeting in the evening. Primary was held on a weekday — Tuesday, I think.

I had exceptional teachers both in Sunday School and Primary. In Sunday School, there was Sister Elsie Larsen and Brother Joseph Ritchie. They were both wonderful teachers. Of course, everyone who was acquainted with Brother Ritchie knew that we always responded with a "Yes, Sir," or "No, Sir."

And in Primary, two of my very dear teachers were Ruth Ritchie and Sister Arthur Miskin. In Sister Ritchie's class, I remember having the opportunity to be at the Grand Piano in the Chapel with all the girls. I was the one playing. I don't know what I was playing, but was enjoying every minute of it. And I remember in Sister Ritchie's class, we put salt and food coloring, and whatever else it took to make a "clinker" from a coal furnace grow into something beautiful.

When I was in Sister Miskin's class, we all took a trip to Lava Hot Springs. As part of our enjoyment there, we each sat down on the grass in a park on "newspaper" mats we had made by weaving pages in and out. This experience seems as if it were "yesterday."

During these years, I was gaining a testimony of Jesus Christ and of the Holy Ghost. Of course, in our home, we were taught to pray. Family and personal prayer were a part of our everyday habits. Well, it was during these Grade School years as a girl growing up that I had a special experience concerning prayer and the importance of it.

Money in our family was not exactly easy to come by. It seems that Dad usually had several jobs at the same time in order to make enough money for our family needs. This one particular day that stands out in my mind was when he had given Mother a $20 bill for some grocery items. As it came time to go and get the grocery items, the $20 bill was nowhere to be found. Feeling extremely nervous and sensitive for Mother, and even for Dad, I

went to my bedroom, knelt down and asked Heavenly Father if He would please help us find the money. It seems that I was directed shortly thereafter to go to the kitchen and lift up our old "coal bucket." There on the floor underneath that bucket lay the $20 bill. It could have dropped out of Mother's apron pocket, or her hand, or who knows. The miracle to me was that my prayer had been answered and we had that $20 bill back.

And talking about prayer, I feel to comment now that prayer has been an important element in my life. I know that when we lift up the telephone line each day to our Heavenly Father, He is there. Why wouldn't He be? We are His children — His spirit children. He knows each one of us — by name and voice.

During these years at home, there was always much music. Our family gathered around the piano many times in singing. A favorite time to sing together was during the Christmas season. Dad and Mother's family would gather together, along with other aunts, uncles, and cousins, and we would go caroling — usually to four or five homes in the area. We loved doing this. The tradition goes on even today with the S. Reed Andrus family.

Each of us children were given the opportunity to learn music in one form or another. I started taking piano lessons when I was a 2nd or 3rd Grader — first from Aunt Inez Tracy. I then took from Dollie Clayton. When I was about in the 8th Grade, Dad and Mother transferred me to Professor C. C. Clive who at that time lived on 4th Street in Idaho Falls. I loved music lessons, and especially from Prof. Clive. He always challenged me with new sheet music, such as "To Spring," "Malaguena," and an 8-page piece that I memorized but don't recall the name. During this time in my life, I was accompanying many people at the piano both for school and church.

As I entered the 9th Grade, Prof. Clive retired, and his former student took over his students. I had loved Prof. Clive so much that it was difficult for me to adjust to Mr. Jack Bowman. However, I was grateful for his qualifications. I learned a lot from Mr. Bowman, and he exposed me to wonderful piano music, including "Rustle of Spring."

After I was married, I took private music during Summer School at B.Y.U. in Provo, Utah, from Brent Jones who had just completed his Master's degree in music and would now be

teaching at Ricks College. Again I was exposed to wonderful piano literature. Following my lessons from Brent, I took music lessons for a semester at Tulsa University during our year in Oklahoma. I don't recall the teacher's name, but she was a wonderful instructor. I remember learning "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum" from "Children's Corner" by Claude Debussy. My time with her was just too short before we returned to Idaho.

And, finally, I felt as if I had "come home" when I took a B.Y.U./Ricks organ class in Idaho Falls from Dr. Darwin Wolford. I loved every minute of that class. Some time later, I began taking private organ lessons from him at Ricks College. Those lessons continued for many years simply because I loved the organ and enjoyed taking lessons from him. The organ opened up vast opportunities for me that I will talk about later on — perhaps a little in this history, and even more in another larger and more detailed autobiography/ history.

Now, back to my Grade School years. During my years in Primary, I want to say how proud I was of Mother as Primary Chorister. I don't remember how many years she served in that particular position, but she was there when it was important to me that she be there. She was absolutely wonderful with all of the children. She inspired each of us to sing as no one else could. She just had "a way" with children and music. It was in 1953 that we were part of the program when we had the dedication of the Ucon church building. I believe two of the songs that we sang were: "Bless This House" and "Beautiful Savior." Spencer W. Kimball came as the L.D.S. General Authority for those dedicatory services.

To this day, some of my favorite children's hymns from the blue-green "The Children Sing" book are: "God Gave Me Dear America," "America the Beautiful" with the descant, "Beauty Everywhere," "Let the Little Children Come," "Happiness," and "The Call of Love." Singing in Primary under Mother's direction was very special years for me. During some of these Primary years, Portia and I would sing duets together. One in particular that I remember doing for a Ward program was "Two Little Girls in Blue." Mother dressed us alike for this number in darling blue dresses that either she made, or she had someone else make (perhaps Ella McFate).

During our childhood years, Dad brought a wonderful child-sized "playhouse" onto our lot for us girls. I remember playing with our "cats" in there — probably our dolls, too. I was not much on dolls although I loved receiving them from Santa for Christmas.

I actually preferred to play with Rich and our boy cousins — Rulon and Steven Simmons, and sometimes Larry Beutler, another cousin. The boys and I would play "Commando," down in the bottom or back of our lot and into Grandma Lovenia Andrus's lot. It was wonderful. It was a game of hiding and hunting. Much fun! Climbing trees and hanging from one of the limbs by my legs was much more adventurous to me than playing dolls in our playhouse.

Some of the other games we played were: "Kick the Can," "Run Sheep Run," "Steal the Sticks," and "Hide and Seek." There were times when Dad and most of the family would play these games with us — even other neighborhood children. And speaking of Dad: Dad was a great swimmer and went swimming on occasion — in the canal or taking the family to Heise Hot Springs. These were always wonderful times.

I'm reminded that it was during these Grade School years that Portia, Rich, Jean and I enjoyed roller skating and ice skating over on the tennis court between the Grade School and Jr. High School (across from the church). One such time, during the summer, I'm remembering that I was roller skating. One of our neighborhood boys came up from behind and pushed me, causing an injury to my right wrist. The doctor said it was a very bad sprain and put a "splint" on it for 6 weeks. I struggled with not being able to use both hands to practice and play the piano. I remember how great it felt when I finally was able to go to the piano, and with two hands, play "Let the Little Children Come."

I remember, too, that in my 5th grade class, we were required to draw a map of South America. I ended up drawing it with my left hand. I kept admiring the map, knowing the effort it took to do it without the use of my right hand. I decided it really looked pretty good considering.

I want to say a bit more about Grandma Andrus. I must say that we loved living near her. I can see her smiling face right now in her kitchen window with her red geranium sitting on the

windowsill. Portia and I used to stay at night with her since she was elderly and had troubles "getting around" because of arthritis, etc. in her feet. She would play games with us and teach us to spell difficult words. We loved playing "Chinese Checkers" with Grandma. Two words she helped us master the spelling of were: SCISSORS and MISSISSIPPI. I can still hear Grandma's quiet snore and whistle. Porsh and I used to giggle about it as we lay on her spare "feather-tick" bed trying to go to sleep.

During these Grade School years — before the new red brick church was built back in the early 50's, I loved going to the "Old Rock Church" where the Bob and Jean Andrus home now sits. It was wonderful to look out of our south home windows and see the grove of tall cottonwood trees and the "Old Rock Church" to the south of them.

I remember the great big palm plant that was in the left front of the chapel. A remodeling took place to house the Baldwin electronic organ and the Baldwin grand piano. The old "pump" organ was placed downstairs in the Jr. Sunday School room. It was fun to try to play on it. It seems like yesterday when we were sitting in the Chapel of the "Old Rock Church" partaking of the sacrament from "glass" cups. It was there that Gordon's funeral was held, and, also, Alyn's farewell as he left for the Southwest Indian Mission some years later.

At the completion of Alyn's mission, Dad, Mother, Portia, Rich, Jean and I climbed into our long, white Nash car — Dad's pride and joy, and began our journey to get Alyn. I was about 11 years old. Just a word about our Nash: It was a great riding car, but I thought it was an ugly shape. There was only one car more homely in shape in my eyes, and that was the other yellow and brown Nash car! Well, what a wonderful trip, in spite of my feelings about the shape of our car. More will be told in my larger history, but for now I must relate one short experience. As we were driving in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Dad was driving down a street when he noticed that all of the "crazy" drivers were coming toward us. Come to find out, we were on a one-way street going in the wrong direction.

And now, a word about our Ucon Ward celebrations at our "Old Rock Church." These were held on the church lot in front (east) of the grove of Cottonwood trees. I remember on one of

these occasions of celebration that some of us younger children were sick with the measles and could participate only by watching from our living room window. We longed to be over there with everyone else in the celebration. I can still feel that longing today!

I'm grateful that Dad and Mother taught us the value of good, hard work. Portia, Rich, Jean and I would make a game of it — at least concerning the housework. We would "draw straws" to see who would do what. Once in a while when we didn't agree on something, Mother would get out the boxing gloves. We didn't end up solving our disagreements in that way, but her tactics definitely worked in helping us to solve our differences.

We had a lot of fun shining the living room linoleum by pulling each other on fur coats. The floor ended up looking "beautiful." I remember, on many occasions, mopping our large kitchen floor only to have it walked on minutes later by the older boys or Dad coming in from the outside. We did feel frustration from that, but Mother was always on our side.

Throughout all of my "growing-up" years, it was a practice to "ready" our home for Sunday. That meant that we would clean every room thoroughly — sweeping, mopping, vacuuming, dusting and scrubbing — bathroom fixtures included (toilet, tub, sink, and the medicine shelves). Then we would polish everyone's shoes for church. As I think back on this important training, I'm reminded of the song written years later by Dr. Chester Hill, a Ricks College teacher, entitled: "Saturday Is A Special Day." Why? Because it's the day you get ready for Sunday!

Our work habits included weeding the potatoes. In other words, we walked down each row and pulled each weed by hand. That took a lot of effort and time. We even killed a few, if not a "lot," of beetles as we saw them on the plants. We smashed them between two rocks. Yuck! And, talking about potatoes: during harvest time in the Fall, our family would first get our potatoes harvested, then go to other farmer's fields to help them. By doing this, we were able to earn money for various needed items. I usually would buy clothing items such as a coat. Among my most vivid memories were picking potatoes for "the Wahlquists." Their soil was good and they paid us immediately when the job was finished. We, of course, liked that. Rich and I were partners. We

worked hard and well together — sticking to the job. We were considered "pretty fast" pickers. On a good day we could pick 300 sacks of potatoes (two potato baskets to a sack). Our family also helped Uncle Jack Phillips and Uncle Tom Andrus to harvest their potatoes.

Some of us children worked for "Hig" (Mr. Higginbothom, our neighbor) helping to pick his field of strawberries. I also worked some years later to help him keep his "trailer home" clean after his wife had passed away.

I also walked down each Saturday to Jim McDow's to clean his little log house. Jean would go with me. When the job was completed, we were treated to cold cherry pie or donuts. Jim would then play for us the record of "Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes." Our pay was the pie, donuts, and music, and seeing Jim so happy.

In the spring of my Senior year, Mr. McDow paid a visit to our home to ask Dad and Mother's permission to give me some beautiful "high-heeled" shoes for my graduation and also a one-hundred dollar bond toward college that Fall. Actually, he wouldn't take "no" for an answer. I appreciated these gifts so very much. I loved and wore those beautiful shoes many times. Most of all, I appreciated "the man," and the "gesture of love."

Each summer after the garden produce was picked, and in particular, the peas, we children would sit under the trees in our back yard and shell the peas for canning. And, in the late summer and early fall, we would be back in about the same spot shucking corn so it could be prepared for freezing.

Mother did a lot of cooking and canning for our large family. She also baked a lot of bread. In fact, one of our large cupboard drawers was especially designated the "bread drawer." That drawer was opened and closed thousands of times throughout the years by us children growing up, and especially as we returned from school each day — hungry.

During my years at home, Dad and Mother could never afford to take us children out for a meal such as a hamburger, but Dad always bought us a "frosty," (soft ice cream) before returning home from Idaho Falls. That was a real "treat" for us!

Just a word about Jr. High: I attended Ucon Jr. High in the building just south of the Grade School building. It was a larger,

more reddish color building. Jr. High grades included 7th, 8th, and 9th grades. I have wonderful memories and met very good friends there. Jr. and Sr. High school-age students from Ucon — (Milo included), Ammon, Iona, Lincoln, Coltman, and even Swan Valley were now consolidated. The Jr. High-age students attended school at Ucon. And the High school-age students attended at Ammon, then later at the new Bonneville High School building on the Ammon-Lincoln road. So, as I began Jr. High, there were more friends who entered my "circle of friends."

Some of my very favorite classes in Jr. High were: Girls' Glee from Hester Devenport; Mixed Chorus from Joe Hill, Speech from Aunt Beulah Beutler, Office from Karl Devenport, and English from Earl Owens. During my 9th Grade year, Elaine Butler and I were Co-Editors of our yearbook — "The Bonnette." I remember this as a very pleasant experience.

At the close of my Junior year, Student Body Elections were held. I was nominated and elected by the students of Bonneville High to serve as Student Body Historian. I also served as chairman of the Welfare Committee of Girls' Federation.

During my High School years, I was the recipient of several awards: One was when I was a Junior. I was selected by the Soroptimists Club of Idaho Falls as "Girl of the Month," receiving an inscribed "Silver Spoon," having my picture with a short article in the Post Register concerning the award, and as I recall, a special lunch in Idaho Falls. Also, the Library Department presented me with a year's subscription to "Ideals" magazine.

During my Senior year, a boy and a girl were selected by the Bonneville High School faculty and also the Idaho Falls High School faculty to receive a Citizenship award for qualities of citizenship, honesty, integrity, and willingness to help their classmates at school. I was honored as the Graduating Senior girl from Bonneville to receive that award.

Throughout Jr. High and also High School, I served as President in several of our classes in church. At that time, we were not called by the Bishop, but were "voted in" by the members of our class. I loved associating with all of the wonderful girls in our ward and at school.

Some of my favorite teachers in our Ucon Ward during my Jr. and Senior High School years were: Ruth Hammer, Aunt May

Andrus, and Margaret Jenkins. And I appreciated very much my Bishops. They included: J. Spencer Jenkins, Karl W. Devenport, and Richard Miskin.

Administrators and teachers in school during these years that I especially liked were: Principal Karl W. Devenport (Jr. High and later High School); Dee Armstrong (Sr. High Principal); Earl Owens (Jr. High English); Hester Devenport (Jr. High Vocal Music and High School Librarian); Joe Hill (Jr. High Vocal Music); and Marcell W. Bird (Sr. High Vocal Music).

I had, and took, many opportunities to participate in music in both Jr. and Senior High school, and even college — accompanying and also in singing. Some of these opportunities included playing for school musicals, singing in and playing for the Bonneville Madrigals, and participating in several years of the Messiah. One year I sang the alto solo of "Then Shall the Eyes of the Blind be Opened," and another year, "He Shall Feed His Flock." I also participated in talent programs for our school — either in singing or accompanying numbers. At Ricks, I was a member of the a cappella choir, and continued to accompany.

I was also a participant at the Ricks College Summer Music Camp in June of 1959. That would have been between my Jr. and Sr. years. This was possible for me only because Kendall was unselfish with his hard-earned money and offered to pay the fee so I could attend. I really did appreciate this. Music was a large part of my life during these years both at school and at church. And it has continued to be an enormous part of my life — both as a performer and as a teacher of piano and organ which I began doing in the early 1970's. My main goal in teaching has been to prepare students who could use their talents in church service — although there have been those who have gone on to major in music.

I have chosen to use my musical talent mainly in the service of the Lord, although I have participated in community events such as being a member of the Eastern Idaho Guild of Organists, and have served as an officer in that organization. I have been a member of the Idaho Falls Music Club and the Idaho Falls Music Teacher's Association for many years. I have served from time to time as an officer in these organizations, also. My peers in the Idaho Falls Music Teacher's Association have invited me

throughout the years on a continual basis to judge music festivals up and down the Snake River Valley. I have enjoyed doing this, but mostly I have enjoyed my association with the many students I have taught.

A Father's blessing in the early 1970's promised me that my musical talent would be heard throughout the world. Following are many ways I have seen the fulfillment of that blessing. Dr. Darwin Wolford used 3 of my organ arrangements for 2 of his organ publications. I have had the opportunity to play the organ in the B.Y.U. de Jong Concert Hall for a world-wide CES Seminary Symposium (Elder Dallin H. Oaks was the guest speaker). I, too, was organist in the Ricks College Hart gymnasium for our Sunday morning Regional Conference (when President James E. Faust was the speaker). I was the pianist on several occasions at the Temple Block in Madrid, Spain (in the Institute of Religion) for mission meetings conducted by Spain CES Director, Brother Carlos Barahona. And, in our Western CES European three-day Conference in Paris, France, Elder Alain Petion asked that I serve as pianist. (He was Western Europe's General Authority, and also over Church Education for Western Europe; this was while Merlin and I were serving a CES mission in the Canary Islands). Last, but not least, while we served in the Canary Islands Mission, I taught piano lessons in Spanish, directed choirs, and was an accompanist for many church meetings throughout the Islands.

Prior to teaching music, and during our early married years, I worked as a secretary/clerk typist at Cream Top Dairy Office in Idaho Falls, at Utah State University, at Thiokol Chemical Corporation (west of Brigham City), and at the Atomic Energy Site on the desert west of Idaho Falls. There I actually worked for Phillips Petroleum and for Idaho Nuclear Corporation.

During November of my Senior Year in high school, my boy friend, David Wayne Coles — a student at Ricks College, was killed in an automobile accident as he was traveling to our Bonneville Homecoming football game as a surprise for me. He evidently didn't see the train coming down the tracks as he was traveling west into Idaho Falls. The accident was terrible. I was not at the game, but had gotten permission to go home and help Mother. I happened to hear the news on the radio as I was on an errand for Mom coming back from the Ucon store. David was a wonderful

and a handsome young man. I had gone with him to receive his patriarchal blessing about six weeks before his death. He was told that he would fulfill a "great mission." I made up my mind then that I would study hard and excel in my classes rather than let his death destroy me. It wasn't easy, but I graduated with high honors.

Very shortly after graduation in May 1960, I rode with Kendall to take his girl friend, Linda, who later became his wife, back to her home in Oregon. This was a wonderful trip for me — seeing all the beauty of the Pacific Northwest. I appreciated this trip very much, and perhaps I was some company to Kendall on the return trip.

As I attended our Ucon Ward Sacrament meeting shortly after the Oregon trip, there was a newly returned missionary from the East Central States Mission attending as one of our speakers. I noticed how clean cut he was and how sincere in his remarks he was. I thought to myself that perhaps he would be good to go with, but I had another fellow's ring. Little did I know at that time that things would change between my present boyfriend and myself. As I entered Ricks College that Fall, I no longer had that "going steady" ring on my finger. On about the third day at Ricks, I arrived early in our Psychology class and chose a seat, making sure there was an empty seat by mine. Merlin Frei — the East Central States missionary who had spoken in our Ucon Ward sacrament meeting, had noticed me as I played an organ solo in the same meeting. Merlin chose the empty seat by me as he entered our Psychology class. The next day, I decided to practice a little psychology myself. I came in just before the bell rang . If Merlin saved a seat for me, then I would know he was interested in pursuing a friendship. Sure enough! Our courtship had begun! I received a diamond in the Rexburg Park in November 1960. We were married on 21 April 1961 in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple by President William Killpack.

Our 1st home was in Idaho Falls, then in Logan, Utah, where Merlin completed a Bachelor's degree in Trade and Industrial Education — also taking the necessary classes to be considered by the Church Education Department for teaching Seminary. We graduated from the L.D.S. Institute in Logan together.

Merlin was hired to teach Seminary in the spring of 1964 in Blackfoot, Idaho. Our interview was with Apostle LeGrand Richards at the Church Office building in Salt Lake City. We were ecstatic for our new assignment. I had always wanted to be the wife of a Seminary teacher, and had tried to live my life so I would be worthy of this type of a calling. I have had many opportunities throughout our 36 years with the Church Educational Department to use my music training. We were richly blessed by this career, and I would not have chosen another for anything else in the whole world.

Because of our choices with the Church Educational System, we have been privileged to see much of the world. We have seen many states in our own country, parts of Western and Eastern Canada, Ireland, Italy, Israel, Jordan, Egypt, the Canary Islands, the mainland of Spain, Portugal, Germany, England, Luxembourg, Belgium, the Netherlands, and France.

Our mission to the Canary Islands allowed us to see the mainland of Spain, Portugal and France. Some years earlier, Michael Bard, from Germany, was an exchange student in our home in Ucon. He and his parents, Paul and Judith Bard, insisted that we come to their home in Germany following our mission. It was because of the Bards that we traveled throughout England, Luxembourg, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. And speaking of Holland, Dad and Robert had served their missions in Holland, so this was a "treat" to see some of the same areas where they had been. My ancestors on the Andrus side of the family came from England, so it was also a privilege to travel there.

This short autobiography would not be complete without talking about our own family. I, therefore, will talk about our sons and their families in the remaining pages.

Merlin and I had been married for 8-1 /2 years and still had no children, so we put our names in with the L.D.S. Church Social Services. After filling out many papers, having many interviews, getting many health checks, then waiting for 2 years, we received a call from the Social Services. This was when our Seminary work found us in Tulsa, Oklahoma responsible for Home Study and Early Morning Seminary for Oklahoma and part of Missouri.

The caller from Idaho Falls identified himself as Brother Rollin Davis from L.D.S. Social Services. He said our 5 and 1/2 month

old baby boy was now ready for us to adopt. This took us by surprise. I had become very ill a year and a half earlier, and hearing from the Social Services was now far from our minds. We were just trying to make a contribution in our Seminary work and "move forward" trying to get me totally on my feet. I had received many priesthood blessings, including one in April 1970 from Elder James Cullimore, and that Fall from President Spencer W. Kimball. I knew I would get better, I just didn't know how long the healing process needed.

Well, we had just that day to let Brother Davis know concerning our baby. And, of course, when it's "your" baby, there's really no deciding — sick or not. We did receive a very special confirmation that Doug was our child. So, with our little dog, Tawzer, Merlin and I boarded the plane for Idaho Falls. Doug had been born 5 April 1971. It was now September. I remember very clearly the sweet baby boy that was laid in my arms as we met once again with Brother Davis and his staff. What wonderful people! Doug was sealed to us on 5 August 1972, the following summer, in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple.

We had returned to Idaho from Oklahoma in late spring of 1972, after supervising the program there for 1 year. It felt good to be back, although our time in Oklahoma was shorter than we had originally planned on due to my health and the feeling that there was another baby waiting for us. Once again, Merlin began teaching at the Bonneville High School Seminary.

The feeling that we were to get another baby persisted. We had planned to go through L.D.S. Social Services again, but the Lord had another plan for our second little boy. One day when we were beginning the procedure through Social Services again and were to the Doctors Tall in Rigby, Merlin was asked by Dr. Alden if we were interested in a baby that was soon to be born. I was at that very moment being checked by Dr. Asael — Dr. Alden's twin brother. As I emerged from my check-up, Merlin told me of the wonderful news, but we would need to go immediately to see Attorney Lee. As we arrived in his office and told him why we were there, he said, "There is a whole list of prospective parents. I don't think you have a chance." But when the Lord is in charge, there's no need to worry. So we told him we wanted to add our name to the list because we were sure the baby was ours.

A few weeks later, Attorney Lee called Merlin to say, "Brother, you've got faith; this baby is yours however it is that the Committee decides." Well, again, we received confirmation that Greg was ours. And so, again, little 3-day-old Greg Merlin (born 8 May 1973) was laid in my arms. And he was sealed to us 6 weeks later on 29 June 1973 in the Provo, Utah Temple since the Idaho Falls Temple was closed for a short time due to remodeling.

During Doug and Greg's childhood, we prepared picnics and went on many short family outings — also taking Mother and Tawzer. Some of these places included Rigby Lake, Heise area, Craters of the Moon, and Jenny Lake. Sometimes we simply went to Idaho Falls to eat pizza or to get a hamburger. One such occasion was for Greg's birthday. Mother went with us to celebrate. We went to Anderson Pizza Hut in Idaho Falls. That was on 8 May 1985. Was it the pizza, or was it Mother's time? At any rate, she passed away the next day at 79 years old. Dad had passed away 9 years earlier when our boys were 3 and 5. Mother's passing was somewhat difficult not only for us, but also because of the impact on these boys at this age. Greg kept Mother's funeral program on the wall above his bed for some years after.

Our boys took swimming lessons throughout most, if not all, of their grade school years. Both boys took part in and enjoyed their scouting years, including the camp-outs. They had wonderful scout leaders.

During their grade school and early Jr. High years, Merlin served as Ucon 2nd Ward Bishop. Doug, Greg, and I tried hard to give him great family support during those years.

During our sons' years at home, Merlin and I worked diligently to have harmony and peace in our home. Amid the challenges that constantly arise in everyday living, we worked hard at keeping our home and yard orderly and clean while trying to earn a living. We tried to teach our sons the importance of "living right," the value of work, of honesty, of integrity, of respect and of love for each other.

As a mother, I tried to prepare good, home-cooked meals. We tried to have our meals together as a family, and to invite friends and family in to enjoy these meals with us. We enjoyed having Mother, Merlin's mom, Sister Harmon, Sister Devenport, and

Sister McFate in to share meals with us, as well as other family and our boys' friends.

I taught piano and organ lessons in our home during Doug and Greg's years at home. This was a daily occurrence. I usually taught about 30 students each week while continuing my music study with Darwin Wolford. Merlin worked with our boys after school and on Saturdays to teach them building skills, such as building dog houses to sell, and even building onto our own home.

The years passed by all too quickly. Both sons graduated from high school and attended Ricks College. Doug was working at Yellowstone Log Homes when he met Margaret (Maggie) Stratton — a Ricks College student from Ellensburg, Washington. They dated that school year and were married in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple on 6 June 1992.

Greg attended Ricks College during the year that Doug and Maggie dated. In the spring of 1992, Greg received his mission call to the Houston East Texas Mission, and entered the Missionary Training Center in Provo, Utah, just a couple of days before Doug and Maggie were married.

Doug and Maggie's 1st baby, Danielle Katherine, was born 7 November 1993, just 7 months before Greg's mission release. Their 2nd child, Megan Kimberly, was born 16 months later on 9 March 1995. What wonderful additions to our family tree.

Greg taught missionary discussions in the Ralph and Pat Hansen home before his mission release. That's how he first became acquainted with his future wife, Tamara Hansen. Following his mission release, Greg once again entered Summer School at Ricks. Tammy, in time, came from Texas. She and Greg began to date. They were engaged in the Fall of 1994 and were married in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple on 7 January 1995.

Kyle Merlin was born 25 November 1996; Madison Nicole on 1 April 2000, and Tyler Jordan on 29 September 2002. Again, we were greatly blessed with special posterity.

Merlin and I have tried always to serve faithfully in the Church. Among his callings have been teacher, Home Teacher, Bishop, High Councilor, Stake Mission Leader, and teacher. I can honestly say that many of his students loved him as a Seminary teacher. He regards that compliment highly, and he should.

I think his sons feel exactly the same. They love him as a father. Added to this for both of us are our callings as Temple officiators. We were called as Idaho Falls temple officiators in September 2002, a few months after returning from our mission to the Canary Islands. The trust is great. The blessings are many.

My church callings have included Visiting Teacher; Ward, Stake, and Temple organist; Music Director for Primary, Sunday School, Sacrament Meeting, and Choir; teacher in the Primary, Young Women, and Relief Society; First Counselor in the Relief Society; pianist for Primary, Choir, and Relief Society; and Ward Music Chairman.

Our mission together to the Canary Islands was and forever will be a highlight in our lives after raising a family and having a rewarding career in teaching young people. We will always have a great deal of love for those wonderful Spanish people in the Canary Islands and other parts of Western Europe.

My life has been full — even wonderful! But I have not been without my trials. They are certainly a "refining" process. However, our Father in Heaven is mindful of each of us — our desires and our needs. I know that He lives, that He allowed His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to be crucified that we might live. I thank the Savior for His birth, His life, and for His unselfish gift — the atonement that freed us from spiritual death. I know He lives, and that the Holy Ghost testifies of Him, and is available to the worthy.

I'm grateful for America — for our freedoms, for our founding fathers. I'm grateful for all of the great men who paved the way for the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, and for Joseph Smith, Prophet of the Restoration of the Gospel. I know that Gordon B. Hinckley is a prophet of God. I'm grateful for the scriptures that have been preserved and brought forth for our eternal salvation. And, finally, I'm grateful for my heritage, and especially for my husband and for our family. I know this church is true, and I'm grateful for my membership in it. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

<u>Gaylon Rich Andrus</u>

I was born on August 17, 1944 in Idaho Falls, Idaho, the 8th child of Samuel Reed and Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus. One other

child, a daughter, my sister Jean, joined the family 2 years after my birth. I was the "baby boy" in the family and enjoyed all the benefits of being such.

I was blessed with a memorable and good childhood. I was both good and bad as a child. In the memory of my adult years, the good seems to override the bad and I have very pleasant memories of growing up. My parents, brothers, and sisters, though far from perfect, were in my mind the best people on earth and I could, in the words of the great writer, Dostoevsky, in his book The Brothers Karamosov, say that I had many a good memory from childhood that could be the means of saving me.

Ours was a farm home of people who worked on the 70 acres of farm ground and side jobs, with the hard bought sweat of the brow. My most heartfelt sentiments of childhood experiences were probably captured in a poem I wrote in adult years entitled "There Is a Time in Summer" that I consider of such summary significance that I include it herein.

There Is a Time in Summer

There is a time in Summer
at the peaceful point of night,
When the lofty light of Heaven
has descended out of sight;

When the western mountain's silhouette
is framed in black-blue light,
And the creatures of the evening
start their chorus of delight;

When the source of searing mid-day heat
is put to soothing flight,
And the mind and heart and
soul of man is in nostalgia's might.

'Tis then the mind is brought to bear
on other summers past,
When the mind was young and the
heart was new and the soul with innocence cast;

Before the teaching touch of time
has fixed its bias fast,
And bound the fragile hopes of youth
to life's ship's mid-life mast;

And before the slow evolving dawn
of life's uncertainty vast,
In the time of youth and abundant truth
when the seasons seemed to last;

Summers, when Mom was here and
Dad was here and there was family all around,
When work went on continually and
seemed to all abound;

Yet amid the planting and the harvest
entertainment could be found,
When the shouts of youth in ployful play
mingled with the nighttime sounds;

As the neighborhood youth in nighttime games
their close comradery wound,
With run-sheep-run, and pomp and
tag and dare base on dewy ground;

Halcyon days of yesteryear
before the aging process came,
Transforming life's perspective
in a sobering sort of frame;

Golden days of ebullient youth
when young hearts dreamed of fame,
And the rampant run of
fantasy was unsullied and untamed;

Days, when the fullness of the future
was yet hidden without name,
When the days were ever changing
And were never two the same.

There is a time in Summer
at the ending of the day,
When the yearning for an age now gone
holds firm and fervent sway;

When memory's door is opened wide
in a pleasant pleasing way,
When the mind suspended in timeless trance
holds the transient world at bay;

And returns again to youth's sweet time
and the present lays away,
When the soul within in elegy's tone
homage to the past now pays.

My father I consider to be the most important individual in shaping who I was as a young person. Foremost, in my estimation of his virtues, was his love for his family, his moral uprightness, his compassion, his honesty, his courage and his outspokenness for public causes that he considered basic. Dad was a man who kept, in the words of Emerson, "the independence of solitude" in the "midst of the crowd." My mother claims no second place in importance to my father in making me who I was as a youth. Mother, in my adult estimation, was the insuperable nurse of all childhood ailments, the teacher, the encourager of youngsters to heights greater than their abilities, the untiring burden bearer, the assuager of childhood hurts, the unceasing toiler for her family, the haven of rest in the turbulence, the pristine flower of chasteness and purity, the loving mother, the faithful plodder, the unsung epitome of motherhood.

My childhood was the childhood of an independent, democratic, Latter-day Saint, Idaho small farm, boy. All components just listed were important in my makeup. Childhood was full of farm chores throughout the year and concentrated summer time farm work. The ever-present farm work never evanesced for me until my transition from life at home when I entered Ricks College in the fall of 1962. Politics from the poignant perspective of an Idaho Democrat were always part of

the intellectual background. Church and missions also loomed large in my childhood cultural and intellectual world.

I attended grade school in Ucon through the 5th grade, and Coltman for the 6th grade. I attended 7th grade in the Ucon Jr. High building, and grades 8 through 12 at the newly built Bonneville High School building on the corner of Iona Road and Lincoln-Ammon Road.

I graduated from Bonneville High School in the spring of 1962. Following the cue from family members who had gone before me, I played football (lettering for 3 years), sang in school choirs, played leading roles in school musical productions, served as an officer in school government, and was a member of the debate team. I graduated not knowing what I wanted to do with my life. Family tradition and economic necessity landed me at Ricks College in Rexburg where I first majored in Chemistry and switched to Political Science when my grades in chemistry were not stellar.

I met my wonderful wife, Mildred Hart, as a freshman at Ricks College in the spring of 1963. We were both members of College and A Cappella Choirs and had been given a common assignment that required that we work together. Most women before her seemed to me to be a little facile, superficial and flippant. Such a generic conception changed with my acquaintance with Millie. She was her own person. She was independent and did her own thinking. Millie was tall, slim, beautiful, mature and aloof at times. Our time as students and sweethearts at Ricks College was filled with pleasant and poignant experiences of young love. I have tried to capture the essence of my thoughts of and relationship with her over the years in a poem that follows:

We Two

How do I consider myself without we two?
Thirty-two years was it when our two paths first crossed?
It may as well be fifty, or one hundred, or whatever,
For neither of us are as we were, and this
Attributed shall be to our mutual influence on the other.

My life, your life and vice-versa is and shall be.
We are what we are in large part from one another.
Our lives, once separate, having entwined becoming one,
And sealing permanence and adding diversity
Is sent, as ours, this wonder now of daughters and sons.

Passing years proven have in pleasing impressions
the endurance of that first of love inchoate,
When in the verdant spring of life, by youth enthralled,
We met and made a friendship fitting, and then,
Attracted when in greater depth, to love were called.

Accept from me in this mid-life pausing,
An accolade to you and us and all our life together.
Know you this, that you are I and you and I are they.
Receive this mindful muse to life and love and living
And know our tie eternal, a lasting, sunlit way.

While at Ricks College, I sang in several folk groups. During 1964, my second year, the R.T. Quintet, consisting of five men, with which I sang and played guitar, won first place in an intermountain college talent contest in Logan, Utah.

I was called to serve a 2-1/2 year mission to Finland beginning in August 1964. Millie served a mission to the Northern States Mission headquartered in Chicago in the same period. She returned home a year before I did and was single and available when I returned from my mission on March 4, 1967.

While on my mission I had the fortunate experience of either living or laboring in or visiting and laboring in every Finnish city and town in which there were missionaries. I served under Presidents Malcom Asplund and Udell Poulson. In addition to the incomparable opportunity to live in Finland, to share the gospel and become acquainted with many wonderful Finnish people, I grew in commitment to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I experienced and fell in love with the Finnish language, culture and geography.

One of the lasting cultural legacies that I will take with me into the eternities is my knowledge and love for numerous Finnish folk songs that I learned, sang, and played on my guitar. My

translation of one of these and a poem written by me catching the lyrical essence of another follows:

Hilja
(Quiet)

Quiet, quiet, Christmas bells are ringing clear,
Throughout all the world is heard,
Ringing loudly, now is told,
Christ, the Lord, is come.

The Return of Spring

1st Verse They sleep silently still in dreams
Those small fragile flowerlings of Spring;
But, lo, how their small heads are raised,
When Spring grants its warmth and its lays.

When dark veil of cold winter past,
Has yielded to Spring's early cast;
Ah, earth then in full splendor blooms,
And love in its redolence plumes.

2nd Verse They lie dormantly in our minds,
Suffusing our lives in sublime;
Those thoughts of small children to be,
When love calls them forth tenderly.

Then fill they our cottage with joy,
Each newly arrived girl and boy;
And, then, life's true goodness distilled,
In blessings of love's gift fulfilled.

3rd Verse Oh, darling, my love rhyme recall,
In shimmer of life's shining fall
When glistening white crowns our hair,
Arrives love's maturity there.

When grandchildren's voices are heard,
Akin to the warble of birds,
The cycle of nature is closed,
Our life in sweet memories reposed.

Chorus Then you as my bride will walk with me,
Life's stormy shore and troubled sea.
The search of self and joy divine,
Is found within your love and mine.

The loss in January 1967 of Eldon Hart, Millie's brother, in a crash of an Air Force F-100 jet over the Colorado Rockies brought her and me together in a symbiosis of personal mutual and spiritual understanding at the end of my mission. She was at the airport with my family in Salt Lake City when I returned home, and she became a permanent, celestial part of my family 3 months later on May 29, 1967 when we were married in the Salt Lake Temple by her grandfather, Joseph Fielding Smith. Our 9 children and I have been the greatest beneficiaries of that union.

Millie stands with my father and mother as the greatest influence in making me who I now am. She stands first in shaping my adult life. My children in order of age, Reed, Cristine, Teresa, LaDawn, Bryce, Richard, Jeffrey, Shawn and Jason fill a close second role in shaping my adult life.

In my memorabilia book I have a section entitled "The Love of My Life" featuring Millie and a second section entitled "The Second Love of My Life" featuring all of my children. This epitomizes my feeling on the subject.

Matters of the mind and intellect have always been important in my life. I am as uncomfortable with unthinking sentimentality as I am uncomfortable with unsentimental thinking. To me, religion and the gospel go hand in hand with knowledgeable, intelligent, thinking. I have little time for the puerile mind that would berate matters of the intellect and as little time for those who disdain things of the spirit.

In this frame of mind I attended Ricks College, receiving a two-year Associate Degree in 1964, BYU, attaining a B.A. degree in Political Science and Language in 1968, and the University of Oregon School of Law, obtaining a degree in law in 1971.

My father was a self-educated man. His example of private, personal reading in a wide range of subject matter and book set an example that has stuck for me through the years. My most favorite pastime remains reading of books. There is no better way to go to bed in the evening.

Following my graduation from the University of Oregon School of Law in 1971, I began the practice of law with Ray Rigby and Gordon Thatcher in Rexburg, Idaho. At the date of this writing, I have practiced law with the law firm now known as Rigby, Thatcher, Andrus, Rigby and Moeller for 33 years.

I have had the opportunity to practice in all levels of State courts in Idaho and in all levels of the Federal court system. My work in the practice of law has exposed me to a wide variety of people in a multifarious number of pleasant but human experiences. A lawyer sees the best and worst in humankind. It has been mind broadening but emotionally humbling. I have rued on many occasions my lot as a lawyer, but after each storm of stress and pressure I have returned to an appreciation of my work as a lawyer.

My experience as a father of 9 children stands supreme among life's experiences. I am presently in that phase of life in which I realize in a way not realizable without having lived the experiences of being a father and raising 9 children that parenthood lasts forever. A father's and mother's responsibility for and relationship with their children thankfully does not end with the so-called age of legal emancipation. Recently Millie and I are learning and relishing the new experiences of accommodating to the expanded relationships with children, their spouses and our grandchildren. The role of parenthood broadens with the generations. My feelings for my children may be demonstrated by a letter I wrote to LaDawn and Teresa when they flew off to the former Soviet Union in June 1992 to teach English in a school for pre-school children.

Home — June 24, 1992
Dear Teres' and LaD'

I am sitting around trying to relax somewhat since returning from Salt Lake to see two of our three most favorite daughters off to the land of the Cossacks. The take off of

your plane from the Salt Lake Airport was beautiful. Was it fun?

I have had you two and the progress of your flight eastward on my mind almost constantly since we watched your plane evanesce into the eastern sky this morning. We love you girls and I must confess, I have a nostalgic nibble in my heart as I write.

When we arrived home, I pulled out your itinerary and started to compute local Mountain Daylight time for your various arrivals and departures. This, of course, assumes that your actual flight schedule was consistent with your itinerary. The results are as follows:

Arrival in New York	2:30 p.m.
Departure from New York	4:30 p.m.
Arrival in Milan	11:30 p.m.
Departure from Milan	3:00 a.m.
Arrival in Moscow	8:45 a.m.

I computed that your actual flight time from Salt Lake to New York was 4 hours and 20 minutes. You flew 1,989 miles at a rate of 597.3 miles per hour. I computed that your actual flight time from New York to Milan was 6.66 actual flying hours. The distance was 3,995 miles, which would have meant that you were traveling at a rate of speed of 599.85 miles per hour. From Milan to Moscow, your actual flight time was 3.45 hours. The distance was 1,419 miles, which meant that you were traveling at a speed of 426.13 miles per hour. I just had to know where you were at all times, given our local time.

As I write now, it is 9:15 p.m., Mountain Standard (Daylight?) Time Wednesday, June 24, 1992. According to my calculations, you should be winging your way over the north Atlantic west and a bit south of England. It would just about be dawn for you and you will probably shortly be seeing the southern coast of Ireland and England by the dawn's early light, out of the left side of the plane.

Your plane will shortly be swooping down out of its estimated 38,000 feet high flight altitude over the coast of

Brittany and across the broad plains of central France in full light of early morning and on to the land of the Etruscans. You should land in the land of the Romans at about 8:10 a.m., which is 11:30 p.m. Mountain Daylight time. You will be starting a full day after an abbreviated night and we shall be beginning our night's rest. Such are the fortunes or misfortunes of world travelers who would sally forth in search of world adventure in the jet age!

What a fascinating thing this study of high-speed time travel is. Our jet and rocket age has brought the world of relativity closer to home so that Einstein's lofty things are not so far-fetched, even to us lowlier mortals.

When you receive this, you would have arrived in Yuri Dolgoruki's town, grown to be a city on the banks of the Moscow River and would have suffered through the travail of dragging your tons of luggage part way through European Russia by rail to your new abode for the next six months.

You would have found the first enigmatic encounter with spoken Russian and all those human beings that look and act like human beings, but sound utterly other-worldly.

Don't let the babble of foreign tongues get you down. Meet the challenge and have fun with the Russian language, even if you think you are massacring it initially.

After completing the first part of this letter, I went to bed, but didn't sleep much thinking of your flight and whether you were doing okay with the transfer of the luggage in Italy. It is now the morning of the 25th, about 8 o'clock. I assume that you are winging your way over Ukraine and will shortly be arriving at the Moscow Airport.

My nostalgic tickle of last night has now turned into a full-fledged case of homesickness. We love you and pray for your well-being. Remember that your best friend in the next six months may very well be, on occasion, He to whom you pray. May our Father in Heaven bless you and make this one of the grand experiences of your life.
Love, Dad

The interest, love and nostalgia expressed in the above letter to Teresa and LaDawn, I have equally for all of my children. I have

said before that a person does not have to be a cat to live 9 lives, a person need only have 9 children to do so.

On various occasions in my life, I have known the need to repent and renew religious faith. While serving in various jobs in the church, I have seen the importance of repentance in the lives of others. I captured my feelings pertaining to this principle in a poem.

The Peace of Christ

Oh heart, with heavy load now laden,
Observe this weary worldly scene,
Faint heart, bereft of joy and faith,
In search of purpose now unseen.

Oh soul, with poignance pent within,
Review a part of wanton way.
Lost soul, without the light of hope,
In web of error deeply staid.

Oh Man, God's nascent yet imperfect child,
Engaged in struggle of wrong and right.
Free being, in conflict with yourself,
Join hands with Christ to reach the light.

Oh Lord, although in errant paths we tread,
To us your wondrous peace extends,
Redeemed from sin's consuming course
If to your will we will but bend.

Sweet peace within, Christ's Heaven-sent balm
Comes not by wandering worldly ways,
But breaks full bloom within the heart
That obeisance to His spirit pays.

My life since graduation from law school and taking up the job of lawyering in 1971 has consisted of that and raising a family in Rexburg. We had two children, Reed and Cristine, when we arrived in Rexburg. All of our other children have been born while

we have lived in Rexburg. Thirty-one of the 33 years we have lived in Rexburg, we have resided in Hibbard.

My diversions from work and church activities have consisted of hiking, camping, a few memorable long road trips with the family, and singing. Some of the memorable hikes and camping experiences have included climbing on and in the Tetons, the Wind River Range, Mt. Borah, the White Clouds of Idaho, kayaking the Salmon River on three separate occasions, and climbing in the high mountains of Colorado in the Never Summer Wilderness area.

My music experiences have been many and varied and have included singing for years with the Idaho Falls Symphony Chorale, the Elkhorn Music Festival Choir, the St. Anthony Community Choir, the Upper Valley Chorale, the Rexburg Thanksgiving Day Choir, and other choirs and groups. I have had an opportunity to sing every tenor solo and one baritone solo in the Messiah in various public performances.

Probably my most extensive singing experience of this period of time has been with my two brothers, Robert and Kendall. We have sung for years in various church meetings, at funerals and at civic and entertainment events around the valley. Our repertoire has included religious and secular music, folk songs, songs accompanied by piano and guitar, and a cappella singing. It has been a wonderful experience. I have also greatly enjoyed the many orchestra and choir concerts of my children that I have attended. Additionally, I have had the wonderful experience of leading ward and stake choirs. Occasions to sing with my children at missionary farewells, entertainment events, and church services have been unforgettable.

At the age of 59, my age as I write this summary history of myself and my family, a survey of who I now am as an individual probably is the best way to summarize my history.

Religiously I am a committed member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and have a testimony and commitment to the tenets of the Gospel and Jesus Christ. To me, this means a firm belief in the living God and His Son, Jesus Christ; Their continued interest in us through modern revelation; Their interest in us through the Savior's atonement; the lofty status which man and womankind may attain by the same knowledge of our kinship with Them and our purpose in living; and the possibility of

becoming like Them. No other religion or philosophy elevates mankind to such a moral level.

Politically, I believe in the importance and the autonomy of the common, ordinary little man. Socially I am an antagonist of the blue-blood mentality. I take as a central tenet of my belief that all men are truly created equal. There should be no superciliousness or aristocratic attitudes, or elevated positions among human beings. We are all children of God. We are all our brother's keeper. Neither wealth, nor power, nor fame should change those principles.

Intellectually I am a committed learner. I believe in the principles taught in the Doctrine and Covenants 88:79 and 88:118.

My hope is to be remembered as a loyal and honorable son, a brother willing to change my ways and say I am sorry, a loving and devoted husband, an intensely interested and generous father, an affable and fair neighbor, an honest and zealous lawyer, a widely read and factually accurate thinker, a person who loves many worthwhile cultural things such as good music, poetry and language, and a person who enjoys a good campout and hike in the mountains.

Mary Jean Andrus (Brink)

I was born October 2, 1946. My parents are Samuel Reed Andrus and Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus. All I know is it was a cold, stormy day when I greeted the world. The family was harvesting potatoes which we did until I was about 17 years old. It was, I'm sure, difficult to leave the spirit world and my brother Gordon, just 10 years older than I. He was killed 6 weeks before my birth. I was greeted by 7 other brothers and sisters — Alyn, Geniece, Robert, Kendall, Portia, Therel and Rich. I need to say that I love every one of my siblings with all my heart.

I remember my early years as being very happy, and I felt very loved by all. Mom would dress me in a cute red coat and bonnet trimmed with white fur and I carried a little muff. I always had clean white long stockings. Dad would carry me. I felt very safe when I was with him.

The family always went caroling at Christmas time. One place was the Defi's. Mrs. Defi was a tiny little woman, very kind — I

loved her. Mr. Defi smoked a big cigar and drooled out of one side of his mouth and wore a patch over one eye. He always wanted me to kiss him. I would hide behind Dad's leg, but Dad would say, "Jeannie, give Mr. Defi a kiss." Well, the truth is Mr. Defi scared the hell out of me!

I loved my childhood, caroling at Christmas, playing wonderful summer games, No Bears Out Tonight, Stink Base, Steal the Stix, Run Sheep Run, Kick the Can, Anti I Over. They were all great games, played with cousins, neighborhood kids, and brothers and sisters.

It wasn't all games, though. Mom and Dad taught us kids how to work. We had the farm, and all had chores. We all learned how to cook, clean, wash, weed, and pick potatoes, mow and rake hay, bail hay, stack hay, herd cows, milk cows, mow lawns, irrigate lawns, change water in the fields, raise gardens, can food, sharpen hay knives, swear at bailer and hay knives, and so forth. We were taught how to do an honest day's work and how to respect others.

Some of my fondest memories were when "Icky" (Rich) and I would herd the cows over to the old school grounds and let them graze for a few hours. Rich would draw a sun dial in the dirt to keep track of time, then we would climb trees and just talk and "horse" around. Those were good times. We always had animals for as long as I could remember. I think this is where my passion for loving animals came from.

Mom and Dad were always very kind to animals and it more than rubbed off. I used to haul home every homeless stray animal and want to feed and care for it. As I grew older this feeling has carried over not only with animals, but with people who are less fortunate than I.

I attended Ucon Elementary School 1-3 grades, 4th grade at Fairview Elementary, and 5th grade at Coltman. My 6th grade year was back at Ucon. Grade school was cool with the exception of part of my 4th grade year. I had a teacher that I hated. She was a mean witch. One day something snapped inside of me and I couldn't keep my emotions together. For about 6 months out of that year, I was a mess. My report card read "emotionally disturbed." I was moved to Eva Stanger's class, who was the principal of Fairview Elementary. I loved her and she performed

miracles with me. I will always be grateful to that great lady for helping me get my life back together. From that early age I have always had a great respect for people with emotional or insecurity problems.

Seventh grade began at Bonneville High School which now is Rocky Mountain Middle School. I attended grades 7 - 12 at Bonneville High School. I had good years at BHS, lots of music, friends, and fun. I was always in every chorus, and my junior. and senior years, I sang with the Madrigals, led by Marcell Bird. We had a Junior and Senior Sextet that sang everywhere. I also sang duets with my cousin, David Andrus, at a lot of church dances. My 7th grade year I met my best friend, Vicki Longhurst, from Iona. Vic had polio when she was a child. When I met her she wore a brace on her leg and walked with crutches. Her handicap is what drew me to her. I knew she would be my best friend the minute I saw her. Vic has been a great influence on me since we met.

I graduated from BHS in May of 1964, the youngest in my class of 150 kids. Vicki and I headed off to Ricks College the following fall. Our major was Men! That's about the time I met Brad Strom. We dated for 4 years. During that time I changed jobs and went to Hy-Way Drug. I loved that job and all the people I worked for and with. My boss was Val Middleton. He was the best boss and friend I could have. To this day he is still my friend. Bob Crowley was also one of the pharmacists. I learned a lot from him and have a great deal of respect for him.

I married Brad Strom February 22, 1969, after a very trying 4 years. Three days after we married, he left for Vietnam for 1 year. I worked at Hy-Way Drug and moonlighted at Newberry's, part time during that year. I saved money, bought furniture, and found us an apartment just before he returned. We were married till 1984 and it ended in a divorce. During the years we were married I was in and out of Church activity. Brad and his family were Mormon-haters. It made life very difficult.

Brad and I farmed in New Sweden. I loved the farm and potato harvest. I ran the cellar and operated the piler to unload the potatoes. I also pulled boards in the back of the 10-wheelers.

We had 3 girls — Kelli (born 1971); Cori (born 1972); and Shaunie (born 1975). I love my 3 girls very much. During the

years while I was married to Brad, the kids and I were alone most of the time — so they were my life.

In 1976, Dad died, and I thought my heart would break. He was my buddy. I spent a lot of time alone with Mom and Dad since I was the youngest of 9 and the last one at home. I had gone on the road with Dad numerous times when he was State Land Agent. We would sing all the way to our destination. His heart was bad so in his later years, I would go to the field with him at night to change water. I have the deepest love and admiration for both Mom and Dad.

The year 1979 found me, Brad, and the girls headed with our belongings for Northern Idaho where Brad had been hired on with the Idaho State Police. This was the first time I had ever been away from Idaho Falls to live.

I missed my mom, brothers and sisters, all my friends, and southeastern Idaho. I found myself in a state of lonely depression. I knew no one and Brad was not much comfort. I got involved in the Church, missionary work, and service projects, and soon didn't have time for depression or loneliness. I called Mom once a week and she called me once a week. I made many wonderful friends in Post Falls. I went to work for the school district there as head cook at Frederick Post Elementary, and as custodian after school, first at Ponderosa Elementary and then Seltice Elementary. The girls went to Seltice and loved it.

I loved my cooking job and the kids at that school. Frederick Post was where most of the low income families sent their kids. I loved those kids.

In 1984 Brad decided he no longer needed me and the girls. So the girls and I packed our things very reluctantly and headed for Idaho Falls. My 4 living brothers saved me. I had only been home a few days when they (Alyn, Bob, Kendall, and Rich) took me back home — they helped bring back what few big belongings I had. They were good enough to haul back my big dog, Guss. The girls and I had already brought back one small dog, J.J., and Kelli's cat, Tiger Honey.

Old Guss sat in the front seat of Kendall's suburban between me and Kendall. Kendall finally made me and the dog change places. Don't know why — Guss loved Kendall.

The years that followed were the hardest. Mom died in May 1985, right after my divorce. I didn't think I would make it without her. She was my Rock. Her death left a major hole in my already empty life. For 16 years, I was single, raising my 3 girls all on my own with little and sometimes no money. My bothers and sisters were so good to me financially and emotionally. I couldn't have made it without them.

After years of singles dances and dating weird men, I finally found my niche in the LDS Singles. I met Kathy Duncan at a dance for singles. We became best friends. Later on I met Kathleen Taylor. To this present day we have stayed very involved with each other. For several years I would talk with bishops and stake presidents. They would OK for us singles to have dances in ward and stake buildings. We called ourselves the Lost Tribes. We had about 150-175 people who attended these dances and parties. We had a lot of fun and I met lots of good people. I moved my Church membership to the Edgemont Singles Ward where I was put in as the Activities Director. It was a great ward and I loved it. I grew spiritually and emotionally in that ward. I went to the temple for the first time in 1992. It was a wonderful experience. I spent many times going to do sealings and endowments.

Shaunie kept telling me about her friend's father and wanted me to meet him. I put her off for three years. One day she called me at work said she was ill and asked me to run her over some medication. She said she was cleaning house over at Jerry Brink's house (her friend's dad). When I got there, Shaunie had left momentarily. Jerry answered the door. It was his day off, he looked pretty grungy. That evening he called and asked me out, I declined. I finally went out with him a week later. By dang, that guy cleaned up pretty good. We dated for 4 months and were married by my singles ward bishop, Arlo Trost, on July 15, 1999.

Jerry was not a member of the Church when we married, but went to Church with me every Sunday. Bishop Lyman Dye called him as the Venture Scout Leader in the ward; he was a natural. Jerry taught himself the gospel and joined the Church in April of 2002. One year later, April 30, 2003, Jerry and I were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple for time and eternity. He is one great guy!

In July of 2002, I was called to be the Relief Society President in the Ucon Second Ward. I very reluctantly accepted. During the next 2 years, I learned a lot about myself and others. I learned to love the calling very much. It was a lot of hard work, but worth it. When they released me a month ago, it broke my heart. I need to say that I have never had very good self-esteem, but have really faked it pretty well. In my life I have served as Primary Chorister, Primary Teacher, Chorister in MIA, Dance Director, Sports Director (one of my favorite callings), Beehive Teacher, Visiting Teacher for most of my adult life, Ward Activity Director in several different wards, Relief Society President, and always an active choir member. I love music. I love to sing. I now sing with a singing group called "Stoneybrook." I have been with them for 7 years. I have sung with many different groups.

I love my children more than life itself. I would do anything for them. Some of them have been involved in drugs and alcohol. These things tear families apart and cause a lot of hurt and heartache. No child can even imagine what they do to a mother or father until they have to go through it with their own children.

I have made a lot of mistakes and am still paying for them. Adversity is what makes us grow. If we walk on the edge for very long, we may fall the wrong way. Satan is real. He waits for us to slip just a little and then it's too late. I hope some day my kids will choose to read this. We just don't play too close to the fire or we get burned. Dad was very wise and I remember him telling me to never play on or near the devil's playground.

To my children: I loved you enough to bear the pain to get you here, but it's more painful to see how you have chosen to torture yourselves in your adult lives. I would do anything for you and I can take you by the hand and try to lead you, but you have to be willing to trust me and follow. Just like trusting and following the Savior.

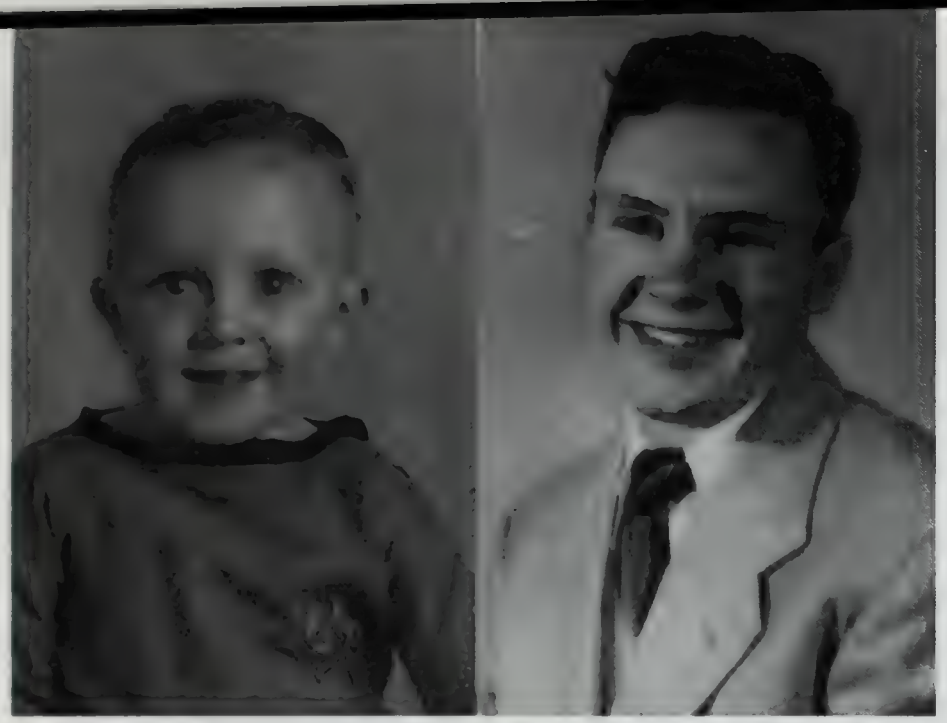
I think sometimes it would be wonderful to be able to go back and just be a kid again with Mom and Dad and brothers and sisters and not have all the hurt and burdens, but if I did that I wouldn't know the joy of motherhood and grand motherhood. Again, to my kids and grandkids: I love you all and would do it all over again.

I have a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I know that the Prophet Joseph Smith restored the true Gospel to this earth. I know that Jesus Christ is my Savior, and that He died for me. I know that God lives and hears and answers prayers.

I love my children, my husband, my parents and brothers and sisters. I love all the beautiful things in this world. I love my animals and my home. I love this great United States of America. I am grateful to God that I have been blessed with all these things and my good friends. I am grateful that my brother Alyn put pressure on me to reflect a little. Thanks, Big Bro. Love, Jean.

Mary Jean Andrus Strom Brink

1946 — till I expire!



Top Left: Alyn Brown Andrus (1935)
Top Center: Alyn (1950)
Above: Alyn and Gloria Goodman Andrus (1997)
Left: Alyn on a McCormick 15-30 at Three Forks, Montana (2004). The Andrus family had such a tractor.

Alyn Brown Andrus and Gloria Goodman Andrus Family
Front (L to R): Fa'aleaga Toalepai holding Alyn, Emeline Matua Toalepai, Eleena Ching Danielson, Steve Pu'ela Danielson. Rear (L to R): Gloria, Alyn, Daniel Pue'ata Andrus, Diana Narcisco (1981)

Top Left: Geniece Andrus Smith (1935)

Above: Geniece (1952)

Left: Geniece and David William Smith (2002)

Geniece, David and family. (L to R): Kellan David, David, LeAnn, Curtis Reed, Geniece, LaVaun (about 1970)

Geniece Andrus Smith and David William Smith with children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren (2002)

Top Left: Charles Robert Andrus, about 3 years (1940)

Top Right: Robert, about 19 years (1956)

Right: Bob and Jean Caroline McBride Andrus (2004)

Charles Robert Andrus and Jean Caroline McBride Andrus Family
Front (L to R): Patrick Shaun, Char Dawn, Charles Thayne, Jamie, Robert
Rear (L to R): Kate, Stephanie, Jean, Kerry Robert

Left: Kendall Wayne Andrus, about 1 year (1940)

Above: Kendall (1960)

Below: Kendall and Linda Rae Biornstad Andrus (2004)

Kendall Wayne Andrus and Linda Rae Biornstad Andrus Family
Front (L to R): Alesa Gaye, Devry Lin, Clay Biornstad, Trent Alyn
Rear (L to R): Caleb Michael, Kevin Reed, Linda, Kendall, Troy Kenneth, Shalae, Drae Kendall

Above: Portia Andrus, in her 1st year (1941)

Top Right: Marilyn Ricks and Portia

Right: Portia Andrus Morgan (about 1984)

Top: Portia Andrus Morgan and Ronald Stanley Morgan (2002)
Bottom: Portia and Ron with children and grandchildren (2004)

Top Left: Therel Andrus, 3 years, (1945)

Bottom Left: Therel Andrus Frei and Alfred Merlin Frei (2003)

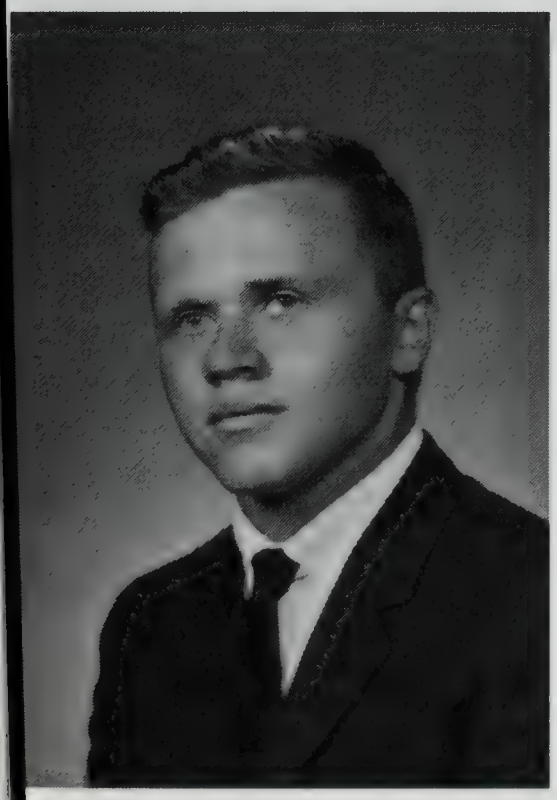
Above: Therel, Merlin and Family. Front (L to R): Kyle, Madison, Therel holding Tyler, Merlin, Dani, Megan; Rear (L to R): Tamara Lee Hansen Frei, Greg Merlin Frei, Douglas William Frei, Margaret Thelma Stratton Frei

Therel, Merlin and family
An up-date taken at Hidden Falls near Jenny Lake, Wyoming
(2004)

Top Left: Gaylon Rich Andrus, about 6 years (1950)

Bottom Left: Rich before going into the mission field (1964)

Below: Rich and Mildred Hart Andrus (2004)



Rich, Millie and family. Front (L to R): Bryce Robert, Jason Milo; Middle (L to R): Cristine, Teresa, Richard Hyrum; Rear (L to R): Jeffrey Alyn, Rich, Millie, Shaun Michael, LaDawn, Reed Eldon

Left: Mary Jean Andrus, about 2 years (1948)

Below: Jean with husband, Jerry L. Brink (1999)

Mary Jean Andrus Strom, Bradley Strom and Family (L to R): Cori, Shaunie, Jean, Brad, Kelli (1989)

Top Left: Gordon Reed Andrus (1936)
Top Right: Gordon, about 5-6 years (1941-42)
Bottom: Front (L to R): Alyn Brown, Geniece, Charles Robert, Portia Andrus Morgan; Rear (L to R): Mary Jean Andrus Strom Brink, Gaylon Rich, Kendall Wayne, Therel Andrus Frei (late 1980s)

Chapter 7

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Therel and Rulon Secrist Ricks

Betty Ann Ricks (Williams)

I was born October 17, 1933 in Logan, Utah, to Annie Pearl Anderson and George Ricks, of Parker, Idaho. My parents were both older than the parents of my friends. Mother was 44 and Dad was 57. This was the 2nd marriage for both of them. Mother was divorced, having been married to William Harris Gheen, who left her with 4 children: Donald, William (Bill), Keith Dale, and Pauline. Mom had lived in Logan and worked at the hospital as a nurse. Father met Mother in Logan at the hospital where he had taken his ill wife, Hattie Secrist Ricks, who died in Logan at the age of 48. Dad was left with 6 children: Florence (who had married Joel Mason), George Vernon (a missionary), and 4 children still at home — Rulon Secrist (Babe), Ruth, Robert (Bob)Lewis, and Jack. Some time after Hattie's death, Dad returned to Logan where he courted "Pearl." They were married June 25, 1930 in the Logan Temple. Mom and her children moved to their new home with George in Parker.

I was a surprise. Because she was older, Mother went to Logan for her delivery. I was born in the hospital where my parents first met. The doctors did not expect me to live so I was given a name and blessing in the hospital. Father called frequently to check on us. When I was able to leave the hospital, Mother took me to Parker where I would live with my brothers and sister until I was 8.

Dad had owned a farm on the north road to St. Anthony which he lost during the Great Depression. The potatoes were worth nothing and Babe told of taking them out past the sand hills and just dumping them. Dad was left with a job sorting potatoes and

a small house in Parker. That is the house Mother and Dad brought me home to. The railroad tracks ran in front of the house, and just west of us was the train depot. There was a family living at the train depot when I was born. After Mother and I came home from Utah, a young boy from that family came to see me. Well, he wanted to buy me for 5 cents. Dad told this story often.

By the time I came to the family, Ruth had moved to St. Anthony to go to high school and Jack was living with Florence. That left Babe, Bob, Don, Bill, Keith, Pauline and me at home. Mother had a busy life.

The brothers used to dip water from the ditch to fill the reservoir on the cook stove and the big canner to heat water for washing and rinsing the laundry. Every week Mother would take the bottom sheet off the beds to wash and put the top sheet on the bottom and a clean one on the top. There were no fitted sheets in those days. In the winter we used flannel. The bedrooms were not heated so in the winter a heated stone or hot water bottle was put in bed to get it warmed a little before I was put to bed.

Mother would milk the cows when Dad did not come home on time. I think we had 2 or 3 at that time. I remember a Holstein (black and white) which I have a picture of me standing by, and a Jersey (brown). There was the milk house which had a separator. It was magic. The whole milk was poured into the top and cream came out one side into a container and milk came out the other. The big bowl on top and other parts had to be taken to the house and washed in hot water. It was almost too heavy for me to carry, but I remember trying and sometimes needing help to get it into the back porch and house.

Between the milk house and the coal shed was the outhouse. Every few years the boys and Dad, I guess, would dig a new hole and move it. Seems it was a 3-holer — Daddy, Mommy, and me.

Babe tells how mean he was to Mother, but she loved him right into loving her and they became good friends. He also said Butch, his older brother, did not like how Mother ironed his shirts, so Butch would finally do his own. The socks were not mended like their mother did so they cut out Mother's mending.

Mother was a nurse and even delivered babies in Parker. The only one I remember for sure was Dorla Rudd. They lived about a block from home. Dorla was younger than I but she did great things with her life. Being widowed with several small children, she eventually taught school at Ricks College. When I was visiting Parker, I enjoyed hearing her teach Gospel Doctrine classes.

Mother and her neighbors, Mary Parker and Olive Miller, used to see who could get the clothes on the line first on Monday morning as well as who had flowers up or blooming first in the spring. In Mother's garden, with flowers and vegetables, there had to be bees. One day a bee flew up my pants leg and stung me. Did I holler!

The brothers used to throw me across the ditch between the lawn and garden. I wondered why I was afraid of water. Bill will not admit it, but has a twinkle in his eye as we talk about it.

The post office was about 3 blocks from our home. Bob used to put me on his shoulders and take me to get the mail. It was a big treat and when we got a mail box, #53, we didn't have to ask for the mail anymore, just seems like we needed to remember the combination to open the box.

This is a story my mother and older brothers tell of the boys being sent by Mother up to Charles Brown's garden to pick raspberries. They came back fast, much to Mother's surprise. Well, as Mother emptied the bucket, the top was raspberries, but the bottom was filled with apples (probably green).

Keith was digging a big hole in the back yard one day, north of the path to the outhouse. The garbage was to be put there. I went out to watch. Well, pushing dirt off the edge seemed fun until Keith had had enough of a pesky little sister and sent her crying to the house.

At the north of the house was an ice box. Ice was delivered, but I don't remember how often. The boys, I think Bill and Bob, put some money together and a refrigerator was delivered to the house. It was big and new. It fit right in the living room between Dad and Mom's bedroom door and the pantry door.

Mother sold butter made from the cream and bought a sewing machine. With the sewing machine and tailoring class she had taken when young, she knew how to take the boys' old corduroy pants and make coveralls for me. The store ones were gray and

white stripes and had snaps. The ones she made had buttons. Florence made me dresses. The ones I remember were a red polka dot and a blue with sailor collar.

The Grovers lived to the east and they had children my age. The older daughter, Vivian, made doll clothes for my doll and I do have one of those outfits saved in my wooden chest, a chest which was given me by Florence and Joel when he worked at Eagle prison farm. The chest, as well as a monkey made out of a peach pit, was made by one of the convicts at the farm.

One day when Ruth was working at this hospital in St. Anthony, she brought 2 pairs of shoes to Parker. I was to choose between cowboy boots and dress shoes. I think they were red. Oh, how I wanted the boots; as I tried each pair on I walked around the big round table. Mother must have been able to tell the boots didn't fit. They slipped on my heel and must have hurt, so with some encouragement I chose the shoes with buckles.

Mother and I always had an afternoon nap. I would watch her and try to lie in exactly the same position as she did, on my stomach with one leg up and one arm up and one down. Sometimes if I slept too long, she would go visit Sister Miller across the street and I would be worried and cry until I found her. My new big teeth came, in front of my baby teeth. Mother took me to Rexburg to Dr. Gull (I think) to have the baby teeth removed. Dad always kept a supply of white peppermint candies. Maybe that's why I had bad teeth which made me look like I had mumps. Dr. Harlo Rigby lanced my jaw which was swollen with infection. At the time I didn't associate it with tooth decay.

There was a medical doctor in St. Anthony who had an office above the drugstore. Mother took me there to have my tonsils and adenoids removed. I then sat in Dad's big chair by the window with a blanket around me.

With the depression, Dad's problem, which I was not even aware of until after Mother died, became worse. I take this account from my sister, Ruth's history:

> It was about 1933, I believe, that Daddy went overboard about liquor. That says it. Church was out while he had held responsible positions for years. Now he almost instantly quit his work. Never would he speak bad

of people, now sometimes in defense of his own weakness, I think, he would belittle everyone in the village. Bishop Humphrey, especially former friends, he shunned. Where he had been a leader for good, now he was a barrier. Where he had been honored, respected, loved and admired as Uncle George, now he was spoken of as "Old George" and smiled at behind his back.

Aunt Pearl had a pretty tough time of it. Bill and Don couldn't get along at home very good. Dad was ever irritable and young men just won't be treated with no respect. Bob has always seemed ideal to Dad. It was tiresome for Bill and Don to hear his praises sung so much. Dad made a Spartan effort to keep his family close, but it is a difficult job for a father who has already attempted to get relief from his wounds in the life of an alcoholic. He worked almost the year round after the '29 crash, running a crew of potato-sorters and repairing equipment.

My parents protected me from this turmoil in the family. On Saturdays, we (Dad, Mother, and I) went to St. Anthony. One day in the drug store I must have stopped to look at something. Mother was not there when I turned around. I looked all over and found a lady in a coat that I thought was Mother. I went to her table, looked at her, and was I worried when it was not my mother.

Sunday afternoons Dad, Mother and I, with me sitting on a little red chair between them in the car "Old Marthie," would go to Rexburg. I was afraid of the river bridge. It had boards on top of the across boards and I was fearful the tires of the car would not match the boards. We would visit Uncle Brig (Brigham Ricks), one of Dad's brothers who lived on the road just before you turned west to go downtown Rexburg. The best thing down the side road by Uncle Brig's was the Evans Ice Cream Shop. I would get an orange sherbet cone and sit in the lawn swing.

The year I turned 8 I was sick a lot. Mother said I would have to wait for warm weather to be baptized. I waited, but impatiently. Ruth was to meet me after Sunday School at church to be interviewed by Bishop Humphreys. She must have had sick

children as she did not come to church. I went home in tears. Mother said if I would go by myself I could. I walked back to church and Bishop gave me an interview. I took the paper home. Mother drove us up to St. Anthony to the Yellowstone Stake tabernacle and I was baptized the same day as L.D. Jeffs — maybe his dad baptized us both. My dad did not attend.

In May of 1942, Mother stayed in bed one day, which she never did. She asked me to get a little bottle from the top of the cupboard so she could get a urine sample. It was a high cupboard and she needed a smaller one than I found. I don't know if she ever used it. That night I was sent to bed. Dad thought I was asleep, but I watched as he and, I think, Ruth took Mother out the front door into a car. I watched them all the way down the walk, across the bridge, and out the gate. Mother did not come home. Ruth took me for a car ride and on the road between Rice's house and Davenport's, she told me Mother had died. That was May 7, 1942. The viewing was at Babe and Therel's house.

Mother died of pneumonia just a few weeks before sulfa was available for the general public. It had been used only for the service men and women. Some of the teachers from the grade school came to the house. I remember Beth Miller and Fae Orme.

After Mother died, Dad decided to let my brother Babe and his wife, Therel, raise me. They had no children. I remember putting my belongings in my little wagon, my dolls in a doll buggy, and moving to their house just a block and a half to the south. Babe worked for Jackson Lumber Company, Therel for a store in St. Anthony.

Therel quit work to take care of me. Therel and Babe's house had a back room used for storage. They changed that into a lovely bedroom for me with blue flower wallpaper, a 3/4 size bed across the end of the room, a dressing table made from two orange crates covered with a blue and white material with a space in the middle for my legs. I could put my things in the boxes on each side. I slept in the front room until the "junk" room could be cleaned and decorated. My room was on the northwest corner of the house and so cold in winter that when I left my goldfish in its bowl in my room overnight, it froze solid.

Living with Babe and Therel had two unexpected benefits — grandparents and cousins. Grandma Brown became the grandmother I never had as all of mine had died before I was born. Grandpa Brown would bring bum lambs home and I was allowed to feed them and move them around from one grassy place outside the fence to another. This did not turn me away from eating lamb, as even now leg of lamb is one of my best menus. I remember feeling their love during this time.

Dogs were a great fear for me after I moved to live with Babe and Therel. Grandma Brown taught me not to be afraid of the big black dog that barked at me as I walked past on my way to and from school.

Therel was in the MIA, so one evening a week I was able to go to the grandparents' house for the evening. Grandma would sit at the sewing machine and mend or sew aprons, if I remember right. She would take the comb and comb her hair back and I always liked to watch her. I would sit by the coal stove and read as I watched her work.

Before Easter, Grandma always made hot cross buns, and some of her special things such as raisin pie and raisin-filled cookies.

I was closer to my new Brown cousins than to my parents' nieces and nephews because I was so much younger than even my brothers and sisters. I had cousins in my mother's family but I saw them so seldom I did not really know them. I was so surprised and happy the Brown family was so supportive of me and accepted me just as any of the children.

On Thanksgiving and Christmas when the Quayle and Andrus families were together for a feast, and, if weather allowed football in the front yard, I became part of the group. When Aunt Melba's son, Gordon Andrus, died I went to Ucon thinking I was going to baby-sit. However, when we got there Aunt Melba asked me to carry flowers along with her children.

Geniece Andrus would come from Ucon to stay with her grandparents and we would play in the apple orchard where there was a sheep camp. What a wonderful play house with all the secret compartments!

Because I was sick so much the year I was 8, I missed a lot of school in the 2nd grade. I started 3rd grade, but the teacher sent

me back to 2nd grade. I remember sitting on a bench and looking up at the alphabet above the blackboard. I couldn't remember my letters. Beth Miller was the teacher. When Mother died, Miss Orme was my teacher.

Therel always had a beautiful Christmas tree. The 1st Christmas I lived with them, they really went all out with dolls and clothes, doll bed, etc. Dinner that year was at Grandpa and Grandma Brown's place. It was so fun to have fun with everyone.

Not long after I started to live with Babe and Therel, Babe was hauling lumber for Mr. Jackson. He came home. Therel and I had eaten supper and Babe was eating. I was sitting on Therel's lap when a ball of fire came through the house. Therel was so frightened of thunder and lightning, where I was taught by Dad Ricks to enjoy it. We started to smell smoke and went outside. There was smoke coming from up the street to the east. The whole neighborhood went up the street to find the Stoddard house on fire. It was on the corner. There was fire throughout the whole house. It was so hot and exciting. I may have been afraid, but do not remember. The house was destroyed. Later a grocery store was built on that lot.

When Therel was pregnant with Marilyn, I fell at school after running out to the front gate and back. I slipped and must have had a concussion. The kids at school laughed at me and said I walked into a wall, but I don't remember walking into the wall. They put me in the principal's office because they couldn't find Therel. She was at Rexburg seeing the doctor. They couldn't call anyway as we did not have a phone.

When I was 10, Marilyn arrived. I always liked babies and had so enjoyed Sandra and Selma, Ruth Ricks Brown's oldest children. In December that year I came home from school and Babe and Therel were not home. I had a bad headache and was trying to start a fire in the kitchen stove when they came home from Idaho Falls, Christmas shopping. Marilyn was just a few months old. I had pneumonia and was put to bed with a bad smelling steamer to try to open up my lungs. The smell I can still remember. I could not get out of bed and must stay away from Marilyn. I think the doctor even made house calls, and Ruth, being a nurse, helped also.

Eventually Marilyn came to stay in my bedroom. A closet was built along the south wall and Marilyn and I shared a four-drawer dresser by the door. When Paul and Tom came along, they shared the front bedroom with their parents.

My mother's treadle sewing machine was a challenge, so an electric machine was purchased so I could sew shirts and mend pants for the family. It even had a button-holer which I really mastered and enjoyed. I never could sew like Aunt Wilma; she sewed school dresses for Geniece and me. Some years I wore mine one year and Geniece's the next year.

At Christmas time, Therel must not have liked to wrap presents, so that was my job. She always had lovely paper and ribbon and I tried to make them look pretty.

High school was in St. Anthony and I had to take the bus. The first day at high school was traumatic as I had not ever ridden the bus nor been in the huge two-story building. All those rooms, stairs and kids! Catching the bus was a challenge as there were things that needed to be done before leaving home in the mornings, such as dusting and vacuuming. I was always concerned where to meet the bus. If I was done early I could meet it close, at the Brown/Bergeson corner half a block away. If late, I'd run to get it on the south road after the Remington, Davenport and Rigby kids were picked up.

I finally made friends with kids on the bus and some teachers, especially Mrs. Vernessa Nagle, whose mother was a sister to Dad's first wife. There were times she would excuse me from class to go to her house in case she had forgotten to unplug the iron or turn off the stove. I did not do well taking tests. Study hall was fun, but I could not concentrate on studies with all the other activities and movement going on.

The Math teacher, Mrs. Bell, taught Algebra when I was a freshman and I was told if I missed class I would never make it in her room. That worried me because spud harvest came early that year and my job at Remington's started before school let out for spud vacation. That made me a lot of problems, not only with Mrs. Bell, but also with Therel. While I worked for Remington's pulling vines on the digger, I took Marilyn to Grandma Brown every morning on my way to work and picked her up after work. Therel was cooking at the sawmill out at Kilgore. I was to care for

Marilyn before and after school. Therel was not happy when she came home at the end of the week, but I didn't know what else I could do. Mrs. Bell saw my problems and helped me. I did well in her class despite missing class.

The next year a new teacher came to teach Geometry. I did poorly and could not understand him. The 1st grading period I got a C. The next quarter I read library books in class and did my homework at home, and got an A and a B. I did not learn under stress and confusion.

When I was a Junior, I took typing with a group of Sophomores. Dad had gotten me a portable typewriter with pica type face, a larger type than the elite typewriters at school. It was so much different from those at the school, I never got up to a good speed or accurate, but all my assignments were turned in correct. Therel wanted me to be a secretary, but shorthand did not make sense to me. I always wanted to be a nurse, so Chemistry was one of my best classes. The teacher really knew how to teach me. In fact, when I went to nurses' training at St. Alphonsus in Boise, the chemistry class at Boise Jr. College was my only 100% test. It made the teacher there mad that so many of us did so well. She wanted to flunk all the nurses. The nuns at the nursing school understood and we all passed anyway.

When I was younger, I was called Bugs Bunny because my permanent front teeth came in in front of my primary teeth, so Mother took me to a dentist to have them extracted. Mother then wanted me to have them straightened. When she married Dad, she used her assets to buy a rental house which was to give her a small income. When she died, her house was sold and the money was to be used for me to get my teeth straightened. The war was on so the orthodontist in Idaho Falls, who was the closest, was taken into the service. He did not get out until I was in high school. At that time, Therel took me down to get started. Ruth Davenport and I would ride the bus from St. Anthony to Idaho Falls about every two weeks for several years. My money must have run out, as the doctor was building a house and Babe took him a load or so of lumber to pay him off. I did not smile in any pictures until after my braces came off, about the time I was to start as a senior in high school. Bob and Fern were living in

the front part of Dad's house at the time. I went over to show them and they took a picture, the first one I ever liked of me.

Once I graduated from high school, I worked away from home and rarely came back to Babe and Therel's. I had lived with them for 10 years, from 8 years old to 18.

The summer after high school, I worked at Jenny Lake Store, cleaning the tourist cabins. Most of the log cabins were located in a semicircle behind the store with a few others across the creek. One time there had been bears seen in the area, so an older man that worked for Nell and Ann, the store's proprietors, went with me. It really helped because the rugs had to be rolled up, taken out, and the floors all mopped. It was a big load for me so the help was really appreciated.

Lowe Rudd of Parker had a horse concession near the lake. One day I was off and they let me take a horseback ride. I followed a trail, saw a bear, and ended up close to Moose, Wyoming, where there was a church that you could look out the window to see the Teton Peaks with a cross at the base of them.

Because I worked on Sunday, I had not been to church for several weeks. Lowe Rudd introduced me to Elder Ezra Taft Benson who was going into Jackson to church and was willing to take me along. What a thrill to have an apostle of the Lord take notice of one so insignificant as me! I think Elder Benson may have known my dad. Later when his family came to Jackson, he brought them to the store. I was cleaning a cabin quite a way from the store, but they all walked out to meet me. Years later, when Reid, their son, was speaking in Boise, he told me his father still rode a big black horse.

A few times during that summer I rode to Parker with Cornell Rudd or others as they drove back and forth.

When Dad Ricks became ill that summer and had surgery in Boise, I went with Babe and Therel to visit him. We stayed with my sister Florence. I was given permission to take the admission test at St. Alphonsus Hospital School of Nursing while I was there. Was I ever nervous about the test as I never was a good test taker. When I finished I asked one of the nuns when I would know if I was admitted to nurses training, and she said I was admitted right then. Worry and tension always caused me to break out in hives.

During training, the nuns would pass me in the hall and say, "Miss Ricks, I see you are having a test today."

During vacation from nurses training, I worked at the St. Anthony Hospital. After nurses training, I moved back with Therel and Babe while I worked at the Rexburg hospital. By that time it was too much for Grandma Brown to tend children, so I worked nights, came home and tended Thomas. He and I napped in the afternoon until Marilyn and Paul came home from school while Babe and Therel worked sorting potatoes. Babe became an inspector shortly after that.

I eventually moved to Rexburg and lived with another nurse, Barbara Quirl. When she went to Utah to work, I moved in with Fern, Bob's widow, and her three girls. I had a room in the basement. They were so good to me. I was known as Aunt Betty to all the neighbor children and cousins.

Even though I lived in Rexburg, my Church membership was still in Parker, so it was from the Parker Ward that I was called as a missionary to the Samoan Islands. On September 23, 1956, I was interviewed by Joseph Fielding Smith. My call came September 27th. I was to be in the mission home from December 5th to December 12th. I received my endowments in the Idaho Falls Temple, November 28, before I went to the mission home. Therel took me to the temple for the 1st time. The missionaries were all taken to the Salt Lake Temple while in the mission home, some for the 1st time.

Levi Edger Young set me apart December 12th. We Pacific missionaries were sent home for Christmas, but we had to have our trunks sent when we were in the mission home so they would be there when we arrived in January. At the farewell in Parker, money was donated to help me get what I needed as we were to take all we would need for 2 years. I felt the Brown family was a great support in this, even if the list of people donating was not given to me.

On December 30th, a friend took me to the train in Ogden where I met several missionaries who had been in the mission home with me. We traveled together to San Francisco where we had a hotel room for New Year's Eve. We watched the activities in the streets below as the world celebrated New Year's Day. My brother, Don and wife, Mildred, came from Santa Barbara and

spent the day with me showing me the sights of San Francisco. I had never even seen the ocean or a big city. Salt Lake City had been the biggest, so what a day we had together! That was the last time I saw either Don or Mildred. We did correspond.

Samoa is a beautiful group of islands. I was on Upolo where my 1st assignment was to teach Biology. I had to have the students bring plants to class so I would know what we were talking about.

President Sampson used me as a nurse and I went to villages teaching hygiene. President Sampson said he could always tell when the nurses had been there as he was given water to wash before the meal, not just after.

About April 1958, President Sampson transferred Sister Tolupa and me to Aitutaki in the Cook Islands. Dixie and Don Nielson were construction missionaries there and were expecting a baby. The assignment if I accepted was to teach the Gospel, but to also deliver a baby. On Sunday, June 15, Sister Nielson was walking through the kitchen door and her water broke. She was put to bed as soon as Sister T and I got it ready. Don was sent down to get the scales at the Medical offices. It was almost time for Sunday School which was held in a fale (native house) close to the Nielson's home. He had only been back a short while when it was time. It was a footling breech with the cord around the baby girl's neck four times. My hands were guided by the Lord and all was well with mother and baby. Interesting side note: when the Nielsons came back to the states, their next child was born in California and did not survive. The hand of God was that day in Aitutaki.

While I was serving in Cook Islands, on Raratonga, I received word Grandma Brown had died. I was sad, but so thankful for the Plan of Salvation. I now had a testimony of life after death.

December is hurricane season, and it was time for Ta'alongo (Sister Tolupa) and me to return to Samoa. The packing was done and we headed for the ship that was to take us on the first leg of our journey back to Aitutaki. This ship was not much bigger than a boat we now see on the lakes in Idaho. When all the paper work, ticket, visa, etc., was taken care of, the tide was too far out so we needed to wait. When we did get under way, we were on the

top of the ship with the other natives, mostly Maori and a few others. There were some palagi (white) men in cabins below.

There was a strong wind. It was about to become the trial of my faith. As I look back at that time, I'm reminded of the scriptures where Paul was shipwrecked and of them wanting to throw a passenger overboard as they thought Christians were the cause of the storm. As the day progressed, the storm clouds and wind became so intense seasickness set in. The waves came up over the front of the ship and it looked like we were to be covered with waves. This went on for hours. It was time we were to have arrived in Aitutaki, but no land was in sight and the captain was drunk.

I went downstairs to hang over the rail as not to vomit on those upstairs. One of the palagi men offered me his bunk in one of the state rooms. With help, I climbed up there and prayed personally not to be put in history. I told the Lord if we came out of this alive, I would try during my life to serve Him and prayed for forgiveness of all the sins I could think of. I had done much wrong in my negative thinking and actions. Sleep finally came and when I awoke it was daylight and someone said there was land in sight.

We sailed into Aitutaki. The choral reef did not let the ship come close, so a whaling boat came out to get us. The sea was still rough. I was being helped by two natives. As I was about to jump into the boat, a wave pushed it up higher than the ship. I felt the hand of the Lord hold me until the boat came down and settled, then I jumped into the boat. The Nielsons were on shore to greet us but we had no suitcases. The boat that was carrying our luggage was swamped. It was several days before the diver could drag our suitcases up from the bottom of the harbor. Everything then was laid out to dry. My scriptures and camera were not worth anything. Clothing was washed and hung to dry. We counted our blessings.

We waited there about a week and then were taken to a small island off Aitutaki where a sea plane picked us up to take us to a place off the Samoan coast where it was safe to land in the ocean. At the mission home, the room where I had lived before had been given to another sister because we had been gone so long. It was interesting to try to find the belongings we had left behind.

Two other missionaries, Bonnie Jorgenson and Margaret Kennard, were planning a trip after they had completed their mission to go on around the world and convinced me to go also. Sister Ernstrom would loan me the money, $500. The Church paid for missionaries to return home. That money was applied to our trip and while I was still in the Cook Islands, my sister missionaries made all the detailed plans.

There were farewell parties, then Bonnie, Margaret, and I began our next adventure. New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, up through the Indian Ocean, and through the Suez Canal, across the Mediterranean and through Europe, England, and across the Atlantic. We landed in Canada, rode a bus to New York where we had a day. Through Europe, London and New York, we had no extra money. We economized by buying one meal at night, saving the bread for breakfast and picking up a piece of fruit for lunch. From New York, Margaret and I then boarded a bus for Idaho. Bonnie had friends in Washington, D.C. so she went there. (Note from Alyn: When Gloria and I went to Western Samoa in 1959, we took Betty's steamer trunks back to Samoa with us.)

I called Therel to wish her Happy Mother's Day, using more money than I should have. She had suffered a nervous breakdown while I was gone, but nobody had told me. When I got to Rexburg, I used my last nickel to call and let the family know to pick me up. Nobody was home, so I lost the money and did not get a ride. Arriving in St. Anthony, I walked the street until I found someone from Parker to get a ride.

I gave my homecoming talk in Parker. The hospital in Rexburg hired me back. I bought a car. Therel was still sick. I took her to the hospital in Ogden on my 2-day break. Babe was working at Kilgore, so I stayed with Marilyn, Paul and Tom. At stake conference I reported my mission in the morning and then went to work in the afternoon.

Elsie Orme called to invite me to meet her nephew. They picked me up in Parker and I visited at the Orme home in St. Anthony. That was my 1st meeting with Lewis Williams.

Fall came. Therel got out of the hospital and I moved back to Rexburg, living with Fern and the girls. I decided I was not going to ever marry so I signed up for some college classes which I took after getting off work at the hospital. For Thanksgiving, I visited

my sister, Pauline Rudd. She was living in Rapid City, North Dakota. Some of her husband's family in Idaho invited me to go with them for the holiday. I had been in Pauline's home in Denver when she had only two boys. Now she had four boys and a daughter. What a great time we had!

Back in Idaho I thought of Lew. I wrote him a letter and sent it to the wrong address in Boise. He got it in Seattle when he was a Junior in dental school. A letter came back saying he wanted to see me, either before or after Christmas. If I did not know, pray about it. There was another fellow, a missionary from Tonga I met in the Salt Lake Mission Home. On his way home from his mission, he came to see me. After Lew's letter, did I ever pray! I told Lew to come first. After that, I didn't want to see the other guy.

I had to work Christmas Day so he came before. I was living in Fern's basement. We had a great time. When he left, I told Fern I was glad he didn't give me a Christmas present as I was broke and could not get him one. She said there was a little package under the tree.

Christmas morning I opened it, a pearl pendant with rhinestones around it with matching earrings. The work at the hospital was slow, just a few patients, so I tried to call Lew in Boise. There were numerous Lewis Williamses. After several tries, I reached him to thank him and wish him a Merry Christmas. He invited me to Boise for New Years. On New Year's Eve, after a dance, he gave me his Sigma Chi fraternity pin. He went back to Seattle, I to Rexburg. Weekly a letter arrived, then daily. In March when I finished my courses at Ricks College, Lew and Clara Williams were in Rexburg to take me to Boise to be there when Lew got home. March 18th, Easter morning at sunrise, overlooking Boise he asked me to marry him.

While we were talking, I felt for the Samoan ring I always wore on my left hand, it felt different. Lew had changed it for a diamond engagement ring. He was always taking my ring off and on, playing with it so was I surprised.

Inasmuch as he was going back to Seattle and I to Rexburg we got our marriage license before we parted. The next time we were to be together was Sunday, June 12th, to be wed the 13th. There would be no other time.

The surprise came when I went back to work at the hospital and was asked where the other ring was — one of the doctors there got the Boise paper with a list of marriage licenses.

Brother and Sister Ernstrom, who were construction missionaries in Samoa, were great friends to all the missionaries. However, she was ill and I was assigned to nurse her. She had said she would make my wedding dress, which she did. I made several trips to Utah to see missionaries and for dress fittings. The veil was their wedding gift. For just $25, I had a lovely wedding gown.

There were many trips between Rexburg and Parker, making wedding plans. Tuesday evening I was there and Therel wanted me to go tuck Grandpa Brown in. I really didn't want to. It was getting late and I worked early, but I went up, visited, helped him into bed, turned out the lights, and drove to Rexburg. When Wilma went to check on him in the morning, he had died in his sleep.

The night before his funeral I was addressing wedding invitations and preparing a talk for Sunday. There again, the Plan of Salvation calmed the sad heart with the passing of a great man.

June 13, 1960, Lew and I were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple, with a reception at Parker. The Andrus and Quayle families gave a lovely table lamp that is still used on an end table in our front room. It reminds me of them. They were great friends and included me in many family activities. The Andrus family music comforted many as they came to Parker for church, funerals, and activities.

The summer found Lew and me in Topinish, Washington. Lew was on a fellowship from University of Washington Dental School, serving on an Indian Reservation. In the fall we moved to Seattle, Washington for Lew to finish dental school. He graduated in June 1961.

We moved to Boise where Lew opened his dental practice. A house was purchased on Overland Road that was converted into a dental office, with us living on the West side and in the basement. We lived with Lew's parents until the house was remodeled. After the dental practice was opened, I was Lew's assistant until it was almost time for the arrival of our 1st child.

Vickie was born July 23, 1962, at St. Alphonsus Hospital where her father was born and where I graduated from nurses training. What a joy it was for us to be parents. She was the apple of her father's eye and when I left them alone he would take a whole roll of pictures.

In January 1963 we started looking for a house to purchase. In March we found the dream house on North Beach where we still live. Annette arrived on the 19th of November that year. Our numbers increased as LuAnn arrived on May 25, 1966, followed by Ricks Lewis on December 6, 1967. Then Karann arrived June 10, 1969; Brian, September 29, 1970, and our Christmas present Carolyn on December 25, 1971.

All the children attended Kelsch grade school, Fairmont Junior High and Capital High School. We have college graduates from Ricks College, BYU, University of Utah and Boise State University. We just have to cheer for all the ball teams. The boys and Carolyn all served missions. With 7 children and almost 30 grandchildren, we enjoy traveling and serving as ordinance workers in the Boise Temple.

<u>Marilyn Ricks (Harris)</u>

I was born on a beautiful Sunday morning, September 12, 1943. I was a much awaited baby. My parents, Therel and Rulon (Babe) Ricks, had been married 7 years and had almost given up hope of having a child. The previous year, my dad's stepmother, Aunt Pearl, had suddenly passed away leaving a lonely, frail little 8-year-old girl named Betty Ann. Grandpa Ricks felt too old to take care of and raise a little girl and it was Aunt Pearl's dying wish that Betty come to live with Mom and Dad. Mom has told me she was an extremely nervous mother and now she had not one, but 2 little girls!

Mom picked a huge basket of cucumbers for Mrs. Terry the day before my harvest-time birth. I've loved being an autumn child. I love the colors of fall, the distinctive smells and feel of the winds of autumn, this time of harvest and time of plenty. I've felt my birth-month has been a great factor in molding who I am.

I came home from the hospital to a small white frame house in the farm town of Parker, Idaho. I lived a block west of my maternal grandparents, and a block north of my Aunt Wilma and

Uncle Ray Quayle and their boys. Doug, 6 months my junior, was one of my best friends. Our yard joined Aunt Ruth and Uncle George Brown on the north, Their children were my friends and playmates — Selma, Sandra, and Mike who was just 2 weeks older than I. In my baby picture album I have pictures of Mike and me in a baby buggy, playing in the grass at birthday parties, and school pictures — we were cousins, friends, and classmates until 1969 when Mike was killed in Vietnam. My Grandpa Ricks also lived a block north of our house. It was a blessing to live so near our grandparents. I helped Grandpa Brown with milking and chores, picked raspberries and churned butter. Eating dinner with Grandma and Grandpa Brown was a treat; fresh bread with freshly churned butter and raisin pie were my favorites! I helped clean house and cared for Grandma in her later years and that was a blessing. We would visit Grandpa Ricks and he always gave us boxed sugar cookies. I still picture him sitting in his chair by the window.

When I was 9 months old my mom had a severe breast infection. The doctor treated her with a sulfa drug. Instead of getting well, Mom became critically ill. Grandma Brown and Daddy became very concerned and Daddy wrapped Mom in a blanket and took her to the hospital. Doctor Harlo Rigby said she'd not have lived through the night. Her infection was still critical, but the main problem was an extreme reaction to the sulfa. She remained very ill in the hospital for days and her beautiful black curls turned nearly white.

My 9-month-old fingernails all became infected from Mom's infection and I vividly remember Daddy carrying me up some dark stairs to a doctor's office — I even remember the little blue coat I had on. The doctor then removed my infected nails, although I don't remember the pain, I do remember how my daddy cried for me.

My brother Paul was born in July of the year I turned 3. I remember the day he was born, Grandma Brown came down to visit. I also remember how the flower garden looked and smelled as we stood in the yard to visit. Daddy took Betty and me to Dr. Rigby's little Rexburg hospital. We stood on the lawn and waved at Mom through the window.

One of my oldest memories is of music. Mom always gave music lessons, played for funerals and weddings, and also played for people as they sang. Daddy had a beautiful tenor voice and sang in quartets, always rehearsing in our home. I don't remember a time that music wasn't a part of my life. I clearly remember sitting on the piano bench as Mom played and Paul cried.

My childhood memories wouldn't be complete without writing of the adventure of living through a good old Idaho thunderstorm with Mom. Most often she'd put Paul and me on her bed with pillows to smother the sound. Never mind that we were not afraid of those wild storms. Poor Mom was absolutely terrified as she watched those clouds and anticipated those storms. Her expression, "If it comes on over the Junipers, it'll be a bad one!" colored many of our summer days.

Our little neighborhood was a great one for a child. We played night games like Kick the Can and Steal the Flag. We often went swimming at "Davenport's" and in the canal. We played dolls and played in the big playhouse Daddy built for me. We weeded gardens and helped our grandparents. In the winter Dad would bring his bulldozer home from the sawmill and push up huge piles of snow in our front yard. In those days we had lots of snow! We used the hills for sledding, skiing and making huge snow forts and caves. All the neighborhood kids played with us: the Becks, the Bergesons, and the Hammonds.

When I was in 3rd grade my little brother Tom was born. It was a blustery February day. When we drove to the hospital to bring Mom and Tom home it was windy and snowing. The roads were very slick. All the way to Rexburg Dad sang "Today is the day they give babies away for half a pound of tea!"

We loved our new little brother. But being 8 years apart was such a gap. I just remember tending Tom and playing with him. We all got along together. I tell my children my brothers and I never argued. Dad did not allow us to be cross or speak hurtful words to each other. My brothers and Betty are very dear to me and I'm so grateful for their influence in my life.

I have memories of big family Thanksgiving dinners with the Andruses and the Quayles. Of course, Grandpa and Grandma were there too. We also got together on other occasions. There were

lots of cousins to play with, wonderful food and much laughter and music.

During the summer months of my childhood we'd live in Kilgore during most weekdays, coming home on the weekends. My dad owned a small saw mill north of the General Store area in Kilgore. There could never be a better way to spend long summer days than playing in or along the creek bed at the mill! I have come to realize how much hard work it was for Mom and Dad and how hard and stressful those years were. But for Paul and me it was wonderful. We had a cabin with rafters, home to little mice, and a tar paper roof. When the rain hit the roof the sound was magical. There was a beaver dam in the creek next to the cabin — to this day mountain streams splashing and laughing over rocks and dams are my favorite sound. I love the mountains and being in the wild. Kilgore truly was a great influence on the woman I have become.

After breakfast, Paul and I would take our fishing poles and walk along the creek for a day fishing, building rock gardens, and catching frogs. We never wandered from the creek bank and always knew the way home. The freedom to explore in those long happy days defined my childhood. It was wonderful to see and marvel at this wonderful world as a child sees. Tom was quite small so our Kilgore fun was mostly with just Paul and me. Betty helped Mom cook and worked hard.

I always got car sick on our long, hot drives from Parker to Kilgore. Mom would stop the car and I'd get out and walk a bit, usually accompanied by my dog, Boots, who had been a birthday present for my 1st birthday and remained my best friend until she died near my 16th birthday. All told, I must have walked to and from Kilgore several times. I had bad allergies and the dust was suffocating to me. Mom must have dreaded those drives!

We had a canvas bag of water in case the car overheated. The road was dirty and rough, except for when it rained — then it was slick. Mom must have been so tired and stressed by the time we arrived at the mill.

We were taught to work hard. As children we had farm animals: chickens, pigs, a cow and calf. We fed the animals, gathered eggs, worked in our big garden, and helped weed and water flower beds. I gained a love of growing things. Watching

flowers grow and bloom was a joy to me as a child, and I love gardening still. I think that love and ability is a true inheritance from my mom and dad who both loved working the land.

When I was old enough (although I am not sure what "old enough" was — it seems as if I was quite young) we weeded potatoes in the early summer. I clearly recall walking up and down those rows in the hot sun and pulling weeds. As I got older, I "cut potatoes" for Uncle Ray, then in the fall I worked with a partner during harvest; we "picked" potatoes. The tractor dug them up and left them laying on the ground; the pickers came behind and picked them up into a basket. Two baskets filled a gunny sack. We stood them in rows with every 10th sack sitting out a little and were paid by the sack. Harvest vacation was in late September or early October. There were always a few extremely cold days. Our fingers would ache with the cold. Picking potatoes during harvest vacation gave us spending money for clothes and Christmas. When I was old enough to drive, I drove a potato truck on the dry farms and worked on the diggers. We all worked so hard!

We didn't have much extra money when I was a child. Mom and Dad both worked hard and we always had good food, a clean house, and the clothes we needed.

I developed a great love of reading as a very young girl. I read everything we had in our book case and was happier than words can express when Mom took me to the St. Anthony library for my 1st library card. I started on one end and read everything in that building! It didn't matter what the book was about — horses, dogs, history, geography, I loved them all. During the summer, if I had a few quiet minutes, I'd climb up to our tree house on the roof of the chicken coop, under a huge cottonwood tree. I'd be safely hidden and could read. My imagination would take me miles or centuries away. I loved the shadows of the leaves stirred by summer breezes. My mind's eye would picture the wonders of the world. I loved the magic of poetry, the written word, the sentences and phrases I read then. Today, I still love them. They continue to give me unspeakable peace and joy.

I attended church in the Parker Ward 2 blocks from my home. I have but to close my eyes and I can feel, smell, and sense sitting in our chapel on a warm summer day. The windows would be

open so that a slight breeze would blow in, carrying the scent of freshly mown hay mixed with sage brush. I can still hear the organ swell as Mom began to play the hymns and Brother Rich would raise his arms and stand up on his toes as our grateful hymns of praise began.

I gained a firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ from my teachers and leaders there in Parker: Bishop Remington, Bishop Crapo, Bishop Lynn Rudd, all who loved me and loved, nurtured and blessed our family. I had teachers who inspired me: Lavell Miller, Ruth Miller, Faye Norris, and Martha Remington.

I was baptized by my Uncle Robert Ricks in the St. Anthony Tabernacle in October, 1951. It was cold in the balcony where we changed clothes. I wore a white blouse with puffy sleeves. Uncle Bob forgot dry "garments" and was freezing when we left. I remember the feeling of importance and sacredness of the ordinance. I felt it was an honor to enter those waters.

I received my Patriarchal Blessing when I was 16 from Patriarch E. Glen Cameron. He was also my 8th grade school teacher. He told me to come to his home fasting and to prayerfully think of questions I wanted answered. It was an amazing thing as I considered certain questions — Patriarch Cameron gave me my answers! That blessing gave me courage, direction and confidence through some difficult years to come.

I attended school in Parker through the 8th grade. I loved school except for art. I had no artistic ability and my little projects were sad and usually were made fun of by students and teachers alike. I was always a good student except for my problem with talking! I loved learning. I had a quick memory, all my subjects interested me, and I got good grades. During my younger years in school I looked forward to playing jump rope, marbles, fox and geese in the winter and war games in the rodeo chutes during recess. My favorite teachers were: Mary Parker, 1st grade — she was a magical storyteller! Mrs. Fairchild, 2nd grade — who gave me the gift of reading and books. Mrs. Rich, 3rd grade — who loved me. Mrs. Moon, 5th grade — she loved music, as do I. Mr. Cameron, 6th grade — who was a great man.

After 8th grade we rode the bus to St. Anthony to attend South Fremont High School. I loved high school and had a great experience, except for shorthand (it was like art, no talent or

ability there for me). I started playing clarinet in 6th grade and loved that instrument. I had played piano since I was 6 but never had my mom's ability at all. I worked at it but was mediocre at best, much to Mom's dismay. However, the clarinet was easy for me and fun. I loved band. The solo trumpet player was so cute! He was also a great musician! His name was Dick Harris.

In high school I sang in the select choir, took part in our annual variety shows, danced, played Latin Ensemble numbers, and sang. I was on our exchange assemblies. We'd put together an hour assembly, then go to Sugar City, Madison High, and Rigby High putting it on. It was so fun to do. That cute Dick Harris usually played a trumpet solo or trio for most assemblies.

I was Pep Club president and on the drill team. We had many fun times. My best friends were the same friends I'd had in elementary school: Sylvia Hammond, Karen Tanner, Lynda Hunt, Rita Hunter, and J'lene Rydalch.

I did well in high school. I loved English literature, history, and geography most of all. I had a few boy friends and dates, usually to the main dances. I dated Dick Harris a little bit our Sophomore year, then dated him all of my Senior year. Dick was Junior class president, Senior class vice president, played Center on the football team, and was so smart! He was especially good in math and the sciences. We were involved in most of the same things. We were in the top 6 of our graduating class, academically, and each received a service award.

We had one very difficult experience as a family the year I was 15. In February Mom had a total mental and physical collapse. We were having some hard times financially. Mom gave music lessons early morning and in the evening, and worked during the day in the potato warehouse. My dad had an addiction problem that put a lot of stress on the whole family and Mom finally just shut down. She was in and out of the hospital for tests. President William Lewis gave her many blessings, on one occasion even commanded an evil spirit to leave her — all to no avail. Mom stayed in her bed for days on end. Dad worked and tried to keep things together. I had many responsibilities during those months. Paul and Tom weren't very old and that was a lot to deal with. People did not understand that type of illness then — it's even difficult to accept and understand in today's world. It seems

that heart problems, arthritis and diabetes can be accepted and understood by people, but with addiction and mental illness comes very little understanding. Betty was on her mission during this time. Even today — looking back with the perspective of a grown woman and many years in between to cushion the pain — it was a very hard time. Many days I felt completely overwhelmed, helpless, and so alone! People said hard things when they could have helped so much.

In the summer Mom went to McKay-Dee Hospital in Ogden, Utah for treatments. Her Doctor, Dr. Ogorman, would call and talk to me and explain something about her illness and ways I could help. Betty was home from her mission and that helped so much! When Mom came home she was on the road to recovery — it wasn't a quick fix, but she continued to get well. Actually we all started on our recovery at that time.

This was one of those growing experiences we realize and value much later. It gave me an understanding and empathy for depression that I have used many times to help others, both as a friend and in my Relief Society callings.

Two major experiences that touched my life concerned Betty. She graduated from high school and was gone to St. Alphonsus Nurse's school in Boise by the time I was 11. I do remember clearly when we drove down to Boise for her graduation and how proud we were of her. She lived in an apartment in Rexburg on College Avenue with Barbara Quirl and with Aunt Fern while she worked at Madison Memorial Hospital. Then she was called to the Samoan Mission and we all shared her marvelous experiences. I remember when we helped her pack her big trunk. I loved her letters filled with amazing experiences. I was a bratty sister, but realize now how much I love her.

Among the greatest of all gifts is to know our place (geographically), to sing a song and tell a story of home. In the summer of 1960, I found my voice and my place. I went to work at Jenny Lake Store in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I'd always loved the Tetons from visits there. I came to know the Tetons, the trails, streams, and of course, Jenny Lake.

I arrived there a quiet little 16-year-old from a sheltered environment. I met people from all over the United States as well as from other countries. I found a new world. These young

people were bright, funny, articulate college students, very different from my friends and me. I was like a sponge and I soaked up conversations and knowledge. I learned there are really good people that don't belong to my religion — kind, caring people. I learned much about acceptance and being nonjudgmental. I was "the little Mormon girl." They treated me with respect and mild curiosity; and I answered a "million" questions.

I rode horses across the sage brush flats, swam in the glacier fed lakes, hiked miles of trails, and climbed in my beloved mountains. I came home changed forever. This love of place has helped me love other places. I love wild places — wind storms, waves, mountain peaks, nights in the desert, storms on the beach — living in Jackson was a rebirth of sorts and will always be part of who I am.

I graduated high school in May 1961. I taught swimming lessons all summer and went to Utah State University that fall. I loved college and had a great experience there. I majored in history with an English minor. I played in the USU marching and concert bands, which was a marvelous opportunity.

Although I loved USU, my heart was with Dick Harris at Idaho State University. He transferred to USU for the next year and we were married that fall. We were sweethearts — I'd loved him from the beginning of 6th grade band! We were meant for each other even though sometimes we are like fire and ice — opposites in so many ways. I'm the wild one; he's the calm and steady one; I'm the extrovert and he the introvert; he's conservative; I'm liberal, but we have shared so many common interests since our marriage and have developed many common passions. We are totally and completely devoted to each other. We love to read. We love music. We love to hike and camp, to watch airplanes. We stargaze. We watch birds, love the ocean, love history. We both have a deep and abiding faith in our beloved Savior and Father in Heaven. We each have strong testimonies of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints. We have shared so many wonderful gospel experiences as we have served in the church.

I was accepted and loved by Dick's family: his father Grant, Mom Stella, and 3 brothers, Steve, Bob, and Neil. The spring Tod (our son) was born, they added a daughter, Susan. They've all

been an important part of my life. Mom Harris is the dearest mother-in-law any girl could ever ask for. I've learned so much from her in our 40 years of married life.

Our 1st little apartment was in Logan, Utah. It was a tiny 3-room duplex. The bed folded out of the wall in the living room. The kitchen table and ironing board folded out of the wall in the kitchen. When the table was out we couldn't get to the tiny 2-burner stove or the sink. When the wind blew out of Logan Canyon it had a straight shot at our tiny house and we had honest-to-goodness waves in the toilet bowl!

Our 1st child, Tod, was born in Logan at the end of May 1962. He was born during finals and that was an adventure. He was a beautiful baby and was very patient with his very young, very inexperienced parents.

We spent the next summer living with Mom and Dad in Parker so Dick could work for the Forest Service. When we moved back to Logan for the next year of school, we moved into a brand new student housing complex called the Triads. They were located on the lip of the hill on the north end of Logan. I tended children during the day and worked at USU at night, Dick continued working for the Forest Service. We lived at the Triads until Dick graduated from USU with a Bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering in June of 1966. Those were fun, happy, poverty-stricken years. We had wonderful friends from New York, Idaho and Utah who were all in the same boat — young struggling college kids. We all had a baby or so. We'd take a dessert to Sandy and Eddie's apartment on Friday night because they had a T.V. That was our night out. We remember clearly the Sunday evening we watched the first appearance of the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show.

We served in the church — Dick was usually a ward clerk and I was always Junior Sunday School chorister or Primary pianist or chorister. Our 2nd little blonde boy, Travis, was born on August 22, 1965. Those 2 little boys were such a joy to us. They were buddies from the very beginning.

After Dick's graduation, he was offered a position with the Forest Service on the Cache National Forest. He had worked summers as a surveyor, draftsman, and engineering aid and knew he'd love the work. We moved down town, off the hill and lived

there until the spring of 1968. Then we moved to Provo because Dick was assigned to the Uinta National Forest.

That winter before our transfer I was expecting our 3rd child. I had a problem with premature labor and had to be down most of the time from January to April. I would lie on the floor in the little boys' room and we would play and read for hours. They always played well together after that and helped their little sister and brothers learn to make "set-ups" with toys and we all loved to read.

Melissa, our only daughter and our sweetheart, was born on April 29, 1968. She has been a joy, as have all our boys, but having a girl was a sweet blessing.

We moved to Orem, Utah in June of that year. Dick was a project engineer and then the Assistant Forest Engineer on the Uinta National Forest. The 6 years we lived there were years of tremendous growth — spiritually, professionally, and the size of our family. Our 1st home was an apartment in South Orem. Dick served as ward clerk. Tod started kindergarten there.

The next summer we moved to central Orem, near the library, into a house with a big yard! We loved the ward and the neighborhood. Some of our dear life-long friends were those we lived by and loved during those years. We always spent Christmas Eve with the Dimonds. Every time we share favorite Christmas memories we recall our "Nativity" plays at the Dimonds' house. Dick served in the Elder's quorum presidency with LaDell Richardson and Doug Forsyth. The Forsyth family became our "family" and we are still close friends. Andrea Forsyth had all brothers as did I — we have always joked that we were meant to be sisters. I served in the primary, as Junior Sunday School Coordinator, and as Young Women's President.

Our next 3 children were born at the Utah Valley Hospital: Ryan on April 17, 1978, Justin August 25, 1971, and Jeremy August 7, 1973. Each little boy was a treasured addition to our family. It has been amazing to see each child arrive with such individual personalities and grow up to add their own unique personalities to our family. During these years, Tod was baptized in June of 1971, and Travis was baptized in September of 1973. Tod was then ordained a Deacon in May of 1975.

The fall of '73 to the spring of '74 was a very hard time for our little family. Jeremy was born healthy and beautiful in August. Then in December, Justin had hernia surgery. In January, Ryan had a tonsillectomy, and in February, Travis had pneumonia and was hospitalized for several days. In June, Justin had a few days of terrible headaches and was diagnosed with viral meningitis. He was only 2-½ years old, and terribly sick. He was in terrible pain and found some relief curled into a little ball on my lap while I rocked and sang. I was nursing Jeremy and had to run back and forth from the hospital. Our wonderful friends and neighbors helped us so much, especially Dick's Aunt Enid whose backyard abutted ours.

Early on Father's day morning I went to the hospital hoping Justin would be feeling better, only to be met in the hall by our doctor who told me that Justin had just had a series of seizures and needed to go to the University Hospital in Salt Lake City.

Dick was already on his way with the Elders Quorum Presidency to give Justin another blessing. As soon as they finished, we left for Salt Lake City. I remember that long ride — feeling the most awful black despair. How could such a beautiful, sweet little boy suffer so much? We were met in the E.R. by a resident and a nurse who took us up to the Intensive Care Unit. Justin just kept screaming, "My head, my head, Mommy, help me!" After getting him medicated and settled down a bit, the doctor said we should go. I had to get back to Jeremy and the other kids and at that time they wouldn't let us stay in ICU rooms. The resident said he would stay with him and I could call as often or whenever I wished. We were to come back early the next day. They were going to do an EKG to check for brain damage.

We drove as far as Trolley Square, and then I had to stop and call. Justin was crying in the background. The resident assured us they would take good care of him.

When we got home and got the children cared for, Dick and I knelt by our bed to pour our hearts out to our Father in Heaven, and as we knelt there, I felt a powerful, warm, soothing feeling envelope me. I knew then that our prayers would be answered and Justin would be healed.

We were warned of blindness, hearing loss, and even brain damage. When we arrived at the hospital, he'd already had his

EKG — all normal. His fever was down and he was sitting up and playing! We took him home that afternoon. He had some weakness in his left side for a few years and the seizures triggered some hyperactivity we dealt with for years, but he was bright and happy and as sweet as ever. We were truly blessed.

There were also very memorable times in other ways. One of the most memorable experiences during this time was the year Dick served in a branch presidency on BYU's campus. We had one of the Desert Towers, some of Helaman Hall, and the members of the Lamanite Generation performing group in our branch. I attended Relief Society with the young sisters, ran back to our home ward so Tod could go to his quorum meeting and we could attend Sunday School. Then we all attended Sacrament Meeting at DeJong Concert Hall. Our children were the only little ones and occasionally, when I had my hands full, one of those sweet big Polynesian brothers would take a baby and hold him!

In the spring of 1974 we started building a house in an area that had been a cherry orchard in our same ward. Several of our good friends built in the same area. We did much of the work ourselves and it was a beautiful home with plenty of room for our big family. It cost us $38,000! It was much larger and nicer than the $130,000 home we live in now. Our monthly payment was $132! The building was a slow process but we moved in during the Christmas holidays. It was so wonderful to own our first beautiful home.

The new-carpet-smell was still there when we found out we were being transferred to Richfield, Utah. Dick had been Assistant Forest Engineer on the Uinta and would go to the Fish Lake National Forest as Forest Engineer. I vividly recall the day we were moving and I was cleaning my still new kitchen, sobbing the whole time. We were leaving wonderful, supportive friends and I was just pregnant with Nate and felt miserable.

As a little aside, I always had awful morning sickness with my babies. One time when I was feeling unappreciated as a mother, I calculated that I had been pregnant for 72 months of my married life and had thrown up for 40 of those 72 months! How's that for a martyr complex?

We couldn't find a home in Richfield, so we ordered a very nice Boise-Cascade home with a full basement and a double car

garage. However, we had to rent a small house for 5 months until our new house arrived.

I've always believed the old adage "When one door closes, another opens." We moved into our new ward and the first week I met a woman who would be my heart-sister. I've always loved reading as long as I can remember and never had a friend who loved the written word as I do until I met Janet Potter! She had 7 children, loved poetry, loved hiking and swimming, and loved to laugh. Her kids were our kids' ages from Tod all the way to Jeremy. She was an answer to my prayers. Not only did I find Janet, but Missy met a friend, Margaret, at school, and her mom, Elaine Wayland, became my dear friend also. She loved music and flowers. Those two families and our family shared some wonderful holidays and fun times together. Elaine and Janet helped me with babies and illness — they were examples of those Christ-like sisters who truly give love and service.

Our home arrived and was finished by the holidays, so for the 2nd year in a row we moved into a new home during the holidays. We loved our new ward. Our neighbors were just wonderful. There were 42 children in the 2 blocks around our house.

An older couple, Howard and Grace Watkin, lived across the street and became our surrogate "Granddaddy and Grandmommy." Tod did yard work for them and they adored Tod! They were such fine examples to all of us. The Robinsons, the Andersons, the Hyatts, and the Busk family were such dear friends to our entire family. Judy Busk taught English along with Janet Potter at the high school. Although I'd had wonderful friends through the years, I'd never had a close friend who shared my love of reading — now, suddenly, I had 3 such special "sisters." At this writing they are still dear to me.

The Hyatt's field adjoined our back yard's southwest corner. In our 5 years in that neighborhood I had 2 babies and 3 surgeries. Kathy Hyatt tended our little ones and helped with every need. She was such an example of true charity. She was a tremendous example in my life.

Our 6th son, Nathan, was born April 13, 1976. Nicholas, our 7th son, was born 19 months later on November 22, 1977. As Nick was born and placed in my arms, I knew our family was complete. Those 2 precious little boys added a wonderful element to our

family. They became the dearest friends. They never argued, never had a cross word. They just loved each other. I've been so blessed with these 8 wonderfully unique spirits, each one a blessing.

I've loved being the mother of a large family. I truly believe Heavenly Father sent them to me, not only for me to try my best to love, teach and guide them, but for me to grow as they taught me. I'm eternally grateful for each one, for gifts, talents, strengths, and abilities.

Richfield was a great place to raise a family. We lived a block from the city park and swimming pool. Beyond the park were the "Red Hills." Our children hiked and played there for hours every day. We just let them explore and play with few worries. They all had wonderful friends.

Dick served in the ward and then in the stake as Varsity Scout leader and Stake Young Men's President. I again served in Primary Music and as Relief Society Spiritual Living Teacher. I loved that position and held it for 3 years. I learned so much as I prepared and taught. I was also a counselor in the Stake Primary Presidency.

Our 6 older children all attended school in Richfield and had a great experience. Tod was Sterling Scholar in science. Travis played football, ran track and was a Jr. High Student Body officer. They both played in the band. Melissa, Travis and Ryan took Piano lessons from a marvelous teacher, Astrid Jensen. She had studied in Europe and was a marvelous musician.

Having been raised near the Tetons and spent 15 years in the foothills of the Wasatch Front, I thought I would die in Utah's Red Hill country. Not only did I not waste away, I grew to love the beauty of the red rock country. There is a peace felt in the desert that one does not feel in the mountains. Those high lonesome mesas have a gentle, quiet — different from the powerful feeling of the Tetons' granite peaks. A night spent in Cathedral Valley teaches about solitude — the breathtaking quiet. We've been blessed to spend time in different kinds of nature, and have learned to love both desert and mountain. I hope I've taught my children to love and appreciate this beautiful world. Children and adults need wild places; we need to be surrounded by the sights, smells, sounds, and peace of nature.

Tod graduated from Richfield High School in May of 1981 with a presidential scholarship to BYU in hand. Tod and Travis went off to work at Beaver Varsity Scout High Adventure Base as they'd done other summers. Both Tod and Travis earned their Eagle Scout awards in Richfield. All 7 of our sons are now Eagles as well as Dick. Travis was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood, and Melissa, Ryan, and Justin were all baptized and confirmed in Richfield.

In July 1981 we were transferred to Ogden, Utah. Dick would work in the Regional Office as Program and Budget Engineer. This would prove to be a difficult move in many ways. Travis had close friends in Richfield and would be going to a huge new school as a Junior. It would be years before he'd truly find himself again. We couldn't find a buyer for our house; Richfield's economy was so flat.

We found a nice home in North Ogden. It felt like home. We lived in a motel from August to October; then we moved into our home. Our house is near the mouth of North Ogden Canyon. Our view of Ben Lomond from our front yard is spectacular in all seasons. When we first moved here, we had a huge open field in our back yard that stretched unbroken to the foothills. We hiked, cross country skied, shot BB guns, and built forts. Now there are houses up to the orchards, and each year there are fewer and fewer orchards — more and more houses.

We've had some wonderful friends here: the Chugg family, the Porters, the Stokers, the Wayments, and the Clausses. Margaret and Jim Suhr have been close friends. Dick and I love to hike together with the Suhrs, watch birds, camp yearly in Yellowstone, listen to beautiful music, and share books. Margaret taught Missy, Ryan, Justin, Jeremy, Nate, and Nick piano lessons — a wonderful, lifelong gift of music.

Moving to North Ogden was a good move, career-wise, for Dick, and we were to have some marvelous opportunities spiritually. The first 2 years really tested my faith. We knew we were to move to Ogden, but our house in Richfield did not sell for 10 months! It was sold just in time to get Tod ready for his mission. He was called to the Germany Frankfurt mission and we were all so happy for him. He was very excited. It was truly a leap of faith for us. We barely had enough money for monthly

expenses and food for our large family. Yet, somehow we were always able to send his mission money. And we did survive.

Travis continued to struggle. The "good Mormon" kids from our ward did not befriend him at school. It was a hard time for him. Jeremy also had a harder time adjusting. We learned some hard lessons about being kind, helpful, and accepting the hurt caused to young hearts when others are unkind.

Travis was a Junior, Missy was in 8th grade, Ryan 6th, Justin 5th, Jeremy 3rd, and Nate was in Kindergarten. The kids quickly became involved in school, sports, music, scouting, and church. Dick was called as Ward Young Men's President, then as a counselor to Bishop Brent Chugg. Next, he was called as the new Bishop of the North Ogden Fifteenth Ward, then to the High Council, then the Stake Young Men's presidency. I knew we were sent here for a purpose, but the first financial problems and kids' adjustments tested me almost to my limit.

Tod left for Germany in June and had a marvelous mission. His personal growth and knowledge increased amazingly. We loved his letters! Travis graduated from Weber High School and after a quarter at Weber State University, joined the Air Force.

Melissa was active in music. She sang in Weber's Chamber Choir and was in plays, she was in the honor society, performed in assemblies, and served on the Seminary Council. She graduated with High Honors from Weber High and enrolled at Ricks College on scholarship to the nursing program.

Ryan was active in music and sports. He played trumpet and sang in choirs. He was also in school plays, played football, and ran cross country and track. After graduation, he attended the University of Utah and Weber State University. He fulfilled an honorable mission in the Minnesota Minneapolis Mission.

Justin played football and played clarinet in the band. He could entertain people for hours with his crazy stories. After graduation from Weber High, he attended Utah State University, then filled an honorable mission to Portugal, Lisbon South.

Jeremy played the trumpet and played football. He was the Center and loved football! He is an artist and after graduating from Weber High, attended Ricks College on an art scholarship. He filled an honorable mission to Belgium Antwerp and California Roseville.

When we moved to North Ogden, Nate was just entering Kindergarten. He loved school and learning, and always marched to a different drummer. As a result, life as his mother has been interesting! He was a great student, was active in music, plays, band and choir. He swam on Weber's swim team. After his graduation from Weber High, he attended Utah State University on an academic scholarship. Then he filled an honorable mission to New York, Utica.

Nick was just turning 4 when we moved to North Ogden. He attended Bates elementary, North Ogden Junior High, and Weber High, as did all the kids, except for Missy, Travis and Tod. Nick was active in music, band, and choir. He played football and was also very busy with student government. He has a natural leadership ability and kind heart. He was a student body officer in both junior high and high school. After graduating from Weber High, he attended Utah State University on a leadership scholarship.

I've had a marvelous experience living here in North Ogden. I've had many opportunities. I was asked to lead the ward choir right after we moved in. I was terrified! I've sung forever and have played in bands and small ensembles, but had never directed anything. I really prayed about this calling and it was such fun and has led to many opportunities. I served as counselor to Jane Brewer in the ward Relief Society. Then she was called to Stake Relief Society, so I took her place as the ward president. That was truly a humbling experience. Looking back on my service I see many weaknesses. I was successful, though, with activation. I helped activate 2 sisters who are my neighbors. They are still active and have both gone to the temple. I feel sad about areas in which I could have been more effective.

I was released when Dick was called as bishop and shortly after was sustained as a counselor to Jane Brewer in the Stake Relief Society. That was a wonderful learning experience. Jane and the other board members have been great influences in my life. We had several huge Stake Women's conferences, and went to Salt Lake City at conference time for special training. It was such an amazing opportunity.

I've been Stake Music Director twice and have helped direct our Stake Christmas choir for about 10 years. That is a very

thrilling, fulfilling blessing in my life. I've led the choirs for Stake Conference and loved this calling. I was also Spiritual Living teacher for 3 years in one ward and 3 years in another. That is such a wonderful calling. I love the study involved and learn ever so much more than I teach. Our Stake does a huge musical production every 3 years. Our first was "Music Man," in 1986. I've been blessed to be the music director for all of the productions but 2.

I've served in 2 primary presidencies and loved working with the children. We are certainly blessed as individuals when we serve and do so with our whole hearts! We learn and grow in mighty leaps and bounds when we serve with an eye single to our Father's glory and with our heart and mind set on blessing the lives of others.

I have enjoyed PTA work both locally, and 4 years at the council level. There simply is no better service than helping kids.

One of the highlights of the last few years was the opportunity Dick and I had of being volunteers for the 2002 Winter Olympic Games. I was in wardrobe and was on the opening and closing ceremonies team. Dick worked with the Para-Olympics. It is difficult to express what a marvelous experience we had. I helped with auditions in early summer, and then we began fitting costumes, bagging, tagging, marking, and more fitting! It was mind-boggling the amount of effort and preparation down to minute details. I drove to Salt Lake Fair Park several times a week from August to January, and we were finally ready for pre-dress rehearsal. I was in charge of a team of ladies that dressed and got on the ice 125 of the little fuzzy "Children of Light."I remember the thrill as the main director, Don Michener, spoke before rehearsal began. He said how amazed he was at the talent, willingness to serve, and organizational skills he'd found in Utah. We all laughed and said we've been trained in Road Shows and Stake Functions our whole lives!

Although we knew the script and the layout and staging, on opening night, when the Child of Light came skating out through the Ice Monsters, Wind, and Snow Creatures, the music was wild. The narrator read something to the effect that if our own lights have been lit, nothing can take that light away — no danger can extinguish that fire from within. My heart just sang! I'd known

that all my life from my gospel teaching — "Light the fire from within."

Life has been so good to us as a family. We've been blessed with 8 amazing, talented, unique children. I'm constantly humbled to be their mother. Each of the 7 married children have chosen an equally awesome mate and together, all 8 children have given us 23 of the most beautiful, bright, wonderful grandchildren.

Tod and Lisa have 3 children: Jessie, Bridger, and Hawken. They live in Salt Lake City where Tod works for the Church in the Scripture Translation Department as manager of Scripture Translation and Support.

Travis and Nikki have 3 children: Aubrey, Josh and Jase. They live in Italy — 40 minutes north of Venice where Travis is a Master Sergeant in the Air Force.

Melissa and Eric have 4 girls: Megan, Alexis, Brooklyn, and Blake. They live in Benton City, Washington, where Eric works for Battelle North West Labs as a project engineer over Nuclear Proliferation, and Missy is an E.R. Nurse.

Ryan and Shelly have 3 children: Colter, Jenica, and Jackson. They live in Saint George, Utah, where Ryan owns his own business, Harris Construction of Southern Utah, Custom Tile Installation, and Shelly teaches 1st grade.

Justin and Lisa have 3 boys: Sam, Jonah, and Zeke. They live in Pleasant Grove, Utah, where Justin is a Sales Rep for Timberline Tools.

Jeremy and Amy have 4 children: Elizabeth, Matthew, Maren, and Logan. They also live in Pleasant Grove where Jeremy has his own Landscape Design Business, JH Design. Amy teaches Junior High Math.

Nate lives in Seattle, Washington and works for Americorp, an off-shoot of the Peace Corp. He teaches GED requirements to youth in a correctional facility and works at a law office. He will live in Ann Arbor, Michigan this fall to attend Law School. His daughter, Moran, lives here in North Ogden with her mother.

Nick and Stacy have two children: Parker and Anna. They live in Harrisville and both teach at Fremont High School. Nick teaches English and Creative Writing, and Stacy teaches Art. Nick

will finish his Master's Degree in Literature and Writing this fall at Utah State University.

We've had wonderful high peaks and very trying valleys. But I've come to realize we still continue to move forward through the valleys of sorrow, and treasure more sweetly the high places. Happiness is not a station we arrive at, but a manner of traveling. Since both my parents have passed on, I reflect on my legacy from them more often. I'm grateful for my good parents and the lessons of life they taught me by word and example. Humor, hard work, service, kindness, acceptance, nonjudgment, and music are just a few of the gifts bestowed by my Daddy. Mom gave me the gift of music, the love of growing things, sacrifice, charity, thoughtfulness, service, and hard work.

We had the privilege of having Mom in our home during the winter months the last 3 winters before her death. She usually arrived about Thanksgiving or Christmas and would go home in April. Those were choice months. Even though her mind wasn't as clear as it had been and her boundless energy was gone, she was still a blessing. We continued to learn as we served her — patience, compassion, and understanding. How else might we have learned these life-lessons without having experienced them? I'm eternally grateful for my parents. I am certainly a product of their great heritage.

Dick retired 4 years ago after a 35-year career with the Forest Service. We truly are busier than we have ever been. I work part time, enjoy my flower garden, read as much and as often as I have time, and tend grandchildren when I can. Dick is on the City Council and after 15 years on the district Varsity Scout level, and various Woodbadge staffs, is now assistant Scout Master!

In spite of all our busyness, we've found time for some memorable trips: Monterey, California several times, the Oregon Coast, the North West, at least 2 yearly trips to the Tetons, hiking in Southern Utah often, a marvelous 2 weeks in North England and Scotland. We hope to be in Italy next May for the blooming of the wild flowers.

After sitting here for many hours reflecting on my life, I realize how wonderful life is. We've had some trials in the last 5 years and I realize now how much I've grown through these experiences. I've learned more of patience and faith than I ever

could have in an easier situation. I've learned to "be still and know that I am God." I've learned that this life of mine had to have some dark threads woven next to the bright and beautiful to show contrast! I've learned to trust my Heavenly Father and his time table. I've learned to turn my face to the Son for the warmth and light I need to be of good cheer and endure well.

As I finish this history, I recall a quote by Golda Meir I love: "I think the most terrible thing would be to look back at the end of my life and find I have not written well in the book of life." My heart is so full of love and gratitude for all I have been blessed with in my life.

> Yet it is not our part to master all the tides of the world, but to do what is in us for the succor of these years wherein we are set — uprooting the evils of the fields we know so that those who come after may have clean earth to till.
>
> — JRR Tolkein

Paul Rulon Ricks

I was born July 8, 1946 in Rexburg, Idaho. I was the second child born to Rulon (Babe) Secrist Ricks and Therel Brown Ricks. Story has it that when Dad heard the news while sawing lumber in Kilgore, he was so happy to have a son that he threw his hat in the saw. With my birth, I joined the family to include a sister, Marilyn. Later in years I was blessed to have a younger brother, Tom. I remember riding with Dad and Marilyn to Rexburg to pick up Mom and brother Tom. Dad sang us a song on the way which said, "Today is the day they give babies away." With Tom's arrival, it made our family complete.

Betty was in our family from the start. She was Dad's little sister, but to me she was always my sister, too. Mom and Dad raised Betty from the time she was 8 years old until she married.

My early years were fun times. Summers in Parker and Kilgore where Dad owned and operated Ricks' Lumber Company. Fishing and playing in the creek were the best of times. Kilgore had no electric power or any of the plumbing, but to me this was fun. Mom didn't think that way, I'm sure.

I received my early, elementary education in Parker in the old red school house. It is now gone, replaced by a modern building.

Dad had to close the mill by the time I think I may have been about 8 years old. He sold what he could and left the rest. Times were hard for our family at that time — not much money, but Mom never let us kids go without. She worked in the spuds and Dad did the same.

As a young boy, I weeded potatoes for farmers in the summer to buy school clothes. I also bucked hay for my Uncle Ray Quayle. He was so good to me — I always had a job with Ray Quayle.

After the 8th grade in Parker was school in St. Anthony High School. I was not a very good student. I loved to socialize more than study. I did graduate, however. My favorite class was band. I played drums in the Pep Band and Dance Band. After graduating in 1964 I went to work for Lowe Rudd at Jenny Lake, Wyoming. What a time that was, hard work and play. Also worked with my friend and cousin, Doug Quayle.

I worked at so many good jobs, and with each I gained knowledge. I worked for Lowe Rudd, as I mentioned. I also worked for the Forest Service, Valley View Truck Stop in Island Park, J. R. Remington & Sons, Crapo Brothers in the spuds, and went to California where I worked in the concrete business.

I joined the National Guard in 1966, went to basic training in Ford Ord, California, and school in Fort Leonardwood, Missouri. After I got home, I worked for Remington Fertilizer for a time. Then I started my automotive career working at the 66 station in St. Anthony until the Spring of '68, then word came that the National Guard unit I was in, the 116th Engineer Battalion, had been called up for active duty. We did not know where or what would be because of the Vietnam conflict. Well, that was our calling, war!

I married my sweetheart, Cindy Collette, on August 15, 1968 and went off to Vietnam the 1st of September. Vietnam was hell, a war I don't like to talk much about. But I had to be there, okay?

After returning from Nam in one piece (?), it was time to be a husband to Cindy, who, by the way, stayed with my wonderful Mom and Dad and brother Tom. They were so good to her. She learned so much from Mom and Dad. Tom was like her brother.

After Vietnam I worked for Gardner Oil Co. While working for Gardner Oil, our 1st child was born. Brandon Paul would be his name, born September 11, 1971.

In 1971, Cindy and I leased the old Exxon Service Station from Anthony Gardner — lots of hard work but the money was good. Then came the gas shortage in '73 and put me out of business. I then went to work for Browning Motor Co. At that time, our 2nd child, a little girl we named Brodee Lyn, was born February 25, 1974. Cindy was so happy. Our 3rd child, another son, Tobin Rulon, was born July 29, 1977. The rest of my working days have been in the automotive field, mostly in the auto parts business.

We, at this time, have 2 grandchildren. They are both boys. They are my life.

Brodee was first to marry. She married Clint Brown and they have a son, Tragen Ned. Brandon married next. He married Audrey Moore. They have a son, Briar.

Tobin is the next to marry. His bride-to-be is Kody Burgess. Kody has a daughter by a previous marriage by the name of Kinsley.

Prior to living in Parker where we live now, Cindy and I had a home in St. Anthony which we bought in 1970 for $8,000. Can you believe that? It was so nice to have our own little 3-bedroom home.

We sold our home in St. Anthony and moved to Parker in our new home in 1996. We enjoy this home so much.

Dad passed away on May 20, 1990. What a wonderful person. The Lord only made one "Babe," and I was blessed to be his son. After his passing, I was so happy to be close to Mom and care for her wants, needs, home work, and yard. Lots of work keeping 2 homes, but what a time to help.

Cindy and I cared for Mom from time to time, sharing her care with Tom and Marilyn. The last few months of Mom's life were spent in our home. Cindy was so kind to Mom and gave so much time to her. I know she will get her reward in Heaven.

Mom passed away quietly on October 30, 2003. She passed away in our home in Parker.

I have so many memories of life and times, it would take weeks to write them all down. I'm proud to be a member of the

Brown family. My Gramma and Grampa were a good influence on my life. Work hard and the rewards will follow.

Cindy and I still live in Parker, at 20 West Cedar, by the old Brown home that was Gramma and Grampa's.

We spend our time raising a large garden. Cindy has so many compliments on her flowers. She must have gotten her green thumb from being around my mom, Gramma Ricks.

We enjoy golf in the summers, not as much as we did, though. We love working in our yard and taking trips to Kilgore to reminisce and fish.

We drive our 1956 Chevrolet Nomad to car shows. We bought the car 20 years ago. I restored it with a lot of tender, loving care, and we enjoy the waves we get from people when we drive the car.

Life has been good to me. I've worked hard, driven fast cars, was a drummer in a Rock n' Roll band, went to war, married a wonderful woman, raised 3 great children, have 2 beautiful grandsons, and a granddaughter on the way.

What else can I say?

Thomas Charles Ricks

I was born February 12, 1952, at Madison Memorial Hospital in Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho. Mother always said I was a month overdue — she carried me for 10 months and I seemed to be a month old when I was born. I weighed 9 lb., 13 oz. The doctor, Harlo Rigby, said I would have weighed 10 pounds if I hadn't had a bowel movement the second I entered this world.

I was blessed and given a name by Bishop George F. Rudd on March 2, 1952. My full name is Thomas Charles — Thomas being my Great-grandfather Ricks' name, and Charles being my Grandfather Brown's name.

I had an older sister, Marilyn, who was born September 12, 1943 and an older brother, Paul, born July 8, 1946.

I spent my first 3 summers at Kilgore, Idaho where my father operated a sawmill. Every time one of the family would feed Stubby (our dog) and Edna (our cat), I always managed to eat the 'friskies' along with them — not bad for taste, I thought.

I have a scar on my lip which was caused from an encounter with a roped calf. I decided I'd put the calf in the barn yard and being only 5 years old. The calf was slightly too 'frisky.'

My first day at school was a very happy day. I had spent 12 weeks in kindergarten with Mrs. Alice Miller as my teacher. My 1st grade teacher was Mary Parker. Mary Hill was my 2nd grade teacher. Mrs. Hill believed in discipline. The result was 3 rulers destroyed over my head. She taught me how to be a really good penman.

When I entered the 3rd grade, Mrs. Lillian Rich was there to greet me. She was a wonderful teacher. In her comments at the end of the year she wrote this: "Tommy is a careful worker and very diligent in getting things done. He likes to take part and has matured in his ability. He has many interests like science, plants, makes comments about 'pretty things.'"

In June 1961, we moved from our original home to a home east of that home which was owned by Paul and Ruby Fuller.

My 4th grade teacher was Mrs. Marjorie Goodliffe. We had a delightful time in her room learning many songs and she really trained us to sing well.

Not many have 2 teachers in the 5th grade, but Mrs. Barrick started in our room and then took a leave of absence, so Mr. Seeley came in to see what he could do. He was a pretty good teacher. I had my shoes off one day and he hung them up on nails in the front of the room. In the early spring, Mrs. Barrick came back to teach us.

My 6th grade teacher was Dean Clyde Seeley. In the summer of my 6th grade year, I rode my bicycle off a grease ramp and caved in the left side of my face. I worked for the people in our town to earn money and weeded spuds for the farmers.

My 7th grade teachers were Bud Hathaway and Dean Seeley. Mr. Hathaway was more lenient than Mr. Seeley. That was the last year I went to the old Parker school building. It was a very old building, for my Grandfather Brown was the first trustee of the school.

That summer I attended Scout camp for a week and had an enjoyable time.

My 8th grade year was nerve wracking. We went in to St. Anthony to a new school. The first day I knew very few kids and

didn't know where my room would be. But after the first 2 weeks, it was okay.

That summer I went to a Boy Scout Jamboree at Farragut, Idaho.

I remember wanting a new bicycle to ride. I was able to buy one with money earned mowing lawns — with money left over after buying my school clothes.

I enjoyed playing baseball. I usually played the position of catcher. I remember being accepted to play on the All-Star baseball team and could not go because I had to stay home and work. I remember one time I was needed to play baseball on the 24th of July. I was able to do that, but had to get up at one o'clock in the morning to get my work done.

I worked hard every summer mowing lawns. As I grew to my teens, I moved sprinkler pipes on the farm of Kenny Remington. Dad was gone every summer when I was growing up, so I had many responsibilities at home. I worked hard helping Mother take care of the yard and garden.

I played drums in a band with Bruce Crapo, Bobby Archibald, LaVar Hunter and Kerry Powell. The name of the band was "Brand X." We used to play at dances at the city building and participated in the 'battle of the bands' at the old Clark building in St. Anthony. I was unable to keep playing because it interfered with my responsibility to help my mother. I remember scheduling my time to get my work done in the summer by dark so I could have time to play after dark.

I remember how I disliked the friction between my mother and her sister. Because of that, I have a hard time getting close to anyone with my feelings.

I enjoyed being with my friends while going to school. I enjoyed them and all that went along with having friends, more than the academic part of school.

I served as the student body vice-president in Junior High. While in high school, I was on the wrestling team. I wrestled at the 114 lb. Weight division.

My favorite class in high school was Auto Mechanics. I won 1st place at the State Trouble-Shooting Competition in Boise. I've always been interested in fixing cars.

While I was in high school, I worked after school at the gas station owned by Anthony Gardner.

I graduated from South Fremont High School in May 1970. I entered Ricks College in the fall of 1970 and attended for a semester.

In the summer of 1971, I went to work at Town and Country Motors in Rexburg as a parts manager. I worked there for several years and then moved up to the store in St. Anthony to manage the farm machinery part of the business. In June of 2002, Sue and I bought the store and renamed it T & S Equipment, Inc.

I love to fish, but don't seem to be able to go very often. I loved to ski until I hurt my knees going over a jump at Teton Village. I have enjoyed riding motorcycles and snow-machines. I also used to enjoy playing golf. I have always been fascinated with cars and racing. I love NASCAR racing and have had the opportunity to attend several races — at Daytona, Michigan, and Dover. I also went to Las Vegas to the 'Richard Petty Driving School' and was able to drive a race car myself!

I have had many opportunities, after being married, to travel and see so many fun and exciting parts of the world. I enjoy traveling a great deal.

I married Suzanne Hill, the sister of one of my best friends. There is only one lady in the world that would or could put up with me. I found her and I have loved and enjoyed every day with her. She is a fantastic lady, friend, mother, and companion.

We were blessed with 3 special daughters to raise on this earth. They are very special to me. We lost a son at birth — not a day goes by that I don't miss him.

This life-story is probably not filled with joy or wonderful memories, but these are my memories. Statistical data concerning me follows:

Baptized on March 5, 1960 by LaVoy Bergeson in the Yellowstone Stake baptismal font.
Confirmed on March 6, 1960 by Rulon Secrist Ricks.
Graduated from Primary on February 9, 1964.
Earned Duty to God Award on March 21, 1968.

Deacon	February 16, 1964 by Rulon S. Ricks
Teacher	February 20, 1966 by Rulon S. Ricks
Priest	February 18, 1968 by Rulon S. Ricks
Elder	December 1, 1974 by Rulon S. Ricks
High Priest	May 19, 2002 by H. James Gordon

The rest of my personal history is written by my wife, Suzanne.

Our family history began officially on May 9, 1975 when Thomas Charles Ricks and Suzanne Hill were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Tom and I had known each other for several years. Tom was a good friend of my older brother, Rick, and he faithfully showed up at our house every morning at 8:25 in his yellow Volkswagen to pick Rick up for school. I took piano lessons for several years from Tom's mom, Therel. Tom used to come to the high school dances after he was out of school and because he knew me, he would ask me to dance. It wasn't until the summer of 1973 that there was any kind of romantic interest. Rick's wife, Julianne, was concerned about Tom and thought he needed a little matchmaking help. She hinted to Tom that he should invite me to go to the movie at the drive-in theater with them — kind of a double-date. The movie was "The Train Robbers" with John Wayne and Ann Margaret. That was Memorial Day weekend, and by the end of summer we knew we were meant to be together.

In August of 1973, I went to Orem, Utah with Tom to pick up his mom. She had gone down to help Marilyn with a new baby — Jeremy. While we were in Utah, we went to a "Three Dog Night" concert at the Salt Palace.

We dated through my last year in high school and Tom waited patiently while I completed 1 year at Ricks College. We were married in May of 1975 by Cecil E. Hart, president of the Idaho Falls Temple.

Tom was working as the parts manager at Stone's Town & Country Motors in Rexburg. I worked for the summer at the Ricks College Press and then went back to school at Ricks in the fall.

Our 1st summer together was a fun and exciting one with lots of new adventures. On the 4th of July weekend, we went through Yellowstone Park to Cody, Wyoming and came back through Grand Teton National Park. It was a beautiful little trip. We also went

camping to Copper Basin and rode on motorcycles up a hill where the only access was motorcycle, horseback, or walking.

In August, we flew back to Detroit. Tom had to pick up some trucks and bring them home. This was all very thrilling for me — my first airplane ride plus I had never been further east than Provo, Utah.

Our first home was a trailer in the trailer court on South 5th West in Rexburg, right behind Stone's. This was very convenient for Tom — he came home for lunch every day. Life was busy and happy.

On March 26, 1976, our 1st daughter, Elizabeth, was born. She came into the world on her own terms — she was born breech with her right knee presenting first. I still had a month left to graduate from Ricks College, so my mom came down from St. Anthony every day to take care of the baby. One-month-old Liz attended her mom's college graduation.

How much joy and happiness this little girl brought into our lives. We had no idea you could love someone so much. She was a healthy and happy little girl. At the age of 5 months, she had hives all over — a reaction to a penicillin shot. When she was almost 1, she was in the hospital for a week with pneumonia. She hated being in the oxygen tent and would cry and cry. She got home just in time to celebrate her 1st birthday.

On December 28, 1977, another precious daughter joined our family. Brook Ann was named by her dad after she was born. We were so sure this was a boy, and we didn't have any girl names picked out. We even took blue and white striped sleepers to the hospital. Tom had to take them home and trade for a little yellow gown. She was our Christmas baby and came home from the hospital wrapped in a red and white striped flannel blanket made by the pink ladies for all the babies born at Christmas time. We've never been disappointed that she was a girl — she is full of energy and joy and brings a lot of sunshine into our home.

We soon discovered that these 2 little girls we thought would be so much alike had very different personalities. In spite of that, they were best of friends and got along very well until Liz went off to kindergarten and Brook was left at home.

On April 10, 1981, our 3rd daughter, Jenna, was born. She was a beautiful little girl with big, round eyes. She was a rather fussy

baby for about the first 10 weeks until we discovered she had a milk allergy. We started her on soy formula and she became a very contented baby. She had repeated ear infections during her 1st year, and by the time she was only 10 months old had surgery to put tubes in her ears. By this time, we could see her development in several areas was somewhat delayed. After several tests and a trip to Primary Children's Medical Center in Salt Lake City to see a pediatric neurologist, she was labeled 'developmentally delayed.' It was recommended that we start her in some kind of program. So, when she was about 1-½, she started going to the Satellite Development Center in St. Anthony. After working with her for a short time, her teacher there could see many signs of autism.

This has been a very challenging, fascinating, continual learning process for our whole family. We have learned and struggled together and received many blessings as a family. We have learned many things we could never have known any other way. There have been many disappointments and a few hard-fought, long-awaited successes which made it all seem worthwhile.

Non-verbal communication is a challenge. Jenna does not like crowds of people, lots of noise and confusion. She likes to be left alone — she loves her room, likes music, loves to do puzzles and does a lot of 'self-stimulating' behavior, such as rocking back and forth. Tom worked for 6 months teaching her to give him a hug and a kiss. It requires a lot of patience, but something we all needed to learn a little more of.

Having Jenna in our family has made a huge difference in our lives — in the things we can and can't do, in our outlook on life, in our acceptance and understanding of those who are different. It helps us stay focused on what is really important in our lives and appreciate little things that we often take for granted.

In August of 1978, we moved our trailer out of the trailer court onto a private lot at 248 S. 3rd West. How wonderful it was to have a yard, a garden space and some privacy. There were lots of trees, a sandbox, a place for a swing set, and lots of great places for the girls to play. They were especially fascinated with the horse chestnut trees; when the trees dropped their nuts in the fall, the girls loved peeling open the pod and finding the shiny

dark-brown horse chestnuts inside. They also loved going over to the neighbors and jumping on the trampoline.

In the spring of 1983, when Liz was in the 1st grade, we moved into a home at 75 South 1st West in Rexburg. It was so wonderful to have space. After living in a 2-bedroom trailer with 3 girls, this was like heaven. We enjoyed many happy years in this home on the corner. We loved the beautiful red maple trees in the back yard. There were always lots of leaves to rake in the fall. Brook always said when she grew up and got married she was going to live in a house with no trees, so she wouldn't have to rake leaves.

We have loved living in Rexburg. It's a wonderful place to raise a family. The girls have had many wonderful opportunities in school and church. Our lives have been blessed by many wonderful friends and neighbors through the years.

The 1st disaster we survived as a family was in June of 1976 when the Teton Dam burst and Rexburg was flooded. We were still living in the trailer court at the time. It was a Saturday morning. Liz was just 2½ months old. Tom was in Island Park at a store party. I was doing laundry and Saturday cleaning. Our neighbor came over and said the Teton Dam had burst. I wasn't too concerned until the police started coming through the neighborhood telling us to evacuate. I wasn't sure what to do or where to go, so I grabbed a diaper bag with a couple of diapers and a bottle and drove over to Ray and Jacque Loveland's house. Ray told me to leave my car there and come with them up to the college and higher ground. From the hill, we watched as the water came into Rexburg. When we could see we wouldn't be able to get back into our homes, we decided we would try to get to St. Anthony. We went up through the dry farms above the dam, so we could get through.

In the meantime, Tom was frantically trying to get through from Island Park. He didn't even know if we were okay. We met him somewhere above Newdale. I'll never forget how happy and relieved he was to see us.

Liz and I went on to St. Anthony where we stayed at my mom and dad's for a couple of weeks until Tom got everything cleaned up and felt it was safe to bring the baby back home. We were very lucky as we had no water inside our home. Others around us had lost everything.

Tom joined the Rexburg Lions Club in the spring of 1976. He was a faithful member for many years and served in several positions including 2 times as club president. He thoroughly enjoyed his association with the other club members. Most 4th of July holidays were spent at the fairgrounds cooking hamburgers in the Lions Booth. The 3rd Saturday in July was usually spent at Porter Park cooking pancakes and helping with the annual Lions Breakfast. We attended the annual convention in Sun Valley several times, and Tom was convention chairman in 1986. We grew to love Sun Valley and took the girls out to see the summer ice shows several times.

Every year, Memorial Day weekend is spent in Island Park camping and fishing with my family. This has been a wonderful tradition we all look forward to. We have lots of wonderful memories of time spent in the great outdoors with cousins and family — fishing, golfing, playing games, and eating. We all enjoyed the wonderful Idaho breakfasts cooked over the campfire. Dutch oven chicken, scones and cobblers top off our Sunday evening feast.

Another fun trip we tried to make each summer was to Jackson Hole. We would drive into Grand Teton National Park, ride the boat across Jenny Lake, and hike to Hidden Falls and Inspiration Point. When the girls were small, we'd carry them in carriers on our backs. We would usually take lunch or snacks. This is one of the most beautiful spots on earth! The girls always enjoyed shopping in Jackson for a souvenir. We still try to make this trip each summer.

Christmas of 1988 we surprised Liz and Brook with a trip to Disneyland. It was very difficult to keep everything a secret until Christmas morning when they opened their gifts. They each received a piece of luggage with a brochure inside telling them where we were going. We left Jenna with Grandpa and Grandma and started out for Salt Lake on Christmas Day in a terrible blizzard. It took about 7 or 8 hours and was very late when we arrived. We stayed at Little America and went down to the coffee shop about midnight for something to eat.

We drove on to California in our little white Toyota Camry. We stayed with my sister and brother-in-law, Brenda and Stan. They had just barely moved into a new home in Yorba Linda. We spent

a couple of days at Disneyland and spent Brook's birthday in San Diego at Sea World. It was a trip we'll never forget.

In March of 1993, Tom won a trip through his business to Disney World in Orlando. We were able to take Liz and Brook along. We stayed at the Grand Floridian — a beautiful resort right on Disney property. We had a wonderful time. We loved Splash Mountain, the Hard Rock Café, and the light show at Epcot Center. We also enjoyed visiting the Kennedy Space Center.

Through the years, Tom has had the opportunity of winning several trips through the business. We've been able to go to Disney World, Scottsdale, Hawaii, London, Puerto Rico, Cayman Islands, cruise through the Virgin Islands, and to Europe. These trips have been wonderful and very enjoyable. It's been good for us to have some time away and to be introduced to beautiful and interesting places.

Music has played an important part in our family. Tom played the drums in a band when he was younger. I took piano lessons from Therel. Liz and Brook took lessons from Grandma as well. Liz played the flute and Brook the violin. Jenna loves music and it seems to calm and soothe her. We have all enjoyed the influence of music in our home.

The Church has played a large role in shaping the life of our family. The principles and teachings of the gospel helped us so much as we were raising our family. It has given us guidance and direction in our lives and a sense of security and peace in an ever-changing world. We've had many opportunities for church service through the years. These callings have helped us to grow and learn and develop new talents and skills.

The years 1989 and 1990 were difficult for our family. In April of 1989, our 18-year-old nephew and cousin, Brandon Hill, was killed in an accident at Heise Hot Springs. He was helping install a tv antenna on their trailer when he lifted the antenna up into some electrical wires and was electrocuted. His dad, my brother, DeLoy, was on top of the trailer at the time and was severely burned. He spent several weeks at the University of Utah Burn Center. Brandon was a senior in high school and would have graduated in May. This was a tough time for all of us.

In October of 1989, Tom's Dad had surgery. The doctors discovered he had cancer and that it had progressed so far that

there was nothing to be done. Over the next 7 months, we watched him suffer and become weaker and unable to do things he wanted to do. It was very hard to see this happen to our dad and grandpa. He was released from this world on May 20, 1990. Although we thought we were prepared to let him go, it was more difficult than we thought. His death left such a huge emptiness in our hearts and lives.

About this time, we discovered we were expecting a new baby. We were somewhat surprised as Jenna was 9 years old. We were a little apprehensive — wondering what kind of changes this would make in our lives, where would we find room for one more, would this baby be okay considering Jenna's problems. Soon those fears and apprehensions turned to joy and anticipation. Then in September, we found out this baby was a boy — after 3 girls, we were going to be blessed with a son. Our happiness and excitement were short-lived. The baby was born 14 weeks too early on September 19, 1990. He only lived a few minutes. He weighed 1 pound, 12 ounces, and was named Rulon Thomas Ricks after his father and grandfather.

This was a devastating loss for all of us. The only way we survived was with the love and support of family and friends and our faith in Heavenly Father. We had to rely very strongly on each other for strength and courage and a desire to go on.

The next few years were busy ones. The girls were in junior high and high school and our lives were filled with school and church activities, piano lessons, and friends. Tom was busy as always at work. Both girls were able to work at the store in the summers. This was excellent experience for them and allowed them to spend time with their dad.

In May of 1994, Liz graduated from Madison High School. While in high school, she played the flute in the marching band, learned a little German, participated in seminary, enjoyed her friends and did well in her studies. In the fall she attended Ricks College. Since we only lived 2 blocks away from campus, she was able to live at home. We were thrilled to be able to have her with us for 2 more years.

In May of 1995, Liz was able to spend a month in Europe with a tour group from Ricks College. This was a wonderful experience for her.

In April of 1996, Liz graduated from Ricks College. In May, Brook spent 10 days in Japan with the jump rope team. They taught workshops at the schools and did a few performances. They also rode the bus into Tokyo to hear President Hinckley speak. She arrived home just in time to graduate from Madison High School.

In the fall of 1996, Jenna started her 2nd year at Madison Jr. High, Brook started Ricks College, and Liz started school at Utah State University in Logan. It was so hard to take her to Logan, move her into her apartment and leave her there! It was quite an adjustment for all of us — probably harder for those left at home!

Liz enjoyed USU. She fell in love with Cache Valley and also with a young man from Smithfield named Charles Cellan. They were married on March 21, 1998. We finally had a Charles in our family! The name we had chosen for each of our girls before they were born, if they had been a boy, was Charles. Tom and I each had a grandfather named Charles and that is Tom's middle name. Naturally, we thought it would be the perfect name for a son. When we finally had a little boy, we ended up naming him after his grandpa Rulon. So we were excited to welcome Charlie into our family!

Brook graduated from Ricks in April of 1998. She stayed in Rexburg and worked for about a month before deciding it was time to move to Provo. During this time, Jenna had some major dental work done. This had to be done in the hospital under anesthesia. She had 9 teeth pulled and some cavities filled. It took a few weeks for her to recover.

In June of 1998, Liz graduated from Utah State University with a degree in accounting.

Not long after Brook moved to Provo, the vacant lot next to our home was sold to build student apartments. The owners wanted to buy our home to use as a manager's residence. Not relishing the thought of having 250 girls next door, we decided it was time to move.

We found a home, newly-built on Maple Drive, above the hospital. We moved in on September 22, 1998. We knew this move would be a difficult one for Jenna but felt it was the right thing to do. We tried to help her adjust by taking her up to spend some time getting used to the new home before we moved in, but

it was still very traumatic when the actual move was made. We had some major behavioral problems for several months. She eventually decided that this was home. We loved the peace and quiet of the new neighborhood. There was very little traffic compared to where we had been. It is a wonderful neighborhood and a great ward.

Another wonderful event occurred that fall. Our 1st grandchild — a beautiful little girl, was born. Bailey Elizabeth Cellan came into the world on August 30, 1998. We were all thrilled with this sweet little spirit that had come into our family.

Brook worked in Provo for a couple of years and loved "life in the city!" She met Matthew Nielson in the fall of 1999 and when she brought him home at Thanksgiving, we knew this was serious! They were married on April 28, 2000 in the Bountiful Temple. They lived in Provo for a few months and then moved to Bountiful in the fall so Matt could attend school at the University of Utah.

Liz and Charlie worked hard in 2001 to build a beautiful new home in Smithfield, Utah. They moved in during the fall and we all spent Thanksgiving at their home. The following Sunday, on November 25, 2001, their 2nd daughter was born. Sierra Grace Cellan was a sweet and beautiful baby with lots of dark hair.

With Liz and Charlie and their 2 girls in Smithfield, and Brook and Matt in Bountiful, we spent a lot of time on the road between Rexburg and Utah.

In April 2002, Tom and I were able to spend a week in Europe. We spent a few days in Venice, Italy, which was fascinating, and a few days in Vienna, Austria, which was enchanting. We fell in love with Vienna and hope to go back some day.

On May 31, 2002, Brook and Matt had their 1st baby — a sweet little girl named Paige Nicole Nielson. She was a full-term baby, but quite small. We were so grateful she was okay.

In June, we bought the farm machinery business where Tom had worked for so many years. We changed the name to 'T & S Equipment, Inc.'

Matt finished school at the "U" in August. We went down to Bountiful and helped them moved into a different apartment — one with more room.

The year 2003 was an eventful year in our family. In March, Matt, Brook and Paige moved to Rexburg. They lived with us for

a couple of months until they were able to find a home of their own. They bought a lovely home in Sunset Circle from some good friends of ours. It is wonderful having them so close.

Matt and Brook are working with Tom in the business. Tom opened a second store about a mile away from the first one. He kept the New Holland line of equipment in the old store and moved Agco/Hesston to the other. He also added the Arctic Cat line in the new store.

Liz, Charlie and their girls are living in Smithfield. Charlie is a plumber and works for Hillco Plumbing. Liz is working at Valley Implement — a farm machinery dealership. She started out in parts and just recently moved into the accounting department. Bailey is in kindergarten and Sierra is a sweet 2-year-old!

On October 30, 2003, Tom's mom, Therel, passed away peacefully in her sleep at the age of 89. We are grateful she was able to go without suffering. She was so ready. We are also grateful for the influence she was in each of our lives and for the many things we learned from her.

Our family history continues to be written — a day, a week, a month, a year at a time. We have been so blessed by Heavenly Father with the choice spirits he has entrusted to our care. They bring so much joy and sunshine into our lives. Our 3 granddaughters are the highlights of our lives. Life seems to be full of changes and adjustments, continually hectic and a little crazy — these sweet girls are reminders of what is most important.

Our life together has not been without challenges and trials. Through them all, we have learned many things and grown closer together as a family. Heavenly Father didn't expect us to come to earth and live an "easy" life. This life is our test. He knows what we need to learn and experience so that someday we may return to live with him. Our greatest desire is that we may all live so we will be able to be together as a family eternally.

Top Left: Betty Ann Ricks, 1 year (1934)

Top Right: Betty, 8th grade

Bottom Right: Betty holding Marilyn (1945)

Left: Betty, high school graduation (1951)

Top Left: Betty Ann Ricks in Ucon (about 1958)

Top Right: Betty at her nurse's graduation (1955)

Bottom Left: Betty and Lewis Williams, wedding (1960)

Bottom Right: Therel and Babe Ricks with Betty's children; (L to R): LuAnn, Annette, Brian, Ricks Lewis, Karann, and Vicki holding Carolyn

Betty, Lew and family on the occasion of Ricks and Kathryn's wedding — photo taken in front of the Boise Temple (June 1, 2000)

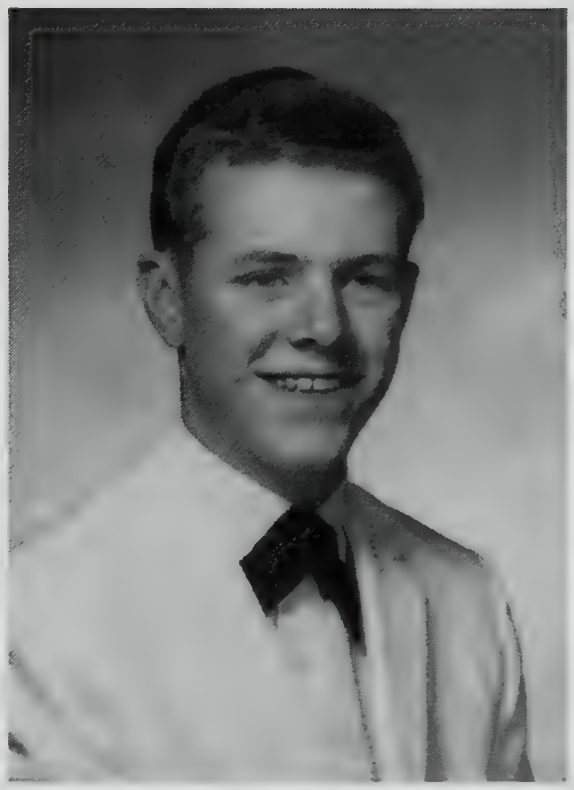
**Marilyn Ricks,
4 years (1947)**

**Marilyn and Richard Grant Harris
(1963)**

Marilyn, Dick and family, including grandchild. Front (L to R): Nate, Melissa, Nick, Jeremy; Middle (L to R): Ryan, Marilyn, Justin; Top (L to R): Baby Jessie, Lisa/Tod, Dick, Travis

Marilyn, Dick and family. Front (L to R): Marilyn, Nick, Nate;
Middle (L to R): Jeremy, Ryan, Justin, Dick;
Top (L to R): Tod, Melissa, Travis

Paul Rulon Ricks (1946)



Paul (1964)

Paul, Cindy Lynn Collette Ricks and family. (L to R): Tobin Rulon, Brodee Lyn Ricks Brown, Brandon Paul, Cindy, Paul (2004)

Above: Thomas Charles Ricks, 3 years (1955)

Right: Tom and Suzanne Hill Ricks (1975)

Tom, Sue and family. Sue holding Jenna, Brook, Liz, Tom (1986)

Chapter 8

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE BROWN GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Wilma and Stanley Ray Quayle

William Ray Quayle

I'm writing this only because my cousin Alyn Andrus, for whom I have high regard, has been a most persistent nag. I figure the only way to future peace is to comply with his requests. I consider my life to have been quite ordinary and therefore not requiring of documentation. On the other hand, future generations need to know something of how life was in earlier times and hopefully appreciate the grit, sacrifice, and labor of many of their forbears who built a great country that allows us the many luxuries we now enjoy. So, Alyn, here's for you:

I was born in St. Anthony, Idaho on December 12, 1937. My parents, Wilma and Ray Quayle, lived in Parker, Idaho, a very small farming community 4 miles away. Parker, at the time, had 2 general stores, a post office, barbershop, 2 garages and a coffee shop.

The house my parents lived in had been a granary. They initially rented it from Sid Hanks and at the time it had two rooms — a bedroom and kitchen. The stove was a coal-burning cook stove; there was no running water in the house. A hand pump outside provided the water. A round galvanized tub was moved into the kitchen when one took a bath — after heating the water on the stove. Some of the bigger and better stoves of that era had reservoirs in the end away from the heat box and this provided a supply of warm water to be dipped out, provided a fire was maintained. Toilet facilities consisted of an outdoor privy some distance from the house. There was an orange crate standing on end inside the kitchen door. On this piece of furniture were kept a porcelain washbasin and bucket. This

provided hand washing and drinking water for the family. In the winter the bucket of water would more often than not be frozen when you got up each morning.

I mentioned that the house my parents lived in initially had no running water. I remember when Dad first put in a well. This was done by erecting a large tripod over the spot where the well was to be. A galvanized pipe, usually 2 inches in diameter, was screwed into a pointed screened pipe. This was pounded into the ground by dropping a heavy weight tied to a rope from the tripod. This was done repeatedly and little by little the pipe was pounded into the ground. When it was all the way in, another 8' section would be screwed on and the pounding would continue; obviously this was tedious, hard work. The real bummer would occur when the pipe was pounded down 40 to 50 feet and a hand pump was attached to the upper end and after frantic pumping there would be no water. This meant that the whole process would have to be repeated.

I enjoyed a wonderful childhood. It lasted from the time I was able to walk until I graduated from high school. We had no television. (It had not been invented yet when I was a child. In my opinion, society was much better off without it.) We learned how to entertain ourselves. Usually this meant playing neighborhood games such as Hide and Seek, Baseball, Basketball or Football. There was of course a serious side to life, especially since my dad was a farmer. Farm work included weeding crops, thinning beets, stacking hay, shocking wheat, and digging potatoes. It was not unusual for young boys and girls to work in the fields, the older you were the more it was expected. I am amused today, when I see people, including youngsters, who seem to require a bottle of water with them to even go to a shopping mall. When I see this, I think back to what it was like to crawl down half-mile long rows of beets weeding and thinning them with heat waves shimmering in the distance. A beet field was usually a half-mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. You would crawl down each row pulling weeds and thinning excess beets. This activity usually began at 7 or 8 a.m. and would continue until 5 or 6 p.m. We did this without having a designer bottle of water to carry with us. Usually our thirst quencher consisted of a gallon water bottle wrapped in burlap and thrown in a ditch to keep

cool. When working for your family, this labor was done for nothing. When you hired out to another farmer, you might get somewhere around 50 cents a half-mile row.

Potatoes required weeding as well. Once the potato vines got so big, it was not possible to get a mechanical cultivator down the rows, the only way to eradicate the weeds was to physically walk the fields pulling the weeds by hand. Today, farmers use chemicals to suppress weed growth so the youth are mostly spared this onerous task. Working in the hay fields was equally taxing. Once the hay was cut, and usually baled, we would haul it from the field into feed yards for winter use. This was done by driving a truck slowly down the rows of hay bales and "bucking" them onto the truck. They would be stacked 3 wide, 8 high, and 16 to 20 bales in length. Hard, hot work! Obviously this was work done usually by adults and teenagers as the bales of hay could weigh upwards of 110 lbs. (Football coaches loved their players to work on the hay crews).

Grade school was attended at the Parker Elementary School. My grade school years were certainly unspectacular. I would suspect that I was probably a C to B student. Perhaps my best accomplishment was in becoming a pretty good pianist. I started taking private piano lessons when I was in the 2nd grade. These were continued even though my piano teacher, Mr. Clifford Clive moved from St. Anthony to Idaho Falls. It fell to my mother to drive me to Idaho Falls every week for my lesson. It needs to be mentioned that a trip of 40 miles each way in the 1940's and 1950's was a lot different from today's travel. We didn't zip down a freeway at 70 miles per hour!

The early childhood years in Parker were idyllic. I played baseball in neighborhood pickup games and on church softball teams. I had a horse — a pinto mare named Punch. Parker was adjacent to a huge area of natural grazing ground, which eventually leads to the Centennial Mountains and the Targhee National Forest. It was in this area that I would disappear for hours, just my horse and me. One of the few requirements was that my mother expected 1 hour a day to be spent practicing the piano. At the time I thought this was really a hardship.

High school was at South Fremont High School in St. Anthony. My piano playing continued, but so did my sports participation.

I lettered 4 years each in football and baseball. We had decent teams, making it to sectional playoffs in baseball a couple of years. The high school years were fun years.

I was a good pianist and usually had a number of public engagements where I had been invited to play. I was also a pretty good baseball player. Unfortunately, the position I played in baseball was catcher. Anyone who watches or knows anything about baseball, knows these two occupations do not complement one another. A piano player needs supple fingers. A baseball catcher gets more than a few foul tips that ricochet off his hand and body parts. Consequently I spent a good deal of my high school years in pain.

After high school graduation (1956), Lowe Rudd got Robert Fuller and me jobs in Grand Teton National Park. One day I returned to my quarters from being on a forest fire. The Chief Ranger called me in, and offered me a job for the remainder of the summer as a Seasonal Ranger to be stationed at Berry Creek. I was offered this job because I was able to shoe a horse. The job entailed patrolling an area of approximately 50 to 100 square miles for poachers and/or forest fires. I had 4 head of horses and would ride one and use the other as a packhorse. I would be on patrol for 2 or 3 days at a time riding the high country between Jackson Lake and the Idaho state line. This was a wonderful job. It was wild country — probably still is fairly remote. There were no roads into this area — I rowed across Jackson Lake to my line cabin, which was located about a mile up from the lakeshore. Between the cabin and the Lake was an area of willow flats where Berry Creek emptied into the Lake. There was usually a bunch of moose that would hang out in the willows. It always was hair rising to come up the trail from the lakeshore after dark. You would hear snorting and movement but not be able to see where or what. I learned what whistling past the graveyard means.

Patrols into the high country were interesting. One of the main reasons for my presence was to offer some deterrence to poachers. Ranchers across the mountains in Idaho would periodically come into the high country and shoot elk. The other reason was of course being fire patrol. It was beautiful scenery and sometimes quite interesting work. I came very close to getting shot one day when after hearing very early morning shots,

I found and followed suspicious horse tracks most of the day. I came upon a camp late in the afternoon and according to the man I was talking to, he was just coming into the area to fish. That winter, while on a skiing trip into Jackson, I met a fellow who recognized me. He informed me that the people I had been following had indeed killed an elk, they had it on pack horses and I had been pushing them all day. While I was talking to the fellow I found in the campsite, another fellow was up the trail with a rifle on me. Had I continued through the camp and following them, I would have been shot. Good to know. (I later went into the Army with this guy.)

In the fall of 1957 I accepted an athletic scholarship at Ricks Junior College in Rexburg, Idaho to play football and baseball. I spent 1957 and 1958 at Ricks. My athletic vanity was in full bloom while at Ricks. I made All Conference at guard in football and was voted Most Valuable Player in the homecoming game my sophomore year. In the spring of 1958, I was invited to attend spring football practice at Utah State University. At the time, there were some All Americans playing at Utah State. Merlin Olsen and Lionel Aldridge were very ACTIVE — try holding a tackling dummy for one of them! They only outweighed me by about 80 lbs. The quarterback for that team was Bill Munson. For the latter day folks who don't recognize this name, Olsen was All-Pro for the Los Angeles Rams for many years. Aldridge was All Pro for Green Bay, and Munson was a starting QB for the Detroit Lions. I was out of my league!

I enrolled at Utah State in the fall of 1959, but quit at the end of winter quarter that year. In 1961 I was drafted into the Army. After spending time in Texas and Colorado, I was sent to Korea.

In 1962 when I entered Korea, we were an army of occupation. South Korea was just emerging from the devastation of war. I will never forget my first impression. They threw open the door of the transport plane, and this odor immediately overcame every conscious sensory moment. Your eyes watered, your nose immediately closed, and you breathed through the mouth. The odor came of course from the rice paddies, which in Korea are ubiquitous. They fertilize the paddies with human excreta. Consequently, the entire country smelled like a very ripe sewer!

The stories of "honey buckets" told by GI's of earlier years were indeed very true!

I had some interesting experiences. I have delivered a baby in a chopper. I have been in mine fields retrieving kids who stepped on mines and had legs and arms blown off. Mine fields are hideous and still exist from the 1950's. Spring floods wash them out and move them around so that what was safe yesterday may not be safe today.

In summary, the Army was very good to me. I could have stayed in very comfortably. The Army taught me discipline and with the discipline came maturity and self-confidence. I realized I was not the dummy that I had pictured myself to be when I practically flunked out of Ricks Junior College. I had poor academic standing because I was on athletic scholarship and that is all I did. The Army showed me that I could succeed and that I was as talented as the next guy. I owe any success I have achieved to the Army and to people like Majors Vaughn, Benson and Nickels.

I enrolled at Utah State University again in the fall of 1964. I majored in Personnel Administration. I went to Utah State for three successive years, graduating in the winter of 1966.

While attending Utah State, I was lucky enough to meet a wonderfully charming and lovely young lady by the name of Julia Ann Somsen. Julie was an English Professor at Utah State. We dated and eventually married on September 9, 1966. We were married in Cokeville, Wyoming (Julie's hometown) in St. Bartholomew Episcopal Church.

I graduated from Utah State in December 1966. I received a job offer from Ford Motor Company and was able to start work January 5, 1967.

Julie and I left her mother's house in Cokeville one frosty January morning in 1967 and headed east. We were off on our first big adventure. Our destination was Owosso, Michigan. Ford had a battery plant there and I was fortunate enough to start my career there. I was assigned to Hourly Personnel where my duties were primarily to process the records for the hourly work force. Everyone had a job classification, each classification paid slightly different and the records had to be kept accurately. It was an interesting manufacturing process. Batteries are made by coating

lead grids with lead oxide and immersing them into sulfuric acid inside the battery case. The resulting interaction gives off electricity. The lead oxide also gave off fumes and dust. This would accumulate in the blood of the workers, so every so often when the lead levels in the blood reached certain levels, the work force would have to be rotated. People working in lead areas would go to non-lead areas (if such a thing existed) and others would be rotated into lead areas. It kept me busy!

We spent 2-1/2 years in Owosso. We met wonderful people, we explored a new part of the world, and we were happy. After a couple of high school substitute teaching jobs, Julie accepted a position as an English Professor at the General Motors Institute in Flint, Michigan. GMI was a private 4-year engineering school owned and operated by General Motors. The school was extremely competitive and the curriculum was grueling. The advantage from a professor's viewpoint was that you were assured of nothing but bright students. GMI was full of bright students and Julie enjoyed her GMI years. However, after the 2-1/2 years, I was suddenly transferred. Ford was experiencing labor problems at the Ypsilanti plant and the foremen were threatening to organize if the Company did not staff a Labor Relations Representative on the #1 (midnight) shift.

Under the Ford system of industrial discipline, foremen run the manufacturing process supervising people. The hourly workers (people) are organized and represented by the UAW. So any problems the foremen would have with any of the hourly workforce (Ypsilanti employed around 1800 to 2000 people), the foreman would end up engaging in a threatening situation with the union — who was "defending" their members — the hourly workers supervised by the foremen. The foremen wanted out so I was called in on a Friday and told to report to Ypsilanti the following Sunday to start work Sunday night at midnight, which would be the # 1 shift Monday. Thus began a 2-year assignment at Ypsilanti.

This was 1970. The mood of America was kind of grim. Our G.I.'s were home from Vietnam and many were resentful of the lack of respect and appreciation shown them on the home front. The college campuses were feeling their political muscle and protesting many issues, and the economy was not very good. The

unrest was manifest in the work place. At Ypsilanti, a suburb of Detroit, the mood was equally grim. We employed a large workforce, about half were Black, and the other half were divided between Southern whites, and 2nd-generation European immigrants. This proved to be a volatile mixture. Knife fights, fist fights, gambling, drinking, and absenteeism were the main issues I dealt with as a Labor Rep. Factories during these years were places the timid and faint of heart were wise to avoid. One character I came to know (professionally) was an electrician. This guy was on my list from the day I arrived at Ypsilanti. But as it turned out, he admitted that the cause of an 8-day absence from the plant for which I was terminating him, was that he had been in the Middle East fighting in the 7-day war between Israel and Egypt. When the shooting started, he just went down to the airport, caught a plane to Cairo and fought for his homeland against the Jews. After the shooting was over, he expected to come back to work as though nothing had happened and never could understand why I fired him.

We lived on the boundary between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, Michigan. Julie, who had resigned her job at GMI, now worked as a legal secretary for a wonderful lawyer in Ann Arbor by the name of Arthur Carpenter. Again, Julie found a job she loved and a job at which she excelled. After 3 months working the #1 shift, I was moved to the #3 shift, or afternoons. Since we had only one car, this meant Julie would have to come get me when I got off work usually around midnight. She spent many hours sitting in the dark on lonely side streets adjacent to the factory at Ypsilanti waiting for me to finally emerge. Then I was promoted and transferred to the Sandusky, Ohio parts plant.

At Sandusky, I was Labor Relations Supervisor. The work force was certainly less diverse, but more under control of the union. This resulted in a more stable work force but equally difficult to deal with. Our stay in Sandusky was short, only 9 months, but while there, our 1st child was born. Douglas Brian Quayle arrived in the world December 20, 1972. In the spring of that year, I was again transferred, this time to Saline, Michigan. I left Julie and a 3-month-old baby to sell the house and join me back in Michigan. Poor Julie, not only did she have her hands full of doing the normal duties of infant care, but Sandusky was hit

with a vicious Nor'easter that flooded the town and disrupted service for upwards of 2 weeks.

Matthew Garrett Quayle, our 2nd son, was born February 11, 1974. We were living in Ann Arbor, Michigan and really enjoyed our surroundings. We made many friends and took full advantage of the fact that we were living in a university town. Ford had many facilities in the surrounding area, and during the 6 years we lived in Ann Arbor, I worked at 3 different locations. From Labor Supervisor at Saline, I was transferred to Ypsilanti again, only this time as Salaried Personnel Supervisor. It was on this assignment when the Plant Physician and one of my work associates were shot by a plant worker. The doctor was killed and my friend severely wounded. I ended up being the Industrial Relations Manager after this incident and was in this assignment for 4 months before being transferred once again to Division Staff.

From the Division Staff job we were transferred again to Sandusky, Ohio, this time as Industrial Relations Manager. We stayed in this assignment from 1981 until 1993. This allowed both Brian and Matt to graduate from high school in Ohio, thus allowing them to go through grades 4 through 12 without further interruptions — we thought that to be important at the time. Brian graduated from Port Clinton High School as a National Merit Finalist and much to the chagrin of our bank account, but with pride in our heart, he enrolled and graduated from The Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Matt graduated from Port Clinton High School, enrolled at Ohio Wesleyan University, and later transferred and graduated from the University of Utah.

Following the boys' graduation from high school, I accepted a transfer from the Sandusky Plant to be Industrial Relations Manager of the Utica, Michigan Plant for Ford. We were on a vacation shut-down at Sandusky when I got a telephone call from the Division Industrial Relations Manager. He asked how soon I could be in Utica, Michigan. I was told to finish my vacation but to plan on reporting to Utica after vacation. During the same vacation, I was also diagnosed as having prostate cancer. So, I started work in Utica in July 1993 and began daily cancer treatments at night in Detroit. This went on every day for 4-1/2 months, but I never missed a day's work. We also negotiated and settled a contract during those months. Julie was teaching 7th

and 8th grade English at Port Clinton Middle School so we kept the house on Catawba, and I rented an apartment in Utica. We lived this way for 4 years. I would drive home on Friday nights and leave on Sunday. Believe me, this gets old quick. I retired from Ford in 1997 after 30 years.

My story is no different from thousands of others of my generation. We went in the military, we came home and went to school. From school there were jobs, marriages, families and life goes on. As far as I am concerned, I lucked out. I married a wonderful lady and together we had two fantastic sons. My only regret as I look back over the past 35 years is that I always put the job first. This cost me precious time with my family and had I not had a wonderful understanding wife, it could have cost me much more. I watch Brian interact with his son, Henry, and I realize he is much more involved than I remember being. This makes me sad — wondering what I could have given my sons that I didn't.

<u>Clair Douglas Quayle</u>

Clair Douglas Quayle was born on a no-doubt cold, rainy, grey, snow-melt March 10th day, 1944, in the early morning hours. His parents were Wilma Brown and Stanley Ray Quayle. Both were well-educated, hard-working people, the standard for the time. It can be said without doubt they gave all to the future of their children.

My early memories include playing on a rough front porch with wild cucumbers, something that has vanished from the area. By the way, I was born in Rexburg, Idaho. Thirteen miles to the north was the small town of Parker, where I tried and my parents assisted me to grow up. I can remember riding behind a team of horses which was pulling a manure-spreader, Dad in control. Cold thoughts come to mind when I think of the early days of the potato harvest. From potatoes in sacks which had to be picked up by the lights on the truck, while snow fell, to the modern bulker system which sent potatoes from ground to truck. This was when I came of age to assist Dad to the best of his ability. That's right, I said "to the best of his ability." Ray Quayle was the 1st Drill Instructor I had. My mother was the 2nd. The experience paid dividends later in life when I entered the Military. I learned

to assist in potato harvest, haul chopped and baled hay, baled straw, herd cows, which was a trying experience with Dad. If the cow went the wrong way, it was everyone's fault except the cow's.

When I grew older, Dad's training paid off because I was always in demand to work for the Miller brothers or Ted Rasmussen. The most fun I had doing physical labor was shocking grain or driving a small grey Ford tractor while others picked the shocks of grain off the ground and piled them on the wagon to be hauled to the threshing machine. The days of straw stacks in the field are long gone, but the memories of those days linger on — Raymond Parker's machine, threshing crews all eating lunch at one house, my getting to drive a tractor while most men drove wagons pulled with horse teams — Vick Miller, Ken Miller, Raymond Parker, DeLynn Miller, and others I can't remember. I do remember DeLynn hitting Raymond on the butt with a "hot shot" and Raymond almost ending DeLynn's life on earth.

My 1st trip to the grain elevator was taken with my Great Uncle Pete. When that hoist lifted the front of that truck up into the air, I was terrified. Pete just laughed and at his leisure reassured me that all was okay. Over the years I had a lot of fun with Pete, he was an all right guy, who was always out for adventure. We explored caves along the Teton Range and did a lot of fishing.

When Dad's potatoes were done, I was able to go pick potatoes for farmers up higher in the Teton Valley. I made my fortune at 4 cents/60 pound sack. Not much money by today's standards, but it was cash in the pocket and purchased more than you can imagine.

My leisure time was spent playing in Granddad Brown's yard or playing baseball with my older brother. Bill pitched to me, my back against the garage, a quarter round slab of wood for home plate. Well, now, I was the only one who didn't realize where a low pitch was going to end up. No, I had not been introduced to a catcher's cup at that age. I kept groaning, Bill kept throwing, and Dad kept becoming outraged at the broken boards on the garage. Bill and I knocked the covers off a lot of baseballs. They would become wet in the early spring and the covers would fly off when hit.

At times our bat would become beat-up, I remember Dad seeing the chipped bat and rendering it unusable on the

telephone pole. Bill and I adapted by using round cedar fence posts with a grip chopped to shape with an axe. I was always able to swing a heavy bat. We played a lot of "500 work up, and knockout, and roll-in."

When fall rolled around, my interest changed to football. About 1954, Bill was in high school and I was in the fourth grade. The preceding Christmas I had become the proud recipient of a football helmet, so the following fall I was trying my best to emulate my older brother. Well, as things happened, I had an open shot at this kid running back the kick-off. I put my helmet right in his stomach, which put him in the office on the couch, which put me in the office in front of the principal, which placed my beloved helmet in a dark, forgotten place in the attic.

I loved to play sports and go fishing. In high school I played baseball, football, and ran track. I ran the 100, 220, 440, and anchor leg of the 880 relay. I was fast and should have worked on my track skills. In my Senior year I missed going to Los Angeles by one place in the 100, 440, and long jump.

After graduating in 1962, I worked in Jackson Hole as a guide, taking people on horse rides and pack trips. I could someday write a short book on my experiences during those 4 years.

I attended Utah state University for 3-1/4 years. I did not belong there, I wanted to do other things, but no one else would listen to me. I removed myself after that length of time. I snowshoed the Island Park country for the Forest Service until spring, then volunteered for the military.

I entered military service in May 1966, my basic training started and concluded at Fort Ord, California. After basic, I was sent to Army Flight School located at Fort Rucker, Alabama. This was a long training program pushed into 8 weeks. All entrants had to have had previous college schooling. We were told that if anyone dropped below 92%, he was out of the program. I graduated at the top of my class, received my choice of duty station, and was off to Fort Carson, Colorado. While on my way there, Bill was getting married in Cokeville, Wyoming.

Shortly after my arrival at Fort Carson, I was assigned to the 189th Assault Helicopter Company, a new company just being formed. We trained until spring when we received our deployment

orders. On or about May 5, 1967, the commanding officer, myself, and 3 other non-coms boarded a C-141 and arrived on a pierced steel runway in the central highlands of Vietnam. It was May 7, 1967, the start of the most influential period of my life.

We established our company headquarters in an old French post called Camp Hollaway, near the provincial capital of Pleiku. We supported the 4th Infantry Division and various airborne units till August of 1967. In August, we were assigned to the 5th Special Forces Group and operated out of CCC, also known as FOBII, or the spot on the map known as Kontum. Major operations we took part in were Operations Omega, Daniel Boone, and others I fail to recall. These operations are just now being made public, and they have to be self-researched.

We ran CAS teams (combined area studies), SOG teams (studies and observation groups). Details of these operations can be read about in books, such as The History of S.O.G. in Vietnam or S.O.G.: The Secret Wars in Vietnam. I can't remember the correct name, but the author is John L. Plaster.

Vietnam was hours of boredom punctuated by moments of terror. I miss what I did, the people I was with, and the country. I learned that the people we worked with and lived in proximity to, namely the Montagnard tribes, were very honest and trustworthy. The Central Highlands were beautiful and the climate was very livable. I left 6 fellows over there whom I knew well, 4 of them bunked by me and we shared weekends in Colorado Springs together. One of the fellows was W.O. Lauck, from Wyoming. We flew from Colorado Springs to Cheyenne, Wyoming. From there I drove to Parker with Sylvia, Bill's sister-in-law. Mr. Lauck was shot down and killed on my birthday in 1968. I made it through the Tet Offensive and the battle of Dak To. I returned home on May 7, 1968.

The years after Vietnam were unsure. I changed jobs many times — construction, banker, insurance sales, I helped run restaurants, doughnut shops, coffee shops, and a meat plant. I stopped in Oregon because I couldn't go any further west, and after I filled my car with gas I had $5 left to my name.

I was married for 23 years, and have been separated for 4. If given a choice, I would forego the one, so I would not experience the other. I have a son Nicholas born May 7, 1982, a daughter

Brittany born April 4, 1987, and a daughter Megan born December 4, 1989. Nick is in his ending years at Portland State University, Brittany is a Junior at Grant High School, and Megan is an 8th grader at DaVinci Art School. I, having the sole responsibility of raising 3 children on my own, occasionally find myself wishing I had postponed my return from Southeast Asia, indefinitely. But, they are terrific kids, and I love them.

After many years I have found my niche in life. I work by myself and for myself. I won't work for people I don't like and I won't do things I don't like to do. These boundaries serve to keep me honest and productive, and that's all I want to be. I'm a self-employed contractor, and being honest puts me one leg up on my competition.

My childhood was full of great memories and lasting friends and dedicated parents. I had maternal grandparents whom I enjoyed being with. I looked forward to helping Grandpa Brown plant corn, milk cows, or any other chore. I had paternal grandparents who were as distant as the moon. Grandpa Quayle was a good man, but after years of living under Grandma Quayle, he was so beaten down he had to ask permission to breathe.

Dad worked hard, taking care of us and his parents. Mom worked hard, giving us a clean home, clean clothes, and cooked meals. While accomplishing all this she also cut potatoes, drove truck during harvest, and ducked salvos from her mother-in-law.

It's been a good life, and you can't have everything, right? If that is the case then I wonder why some end up with so much.

Well, don't follow a 2nd Lieutenant, and do not work for or take orders from anyone less intelligent than you are. Also, if you ever have a cousin [Rich] that you have a chance to play football against, watch out for the "on-side kick."

<u>Marshall Scott Quayle</u>

They tell me I was born on August 12, 1949, in Rexburg, Idaho. I can't seem to remember too much about that day. My earliest recollections of life to come were at the expense of my brother, Doug. I can clearly remember him tipping me over when I was in my stroller. Most of my early memories are of being hauled from place to place while my mother helped my father on the family farm. If I wasn't bouncing up and down on the front

seat of a potato truck, I could usually be found at either my Grandpa Brown's house or that of my Grandfather Quayle. At first I didn't care which place I went to. Both were fun. Grandpa Brown treated me better than Grandpa Quayle. Grandmother Brown never had too much to do with me. We just never seemed to hit it off. Grandmother Quayle didn't like me at all. But that was O.K., because I didn't like her either. So, due to auto default, Grandpa and Grandma Brown were my favorite grandparents — if only they had had the t.v. from the farm!

My Grandfather Quayle complained that he was crippled. He claimed that one leg was shorter than the other due to a bad operation. The truth of the matter is that he figured out how to get out of working hard on the farm.

Anyway, after a few years of watching this operation, I decided that Grandpa Brown was my "grandpa!" It was at this early age that I basically cut down half of my family tree.

I am amazed at what a good father I had. Every good quality he had — and he had many — must have been inherited from his grandfather or self-taught.

My early days in Parker consisted of tagging after Doug, playing with Paul and Marilyn Ricks, or the Powell and Bergeson boys. Mom and Dad were always working, washing, cooking, weeding, or just running. I used to like going to Sunday School. I especially liked the lessons that dealt with Biblical history.

I never really knew my oldest brother during this time in my life. By the time I hit the 1st grade, Bill was well on his way to becoming Mr. Football for this area. I can still remember how proud my Mom and Dad were of him.

I wore Doug out tagging after him. I'm sure that he and Leon Rhodehouse tired of me. They were good to me, though. We spent many a day playing Cowboys and Indians, Army, Tag, Hide and Seek, and Marbles. We had many great adventures in Denzel's tool shed.

I can clearly recall the day that my little brother, Phil, moved in. I was very excited about this even though Phil had his share of health problems. We soon became best friends, as we are to this day. There is nothing better than having a brother to pick on, play ball with, give the chores to, play ball with, pick on,

blame everything onto, and play ball with. No wonder "little brothers" are so beloved.

I can recall going through a very difficult time at this point in my life. My father had a very bad temper. Many times he would snap after taking the abuse and wrath of his own mother. Phil and I were at home alone with Mom at this time. Bill was in college and Doug had after-school activities. Many times I watched my mother clean up the remains of a temper attack. I developed nightmares at this time. Many a night I spent shaking while Mom held me. To this day I still have the same nightmares. I did come out of this with a very good understanding of what a bad temper can do to a family.

It is every child's wish in their early years to become what their fathers are at that time. I loved working on the farm. I totally loved tractors, cows and farm equipment. I dreamed of getting more land with my father and farming with him. As I got older and "wiser" I began to realize why "Ray Quayle" seemed to be pushing his children away from their dreams. It must have hurt him terribly, but he must have been so proud! I'm sure my father had some very lonely times when he was trying to farm by himself. The truth came out in the end. There would never be enough farm for us boys to farm. It didn't work out right for my Dad's side of that family tree. I will always love and respect my father for shoving us away.

I attended grade school in the old red brick building in Parker. I can still remember the oiled floors, clinkers in the play ground and rope-controlled bell. What a wonderful old school. My 1st grade teacher was Mary Parker. The teacher of that part of my life that I owe the most to was Mr. Evan Murray. He showed me the beauty of reading! From that point on in my life, I have always had the comforting companionship of a book.

At this time of my life I was in love with sports. I was very small for my age — yet I wanted to be like Bill and Doug. The sad fact of the matter was — I would never equal them in sports. I kept trying though. I did O.K. in baseball. Years later I would play American Legion ball up until I left for college. In college, I played lots of fast pitch softball in the Utah "A" League.

I attended South Fremont High School. My favorite classes were Chemistry, Speech, History, and Debate. I never really

pushed myself in my studies. I figured out that I could coast and keep up with most of my peers. In high school I loved to ski. I went skiing to Jackson Hole or some other hill every weekend.

My greatest accomplishment in high school was in debate. My partner and I made it to the championship round in the Western United States Forensic Competition.

During my high school years, I was fortunate enough to be chosen to work for the local lumber yard. This had always been thought of as one of the better jobs in town. My boss was Mr. Marion Harrop. A young person couldn't ask for a better employer. He made me think for myself. He was fair and taught a great work ethic. I am sure I learned more working for Marion than I ever did going through high school. I worked for him clear into college. He always had work for me. I will always be grateful for the way he treated me.

I graduated from South Fremont in 1967. We were the 1st class to graduate from the "new school." Now it is the "old school." In grade school I had listened to Kennedy telling of landing a man on the moon. I had witnessed the "Cold War" heat up to the boiling point. I watched the Cuban Missile Crisis unfold, and listened to the drum rolls as Kennedy was buried. I watched Jack Ruby shoot L. H. Oswald while home teaching with Mr. Fred Crapo at Melvin Rudd's home. I thought I had seen it all. Boy, was I in for a surprise!

Bill had returned from Korea at about my Sophomore year in high school. I worshiped the ground he walked on. Bill was my hero — trouble was, he was never around.

Doug was attending Utah State University in Logan, Phil was still in Parker School, and I was in high school. Dragging Main, playing church ball, going to Mack's Inn or skiing in Jackson was our life.

My father and I had 2 things that bound us — the space race and baseball. I clearly remember the early morning wake-up calls to watch the launches of Sheppard, Glenn, Crissom, Carpenter and White. Dad and I never missed a launch. My heroes were the astronauts and Willie Mays.

My Senior year in high school was impacted by departure of Doug to Vietnam. I can't imagine what my parents went through those 14 months. They would never have made it if they had

known the real facts as to where Doug was and what he was doing.

I enrolled at Utah State in the Fall of 1967. Doug was gone to Vietnam; Bill had moved to Michigan; Phil was keeping Mom and Dad sane. Little did we know what the next few months would do to this country. The year 1968 was one of antiwar riots, assassinations, drugs, Lyndon Johnson, the Tet Offensive and the division of this country. I was against the war — not our government. I was tired of hearing about death. I had a brother there. I wanted him home — alive! I shook Bobby Kennedy's hand in front of the Terrace Ballroom in Salt Lake City. He was well on his way to winning an upset nomination. He was shot dead 22 hours later. I lost 3 good friends that year in Vietnam. I lost that many more to drugs. It was a vicious circle. Students protested the war — they would smoke marijuana or LSD, which killed all ambition to study. They would flunk out, get drafted and die fighting the very war they were protesting! For some reason, I never felt the need to get caught up in either the drug or antiwar culture. I was having a hard enough time with Algebra and Calculus.

I changed my major from Chemistry to English Literature my Sophomore year. I studied Russian, French, and Chinese languages and cultures. My major had become English Literature with emphasis on philosophy and history. I — thanks to Professor Reed Stock and Ms. Zenna Beth Crockett — was making headway. I was lucky to have roommates and friends who were into studying and achievement. Getting good grades became very easy once you figured out the way to study. It was at this time that our Government came up with the great idea of the Lottery. The Draft Lottery was another farce. My number was 73. In February 1969 my number was called, then down to Salt Lake for the physical — I failed. I was both elated and upset. By failing my draft physical, I wouldn't see the greens of Southeast Asia, neither would I see the halls of the U.S. Armed Forces Language Academy in Monterey. I had taken and passed my prelims for CIA equivalence in Russian language. Now embassy work was not an option.

To this day I regret not going to the Army for language training. I do feel good that I did it the fair way. I didn't use religion or other means to avoid war. I lost a tremendous amount

of respect during this time for many of my peers who found quick interest in doing the "Lord's work" in order to avoid the battlefield. I guess in time everyone will be judged by an impartial jurist. Yes, I could stand on my soap-box for hours on this. I know how I feel and I know why. I guess I lost a lot more than my innocence in 1968-69.

I graduated early from USU. I was awarded an assistantship for the 1970-71 school year in the English Department. My favorite professors were Mr. John Patrick, Mr. Reed Stock, Mr. Lynn Skabelund and Ms. Z. B. Crockett. These people did a lot for me. I also found out that bad politics even ran through the sacred halls of higher education.

I applied to the University of Michigan and University of Utah for admission to their schools of graduate studies. I was a grad assistant instructor in Freshman English for 1 year at USU.

At the conclusion of my 1st stint at being a Grad Assistant, I decided to go to Oregon for a breather until Fall term rolled around. I went to Salem to work with Doug. My plan was to stay in Oregon until August. Upon getting to Salem I soon learned that I had been accepted in good standing at the University of Utah. I was also accepted at the University of Michigan under probation. I guess I would have to study extra hard if I went there. I went to Oregon to refresh myself. I was tired of educating myself. I was tired of being hungry and broke. Looking back on it now, I was lucky to be where I was at. I met Susan Kay Hadley when Doug hired her to work part-time in his restaurant. She was extremely shy, young and very pretty. Needless to say, I fell for her. She did not want to leave Salem. I had a choice — her or my dreams of being an English Professor. We were married on October 21, 1972. I remember flying back to Logan and having Mr. Reed Stock talk to me for 2 hours on not giving it all up. I have always felt that I let some good people down who stood behind me. Yet if they were to meet my children, they would say I made the right choice.

Susan and I lived in Corvallis, Oregon, for the 1st year of our marriage. We ran a donut shop and restaurant. In 1973 we moved back to Salem. I commuted from Salem to Portland and back to Corvallis each day. In 1973 we purchased our 1st and only home. We paid $17,000 for it. Today it is appraised at $200,000.

Real estate values have gone up in Oregon. By 1976, the business had grown to 6 locations.

Our 1st child, Jennifer Rae Quayle, came into our lives on February 21, 1976. Jenny had major health issues from day one. Finally, after nearly a month and a half, we got to take her from intensive care to our home. This was very hard on Susan. I'm sure she would have appreciated a more devoted husband when it came to child care. Jenny eventually gained her health. Anyone seeing her play ball 15 years later would never believe she was that sick as a baby.

It took Susan and me a long time to get out from under that financial set-back. We had a huge hospital bill and our insurance would not cover any of it. I feel proud that we eventually paid off all bills without asking for anyone's help or forgiveness. My mother and father were always willing to help us at this time.

Our son, Holden Duane Quayle, was born on September 24, 1979. Holden was just the opposite of Jenny. He ate everything he saw and was a very happy baby. He, like his sister, decided to scare his mom and dad also. When Holden was 9 or 10, he was diagnosed with a tumor behind his eye. After many stressful days in the hospital, the tumor was destroyed. I truly believe that parents have no greater fear than seeing one of their children hospitalized and not knowing why. Jenny and Holden have given us many wonderful memories and reasons to smile.

Jennifer married Sean Berry. They have a wonderful daughter, Jocelyn Nichole, born May 3, 2003. She is an absolute joy. Jenny is a lot like her father in that she prefers to do things her way without others' help. She was one of the most talented players I have ever watched in fast-pitch softball. Others agreed; she was named All-State for Oregon, and upon graduation was asked to play for the Northwest All-Star team — 12 young ladies representing California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Alaska. Jenny was a pitcher and starting center fielder. Jenny's greatest achievements are her smile, attitude and loving ways as a mother. I am very proud of her.

Holden attended and graduated from Oregon State University with a degree in Business. He currently lives in Seattle/Bellevue, Washington. He is doing quite well in the health-care industry.

I am very proud of both my children, more for who they are than for what they have done. They are both good, law-abiding, responsible people who know the meaning of respect.

I have worked the last 25 years for Curly's Dairy. I got out of the restaurant business in 1979 — too many hours away from the family. In 25 years, I have gone from driver to Key Accounts Manager. It has been an interesting career.

I'm very proud of my wife's career. She has gone from a waitress/crossing guard to an assistant technology administrator for the local school district. She has been self-taught and trained.

I have witnessed a lot in my life. I have seen the "Cold War" escalate and end. I still recall how frightened this nation was during the Cuban Missile Crisis. I listened to JFK enter the space race as a grade school student. I watched from college as Neil Armstrong ended it.

I have seen the assassinations of John and Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther king, and Anwar Sadat. I watched the Berlin wall go up under Eisenhower, and watched it torn down under Reagan. I survived the 60's, The Doors, The Beatles, drug cultures and free love. I have had the worries of a brother in Vietnam lifted only to be replaced by that of a brother in Iraq, Kuwait and Afghanistan. I have witnessed and survived all the political lies — all the way from Watergate, the Contra Arms deal, and White House aides to those of mobile labs, uranium purchases, and weapons of mass destruction. All this proving Grandpa Brown correct: "There are only two kinds of people — honest or dishonest."

I am proud of my work ethic and personal honesty. I am glad I can judge people for what they are instead of their color or political party.

As I grow older, I am very proud of what and who I am. I have made my own choices. I have walked my own path. My parents were wise enough to give me the freedom to leave the nest. I am so glad I had the fortitude to do it. I don't have a great deal but what I have, I have earned. It wasn't passed on, inherited or taken over.

My passions in life other than my family are reading, learning and wood-working. Over the last 20 years I have taught myself carpentry and joinery skills. I have the pleasure of knowing some

of the greatest wood-workers in the world. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my work has been displayed in national shows and sales. The best is the peace that comes from working with hand tools. It's a good life!

Phillip Lee Quayle

I was born in St. Anthony, Idaho on March 19, 1954, the youngest of 4 sons to Ray and Wilma Quayle. My childhood was filled with fun and learning experiences. In some ways, some would think that the youngest of the Quayle boys would enjoy it the least but I had a memorable childhood. My brothers always were quick to establish the pecking order, which always was longevity on planet Earth, but there were always rewards that I was able to reap just because of timing. For example, Dad sold the milk cows before I became the designated milk son. Milking cows before going to high school every day never was a good thing for the male ego. I did not experience this indignity myself, but this was a learning experience that I picked up from observing the trials of my brother Doug and then Scott when he became the designated milker. There were the trials and tribulations of growing up and crossing the line of GOOD son versus BAD son. I did not pick up all the tips on this subject but after observing the mistakes made by Bill, Doug, and Scott, I avoided the major potholes. By avoiding duplicating the majority of mistakes made by the older brothers, I avoided some of the wrath of my father. He was quick to hand it out in generous portions. Bear in mind that I said my childhood was fun and exciting. I respected my parents to the utmost because they were fair and honest and loved their sons. I was extremely lucky to have them as parents. We, as sons owe them a lot, just for surviving the 4 of us.

I mentioned timing. I grew up in the '60's — those were turbulent times. I remember President Kennedy being shot, the riots in Detroit and Chicago, the Martin Luther King assassination, Neil Armstrong walking on the moon, and the Vietnam War. Doug fought in the war and Scott was against the war. Bill had completed his military obligation in Korea and had come home and enrolled in Utah State University. Doug followed a similar path, although Doug went to Vietnam and the experience

seemed to linger with him, even when he came home and followed in Bill's footsteps by enrolling at Utah State.

Whenever I was associated with Bill or Doug, it was a big event — Bill's being drafted in the Army, Bill's coming home from Korea, Doug's coming home from Vietnam, Bill's getting married, Doug's coming home from Utah State, visiting Doug in Oregon when he moved out there. Meanwhile, I was growing up, growing up following Scott's footsteps in many ways, enjoying school because Scott seemed to enjoy it. Watching Scott enjoy his high school days while I enjoyed my grade school days. I couldn't wait to go to Junior High in town (St. Anthony).

Probably the only thing that clouded my teen years was my skin condition. I had a terrible time with acne. It really got bad when I was in high school and continued to be bad when I went to Boise State for my freshman year in college. It affected me socially. My self-esteem suffered. But I learned a lot about my parents. They were always there, even when they had to drive to Boise to pick me up to take me to Salt Lake for treatments. One time it got so bad that I was hospitalized while the doctors tried to figure out the right antibiotics needed to arrest the problem with my complexion.

I remember my high school days with wonderful memories: great friends like Scott Kamachi and Nick Blake; playing church softball for Parker Ward. Growing up in Parker was a kid's paradise, swimming holes like Davenport's corner and the St. Anthony canal. I was a baseball nut. I used to play baseball using the roof of the house if Scott wasn't around. Dad had to re-shingle the house because I had broken so many shingles by bouncing the ball on the roof. He wasn't real happy about that but he never took my ball and glove away from me. Dad and Mom attended all the games. When I played Little League, Scott was the coach of the team. I wish I could have been a better ball player with all the time that I dedicated to it.

I should have done some things better in those days prior to joining the military. I was very proud to land a job at Later's Market in St. Anthony when I was only 16. Later's Market was the grocery store to work at. I worked really hard and kept my grades up. I remember Dad and Mom buying me my 1st car, a '56 Chevrolet Bel-Air. Unfortunately, I did not appreciate it as I

should have. Some of my other friends had neater cars (so I thought at the time), but I should have appreciated that car because Dad had never bought a car for one of his sons before, I was too stupid to realize what that meant at the time. I wish someone had just told me to at least thank them for the sacrifices that they went through raising 4 sons on a daily basis, just to make sure we had what we wanted, never thinking of themselves.

I did well in high school, made friends easily, and lost them just as easily if they couldn't get past the bad complexion. I did not date much in high school, but between the job at Later's and some of the interesting classes I was taking, it was more my choosing than a failure to be accepted. The complexion problem probably affected my freshman year at Boise State more than my high school days and weighed heavily in my decision to stay out in Oregon after my freshman year at Boise State.

I worked with Doug and Scott in the restaurant business that they were involved in. There again, I could have made better decisions in those days although working with Doug and Scott made it all worthwhile. Those 6 years were fun, not very productive but extremely fun. The restaurants were successful. At the height of our restaurant experience, we had 6 restaurants and employed 180 people. On the other hand, those are the most critical years in anyone's life! I will always maintain that what you do between the ages of 18 and 24 determines your success in life, most of the time. After Doug quit because he did not like the new donut shop that the company wanted to open in Kaiser, Oregon, I couldn't work there any more and quit 2 weeks later. I worked at a window factory through the fall of 1977 until I decided to join the military in January of 1978. Again, my timing was impeccable,

The draft had been abolished after the Vietnam war mostly because of the downsizing of the military that followed the war. When the results of my entrance exams came back, the detailer told me that I qualified for anything that the Navy had to offer. Why did I pick the Navy? My dear brothers, Bill and Doug, told me if I joined the Army they would kick my butt so hard I would not survive boot camp. The Marines lost out because they did not have a recruiting station in the same vicinity on Lancaster Drive in Salem, as the Navy and the Air Force did. The Air Force did not

have the nuclear power program that the Navy had, so I chose the Navy because I could get a job at the INEL in Arco, Idaho if I didn't like the Navy after my 6-year hitch. However, I liked the Navy a lot. My parents were not thrilled with the news that I was enlisting. In a way, I wanted to make the Navy a success just so I could prove to everyone that joining the military was the right thing for me to do.

When I committed 6 years to the United States Navy in January of 1978 that started Phase II of my life. I felt like I had to join the Navy to change my life. My time with Doug and Scott had been great, but they were both married and were going separate ways. I could go back home and start school again at 23 years of age. I could go back to Later's Market and work on the farm. I felt like joining the Navy was the right time to do something on my own, I never regretted joining the Navy. Being the youngest son, I got to witness the early successes and failures of my 3 older brothers. I witnessed how Mom and Dad lived with those successes and failures and hoped that they would be able to live with my decision to be a sailor for at least the next 6 years (27 years as it turned out).

I went to boot camp in San Diego in March 1978. I didn't have any problems adjusting to military lifestyle. Knowing that millions of recruits had survived "boot camp" before I showed up (departing advice from Doug helped keep everything in perspective). I messed up a few times which resulted in the usual — push-ups for having my clothes folded wrong. During hell week, the company commanders did locker inspections and, of course, when you came back to the barracks, all of your personal belongings were thrown on your bed roll or on the floor, because a white hat was smudged or some excuse like that. I realized early on that this was a test to see if you could handle discipline and take orders in the military environment. I was 6 years older than the normal recruit and the maturity helped me a lot. I thrived because of it. I joined the Navy with a plan, and because I felt like my best shot at success rested with the Navy, I was not going to be deterred.

I graduated from boot camp and started my pipeline training as a nuclear field electrician. I attended Basic Electricity School in San Diego for 8 weeks; that was great for learning my trade and

getting to know San Diego. Little did I know that I would spend half my career in the San Diego area (I should have bought real estate back then!). I made some great friends in Electrician's School and they all came with me when we transferred to Electrician's A school in Great Lakes, Illinois. I was not regretting joining the Navy. I was doing well in class and was seeing the world, at least San Diego and Chicago. There were about 8 of us that would catch the train from Great Lakes to Chicago every weekend the Chicago Cubs were in town. One time, while we were attending a Cubs game, I ran into a Cubs fan that had played ball with my dad and Robert Archibald in Salt Lake City. He said my dad was a good catcher. I graduated #2 in my class for Electrician's A School and qualified for Nuclear Power School in Orlando, Florida.

Nuclear Power School definitely challenged me to the core. I was not strong enough academically to make it through Nuclear Power School. I attended Nuclear Power School with 5 of the friends I made when I joined the Navy in San Diego. Their names were Compton, Beckwith, Amick, Hickman, and Schelenz. Three of us made it to prototype, and one made it to the Nuclear Submarine. I would cross paths with Mark Amick, the one that made it, at Senior Enlisted Academy 16 years later. Still, Nuclear Power School showed me that I could make it in the Navy. I failed the course, but it taught me that I could compete. When I left the program, I had logged more study hours than anyone else in the class which was made up of 624 men when we started and 315 when I departed. I would average 60 hours of study in the Nuclear Training Building a week, my big thrill was getting a hot cup of coffee and a warm donut at 0600 in the morning from the mobile canteen truck that came around. I later would compare anything that seemed a challenge to me to my Nuclear Power School experience — nothing compared. Because I had tried so hard in Nuclear Training, I still got my choice of coasts when I picked orders — I chose the USS Chicago, (CG-11) home-ported in San Diego.

The USS Chicago was going to be de-commissioned which is ships' terminology for being mothballed. The Chicago had seen extensive action in WWII, when she played a major role in the battle of Salvo Islands, off the coast of Australia. I worked in the

electrical shop on the Chicago. It was a rough crew and hard duty, such as standing watches in the fire rooms onboard the Chicago. When the boiler was lit off, temperatures in the fire room could exceed 130 degrees Fahrenheit and sometimes the watches were 6 hours long. After watch you went to work fixing electrical motors, rigging lights, tending sea and anchor details, and refueling details.

I went on my 1st cruise on the Chicago. We went to Hawaii, Philippines, Guam, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, and Australia. Australia was the place to go. I remember that the Aussies were the friendliest. In the Orient, it seemed that your ability to get along with the natives depended on how much personality you pulled out of your billfold, whereas the Australians really liked you because you were an American. The Australians who were old enough to remember World War II, also knew all about the USS Chicago and the important part she played in the war. Besides being the friendliest, the women were beautiful, at least they sounded beautiful with their accents. After I visited Australia for the 1st time, it seemed to me like we (Americans) massacred the Queen's English.

I could have moved to Australia, but I enjoyed the Orient as well. It made me appreciate the upbringing that I had. The Philippines are a very poor country — reminded me of Mexico. I felt sorry for the kids that would stand out by the main gate and beg for pesos. I learned to be an Electrician on-board the USS Chicago and some of my shipmates were Filipinos who were very good sailors in their own right.

Hong Kong was amazing. Hong Kong is the most densely populated place on earth, 10,000 people per square mile. Hong Kong's economy feeds on itself — it is self-sufficient. They have to import their natural resources, but so do we. Their economy, however, multiplies from within. Hong Kong has more Mercedes-Benz automobiles than New York per capita. It's communication and technical expertise are on par with the United States, and the Chinese will have their dominant era just like we dominated from WWII to present.

I enjoyed being able to travel, and I was doing all right in the Navy even though I washed out of nuclear training. I received my 1st major advancement in the Navy on-board the Chicago. I was

advanced to Electrician's Mate Third Class Petty Officer. I joined the Navy in March 1978, and in the span of 2 years, I had progressed because of academic standing from E-1 to E-3, qualified to take the Third Class Electrician's advancement test, and made it the 1st time.

The USS Chicago (CG 11) was decommissioned in March 1980. Because we were decommissioning, all of the crew members received preferred orders. I took orders to the USS Cimarron (AO-177), an oiler that was not even built yet!

I was on pre-commissioning orders to the unit Cimarron. This enabled me to attend some 14 Navy training curriculums while the ship was being built in Avondale Shipyards in Louisiana. The Cimarron was the ship where I really used my tools of the trade to become a good shipboard electrician. One of these schools was for the fueling console and engineering control micro-processor system. I was the senior electrician who had the Navy Enlisted Classification (NEC) to work on the micro-processor. It was a good thing that I was a single sailor, and lived on board because I was the main trouble-shooter if anything went wrong with the processor — and it did a lot. So, I spent many hours trouble-shooting the processor.

It took the Cimarron another 6 months to get built in Louisiana, then I got to sail the finished product through the Panama Canal to Alameda, California. We commissioned the USS Cimarron (AO-177) in the fall of 1980. I would end up commissioning 3 ships in the Navy, the USS Cimarron, the USS Cowpens (CG-63), and the USS Decatur (DDG-73), which I was extremely fortunate to do. I would spend from March 1980 to July 1986 onboard the USS Cimarron. We would move from Alameda to Oakland to San Diego to our final home port of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii during those 6 years. We went on 3 deployments during those 6 years of service. I saw a lot of the Orient and Australia 2 more times. We were the 1st ship to pull into the Philippines after Marcos was voted out as their leader and Corazon Aquino took over after the Filipinos elected her. There were times in the Philippines that I was restricted on base because of the riots and protests from the locals. I did get to go to Baggio, a small resort town, in the middle of the Philippines — a great place to explore and play golf. I could get a cottage on

John Hay Air Force Base for $10 a night with firewood for the fireplace and maid service.

Hong Kong continued to amaze me. The 2nd time I visited the city, they had a subway that spanned the harbor from Hong Kong to Kowloon and the new territories. The 3rd time, they had finished the subway completely and had a 4-lane freeway that went under the harbor and connected the 2 cities. The lease of Hong Kong would run out in 1996 for the Brits, but they were still building new skyscrapers every year. One tour guide told me the British figured that even though these buildings were very expensive to build and maintain, by the 6th year after construction, the cost would be recouped and by the 7th year after construction, the high rise would be profitable.

I received a lot of training that allowed me to advance rapidly in the Navy and on the Cimarron. I qualified as an Engineering Officer of the Watch (EOOW), probably the hardest qualification to be attained as an enlisted man in the surface Navy. When I commissioned the Cimarron, I was a Third Class Electrician when I left the Cimarron in 1986, I was waiting to put on Chief's Anchors. Being advanced to Chief Petty Officer is probably the most sought after rank in the Navy. There is a joke that has taken on legend status. An Admiral passes on out of his life on Earth and stands outside the pearly gates negotiating his invitation to Heaven, talking to Saint Peter. He tells Saint Peter that he doesn't want to go to Heaven unless Saint Pete can promise that there are no Navy Chiefs in Heaven. Saint Peter assures him that, based on his records, there were no ornery, stubborn Chiefs in Heaven, besides they were too busy running the Navy. The Admiral gets past the gates and is only in the initial gardens of Heaven when he runs into a heavenly subject wearing a Chief's hat, a bottle in one hand, and two girls in tow. He runs back to Saint Peter and demands immediate removal from heaven's premises. Saint Peter just laughs, looks at the Admiral and says, "That wasn't a Navy Chief, that was God — he just wishes he was a Chief."

Making Chief was indeed a benchmark in my career. I really earned my stripes on the Cimarron — I attained the rank of Chief in 8-1/2 years! Most sailors attain the rank of Chief in 14-16 years. I was truly blessed and I was still having fun.

PROPERTY OF:

I really wanted to get orders out of Hawaii, but I took shore duty for the 1st time and stayed in Hawaii by going to the Explosive Ordnance Disposal Unit in Barbers Point. I stayed in Hawaii for 3 more years. I was able to bring my parents over to Hawaii for their 50th wedding anniversary. I look back on this as something that I did for Mom and Dad to honor them as they should have been. Why did it take a half-century of their devotion to one another for me to do something nice for them? We should have done more for the folks earlier.

I enjoyed my tour with EOD, I learned how to dive, and dived for recreation during my 3 years on shore duty. Hawaii has the most spectacular weather, the days get hot, but not too hot — the highest recorded temperature on the island of Oahu is 94 degrees Fahrenheit whereas the coolest night time temperature is 57 degrees. Hawaii is paradise, but after 5 years on the island, I did get island fever. I took orders to another Precom Unit, the USS Cowpens, which was the newest guided missile cruiser in the Pacific Fleet.

We commissioned the Cowpens in Charleston, South Carolina in 1990. My parents and Bill came to the ceremony. Charleston is a beautiful town, and I was 1 of 3 Senior Chiefs on-board the Cowpens. I remember Admiral Jeremiah and Senator Strom Thurmond were the keynote speakers for the commissioning. I think Bill really enjoyed the time in Carolina and, thankfully, he arranged the rooms where we stayed when we weren't touring the ship.

The Cowpens was the best and most capable warship in the fleet at the time. It was one of the 1st Aegis class cruisers that featured the vertical launch system (VLS). It is still used today to launch tomahawk missiles into combat. The USS Cowpens did see some combat during the Gulf War. The last night President George Bush, Sr. was in office, we actually launched 12 of our missiles at Iraq for invading Kuwait. I realize many people feel this form of aggression has no place in our system, but I disagree. I look at the world today and am very proud of serving in this great military, and particularly for serving in the greatest Navy the world has known. We have not usurped that power. We have been conservative with its use and we have used it against those who

have openly opposed us or who have mistreated their citizenry who put them into office.

I remember that during the commissioning, Captain Moore came down and sat at our table. This impressed Mother and Father a lot, and I always respected the Captain for his grace and his love of service. Captain Moore later became Admiral Moore, Commander of the United States Navy Surface Force Pacific.

We went on 2 deployments on the Aegis Cruiser. When you are on a warship, you spend a lot more time in the gulf and not so much time in port, but we managed to see Australia, Hong Kong, Japan, Curacao, Thailand, Singapore and American Samoa. The best beaches in the world are not in Hawaii — they are in Australia. The cleanest city in the world has got to be Singapore. Any government who can outlaw chewing gum in public and enforce it gets my vote. In this country, we are too concerned about individual freedoms and not concerned enough about the health/welfare of the people as a whole.

I was the ship's Maintenance Material Coordinator which was a big job, but it was a new ship, so once we got the Planned Maintenance Systems in place, we were able to keep all the systems up. It was my last job that involved engineering in any form.

I was accepted at the Sergeant Major's Academy in Fort Bliss, Texas. This was the premier training cornerstone for the top sergeants in the Army and to be selected to go to the Army's school for 6 months of training paved the way for my final promotion to Command Master Chief. There are only 3,000 (E-9s) in the Navy, and it has certainly been the culmination of my career to serve as the senior enlisted advisor to every command that I have been attached to from 1996 until I get out of the Navy. Unfortunately, prior to completion of my tour on the Cowpens, my father passed away from heart disease.

I was within 3 months of transferring when Commander Dewes, the ship's Executive Officer, told me Mom had requested my presence due to the failing health of Ray. I really did not believe the news. If you knew my father, you knew what a strong person he was. However, as soon as I got to the hospital, and I went straight from the airport to the hospital, I knew Dad's time was short. He died on October 19, maybe 7 days after I took leave

from the ship. You never spend enough time with the truly influential people that God gives you. Dad was one. I doubt I will ever meet a man who was more honest than my Dad or who stood his ground for his family in the face of sacrifice. I will always remember the simple pleasures of a father/son relationship, such as talking baseball with him.

I enjoyed my time at the Sergeant Majors Academy in Fort Bliss, but 6 months is too long to spend in Texas. After being in El Paso, I will never complain again, no matter where the Navy sends me. I finished my training in the summer of 1994, and was selected for my 1st instructor's assignment at the Senior Enlisted Academy.

The Senior Enlisted Academy is the pinnacle of enlisted training for the Navy and it is located at the epicenter of Navy training in Newport, Rhode Island. Newport is also the site of the Navy War College. This was a unique experience. Essentially, I was teaching other Senior and Master Chiefs how to be a Command Master Chief before actually going to my 1st sea billet as a Command Master Chief (at the SEA, we actually facilitated all the lessons — facilitation is a teaching method where the students actually learn from the course material, but mostly from discussions in the classroom). I did get my chance to go to sea just as I was selected, in April of 1997, to be the Command Master Chief of the newest Navy Destroyer, the USS Decatur (DDG 73). The future home port of this ship was San Diego.

The Decatur was in the pre-commissioning phase, just like my previous two ships, the USS Cimarron(AO-177) and the USS Cowpens (CG-63). The USS Decatur could have been my last tour because everything just came together. I got to go back to Bath, Maine, to build the ship. The training pipeline, however, was in San Diego, my old stomping grounds. The great news came when the ship's commissioning was moved from Baltimore, Maryland to Portland, Oregon.

Usually the Navy tries to commission a ship close to the historic location of the ship's namesake. For example, the USS Cowpens (CG-63) was commissioned in Charleston because the name Cowpens came from a famous Revolutionary War battle in South Carolina in which Revolutionary forces defeated British forces. The battle was significant because it was the 1st major

victory in winning the Southern campaign of the Revolutionary War. The reason the Decatur got switched to Portland versus Baltimore was that Baltimore had another city event that conflicted with our commissioning, so we got to choose the commissioning site. General Shalikashvili and his wife, Joan, our ship's sponsors, lived in Portland, so Portland became the commissioning site. We were the 1st United States ship to be commissioned in the city of Portland.

I had 28 friends and family who attended the commissioning. I really appreciated Mr. and Mrs. Jim Steel, Mr. and Mrs. George Crapo, Mr. and Mrs. Blair Parker, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Miller making the trip out to Portland to see the commissioning. Of course, all my brothers and Mom made the trip as well. Portland really turned out for the commissioning — more than 17,000 people toured the ship during the week that we were in Portland. Mother, Scott and Sue got to sail with the ship as it made the voyage from Longview, Washington to Portland, Oregon. The Oregon Statesman, a Salem, Oregon newspaper, ran a story about the ship and my service to the Navy that day. Admiral Moore, the 1st commanding officer of the USS Cowpens was the keynote speaker for the commissioning. On August 29, 1998, Admiral Moore commissioned the USS Decatur (DDG-73) as the 23rd Aegis Class Guided Missile Destroyer of the Arleigh Burke (DDG 51) class of ships.

I was able to serve 3 years as the Command Master Chief of the USS Decatur. They were great years, probably the pinnacle of my career in the Navy. I met all sorts of wonderful people in the Navy, and I have met so many I will always remember as true friends and great sailors. Certainly, Captain Gumataotao, the 2nd commanding officer of the Decatur, was the best commanding officer that I have ever had the pleasure to work with. Our deployment on the Decatur went really well. We got to stop at 17 ports along the way. I got to visit Hawaii, Guam, Korea, Australia, Borneo, Pago Pago [American Samoa], Jamaica, and Hong Kong one last time. Commissioning a ship and being in a command position is both frightening, overwhelming and tremendously fulfilling all at once. When we commissioned the ship, 68% of the crew had NEVER been on a ship. None of the junior officers had been behind a ship's helm, and only 3 of the 18 Chiefs had

experience on a ship as Chiefs. The Chiefs and Officers are the core of the leadership team that makes the ship work. Commissioning a ship can be somewhat daunting.

I left the Decatur in April 2000 with full intentions of doing 2 more years in Newport as an instructor and then retiring. I, as most Americans, remember exactly where I was and what I was doing when President Kennedy was shot, Neil Armstrong took his first step on the moon, and the initial report that a plane had crashed into the New York Trade Center towers on September 11, 2001. Nine-Eleven changed my retirement plans. I cut my tour at the Senior Enlisted Academy short and told my detailer that I would go back to a deploying command. He offered me VAQ 142, an Electronic Attack Squadron in Whidbey Island, Washington. I accepted the orders, left Newport on March 18, 2002, arrived in Whidbey Island on March 26, 2002 with everything that I owned in the back of my pickup truck. I found a storage unit close to the Naval Air Base in Whidbey Island, unloaded all my earthly possessions, and boarded a plane for Incirlik, Turkey.

I met the squadron in Incirlik on March 31, 2002. This was a new experience for me. Our mission was to hinder or destroy the opposing forces' radar sites used to detect our incoming forces. VAQ-142 has deployed 3 times since I joined them in March of 2002. We have deployed to Incirlik, Turkey; Prince Sultan Air Base in Saudi Arabia; and Bagram Air Field, Afghanistan.

I'm glad I stayed in since the attack on the country on 9/11/. It's odd, I'm writing this history 3 years to the day that 9/11 changed my plans, changed many lives forever, and probably changed our view as a nation toward the rest of the world. I believe in the war on terrorism. It is a war that will have no end, but a war that is absolutely necessary for us as a nation to be safe 10 years from now, knowing that we will STILL be the target for terrorists always, that we must establish and build allies in the heart of Islam.

We have made tremendous progress in Afghanistan. I saw the progress with my own eyes, but we must understand that many of these countries look at us as the latest occupying force just like the last occupying force — the Soviet Union. This viewpoint will not change overnight, it will take education, a change over

generations, a change of bloodlines, and a change in the economic base for most of these countries.

This is my history to the present, Saturday, September 11, 2004. I am facing retirement from the greatest Armed Force the world has ever known. Our greatest asset in this country is our armed forces, I say this because we have always used the Force with measured restraint. I realize that nothing I do with the rest of my life will compare to my Naval Service. I also realize that I have had 27 wonderful years serving my country, 10 years as the Senior Enlisted Advisor in the command I was serving. I will always be indebted to the Navy for the experience.

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Left: William Ray Quayle, about 18 months (1939)

Bottom (L to R): Douglas Brian Quayle, Julia Ann Somsen Quayle, Bill, Matthew Garrett Quayle (1999)

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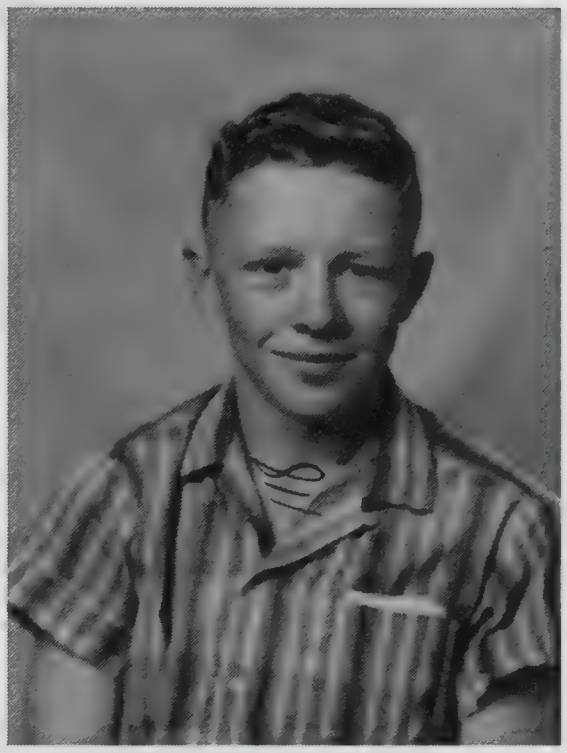
(L to R): Brian, Henry Elliot Quayle, Wilma Brown Quayle, Bill (2004)

(L to R): Henry, Brian, Julie, Wilma (2004)

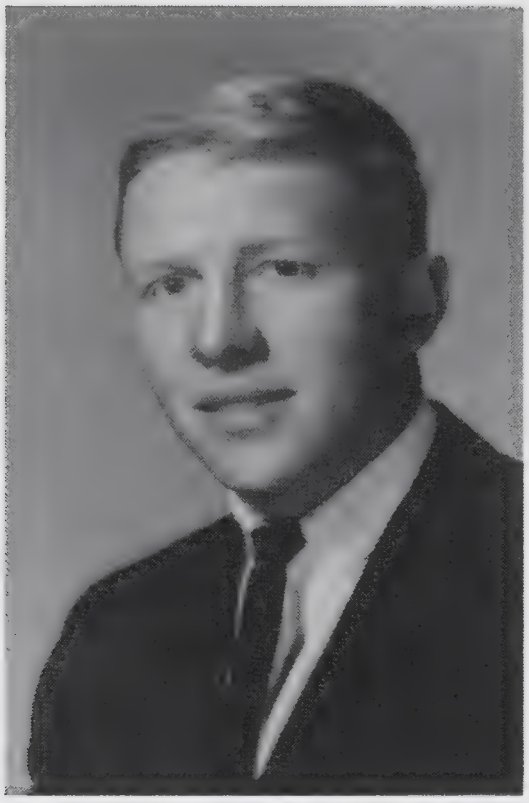
Front (L to R): Julie, Brian, Mary Jane, Bill; Middle (L to R): Scott, Sue, Nick, Wilma, Brittany, Megan in front of Joy, Doug; Rear (L to R): Phillip, Alex Henricks, Matt, Ann Henricks, Sylvia Henricks, Alex, Jr. (November 1999)



Above: Clair Douglas Quayle, about 2 years (1946)

Top Right: Doug

Bottom Right: Doug (about 1960)



Above: Doug about 1962

Above Right: Doug in military uniform as a member of the 189th Assault Helicopter Company, which served in Vietnam (photo taken about 1966-67)

(L to R): Joy Lynn Mathews Quayle, Doug, Phillip Lee Quayle (1977)

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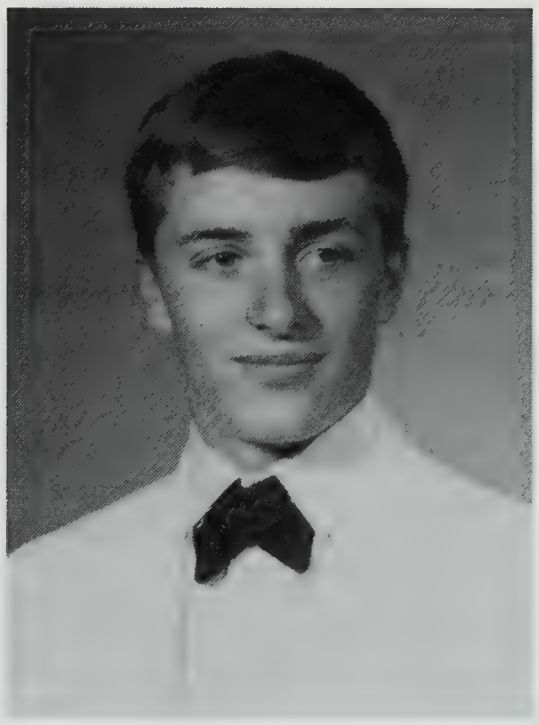

Top Left: Marshall Scott Quayle during grade school years (1954-1960)

Top Right: Scott during high school years (1961-1966)

Bottom Left: Scott during high school or post-high school years

Bottom Right: Scott and Doug

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(L to R): Susan Kay Hadley Quayle, Scott, Holden Duane Quayle (2004)

Jennifer Rae Quayle Berry, holding Jocelyn Berry, Sean Berry (2004)

Above: Phillip Lee Quayle, about 1 year (1954)

Right: Phillip during grade school years (1960-1966)

RON COOPER / Statesman Journal

FAMILY TIES: Holden Quayle (above left), a junior at Oregon State University, takes a photograph of his grandmother Wilma Quayle, and his uncle, Command Master Chief Phillip Quayle, on board the guided missile destroyer USS Decatur on Monday as the vessel sailed from Longview to Portland. Phillip Quayle, a former Salem resident, is the highest-ranking enlisted sailor on the ship. Lt. Kathy Sandoz (below), a graduate of Oregon State University, sits at the combat distance coordinator in the combat information center of the Decatur as the ship travels up the Columbia River.

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Salem sailor to play key role

The destroyer USS Decatur steams into Portland from Longview, Wash.

BY HELEN SILVIS
Statesman Journal

PORTLAND — When Phillip Quayle called his parents to say he wanted to quit his job keeping books for a Salem restaurant and enlist in the U.S. Navy, they didn't like the idea at all.

"We tried our best to talk him out of it," said Wilma Quayle. "But he called back a week later to say he'd enlisted."

That was 1978.

Today, Wilma Quayle has changed her mind. She couldn't be prouder that her son, Command Master Chief Phillip Quayle, is the highest ranking enlisted man on the USS Decatur. He's third in command under Commanding Officer Michael Knollmann.

When the Navy's newest destroyer sailed out of Longview, Wash., onto a misty Columbia River early Monday, Wilma Quayle was on board.

The ship was on the last leg of its journey from Bath, Maine, to Portland, where it will be commissioned Saturday in the first such event in Oregon history.

The ship has the latest in radar and sonar technology. It also carries several weapons systems, including the AEGIS weapons guidance system, Tomahawk missile and the 5-inch gun designed to support Marines landing on enemy beaches.

Aboard the ship, crew members gave journalists, visitors from the Navy League and some crew families a glimpse of the ship's advanced features.

However, "it's not so much the systems as the sailors who are operating them," said Shane Correa, combat information center officer.

The general public may not get a chance to see the ship. Visits are restricted to organized groups, and specia arrangements must be made

Security, tightened in the wake of recent military action abroad, may be relaxed before the ship leaves for San Diego on Sept. 1, Quayle said.

Monday's visitors to the Decatur marveled at its smooth and nearly silent progress — until a blast of country music over the ship's

SEE SHIP / 2A

Phillip Lee Quayle, Command Master Chief,
United States Navy — 1978-2004

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Chapter 9

CONCLUSION

The Writer And This History

A desire and intention to write this history has been in mental incubation for years. Significantly, this writer's middle name is "Brown," a name proudly carried through 72 years of life. Now, whether that name had anything to do with the desire and intention to write a Brown history may or may not be a fact of reality, but, in the writer's perspective, it constitutes a major reason for the book. Surely anyone who bears the name "Brown" as part of his name should feel at least somewhat responsible for composing a history of the family, especially in the absence of any written material of substantial quantity documenting the life stories of Charles William (C.W.) Brown, Martha Letitia (Tish) Orgill, and their family.

Besides, the writer's qualifications to develop this history may have strengthened his motive to do that. So what are those qualifications? First, during his early years he spent a part of each summer with C.W. and Tish in their Parker home. There he learned who they really were. He loved them, because he knew they loved him, though they never told him so and never demonstrated personal feelings in loving embraces. Second, he has maintained, except for a son (Charles Milton) who died in infancy, a close and friendly relationship with the Brown children and their children. One of the children (Melba Phyllis) was his mother whom he loved and who gave him, unfailingly, every good reason to honor the Brown name. Third, he is the oldest grandchild, which gives him an advantage over the other grandchildren in terms of an overall view of the Brown family. Fourth, he taught history in public and private schools for 40 years, during which he learned the value of accurate

documentation and interesting narrative. Fifth, he loves the Brown family, and recognized an opportunity to express that love through writing this history.

Why Should This History Be Written?

But why should any history be written? To answer that question, the following information is offered. It is part of the introduction in this book:

> No one should launch into eternity without leaving for posterity to ponder a record of his or her achievements, failures, frustrations and joys. To do so is to descend almost to the level of beasts. An Elizabethan scholar, Sir William Dugdale, wrote: "Man without remembrance of things past falls into a beastlye sottishnesse and his life is noe better to be accounted than to be buried alive." For centuries beasts have come and gone, leaving no record of the time in which they lived and the lives they lived in it. How easy that is for man to do, and how regrettable. Like beasts, how many Earth-dwellers with interesting, even fascinating tales to tell, have died without leaving even one shred of evidence that they experienced anything worth knowing. They have passed on for centuries and have been remembered only vaguely by a few living souls for a fleeting period of time. They are unknown and unknowable.
>
> In today's history books, for the most part, only the royal and aristocratic classes in any society are remembered because they are the ones who have been written about — not the miserable subjects over whom they presided. And why were they written about? Because they were the ones who chronicled their lives — they were the ones who kept records.
>
> Today in this enlightened age blessed with computers and computer software which make writing easy and personal publication possible for almost anyone, I have, nevertheless, encountered the question from associates, friends, and loved ones — even educated family members

— "Why should I write my history? Who will read it?" My answer to such questions usually has been, "Write it for yourself, if for no one else." Written family and personal histories enhance and enlarge memories of lives lived. Six-hundred pages of family or personal history may cover a lifetime of 85 years. To concentrate the experiences of a lifetime into that limited number of pages tends to give a picture of the whole, not just its parts. We are able to see the family, or ourselves, as though we were outside the limitations of body and mind. Moreover, these histories help identify attitudes, habits, patterns, and personal values that have helped shape the lives we have lived. They bring to remembrance relationships that may have contributed profoundly and significantly to the better parts of our nature. And they may enable us to perceive life-patterns involving Divine assistance, direction, and protection. In short, family and personal histories help us understand ourselves better, much better, than otherwise. In addition, surely somewhere down our personal time-lines, someone will read our histories, enjoy them, and benefit by them. That is my sincere belief.

The idea that history may be written for ourselves (as well as for others) is reminiscent of a statement by Joseph Smith. He told his brethren that

> An item (written down) may appear at the time of little or no worth, but should it be published and one of you lay hands on it after, you will find it of infinite worth, not only to your brethren, but it will be a feast to your own souls (Smith, Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 73).

Additional justification for written family or personal history may be understood from a letter composed and sent to Bill Quayle. It read, in part:

Hi! Bill, I just read your personal history and found it very interesting. I knew only generally your life's story — all the details were new to me. I now know you better than I did. See, there is value in writing personal history. I believe, sincerely, that the Brown history I am working on will unite cousins in a way they have not been united before. Do not misunderstand. I doubt we will come together and greet each other with hugs and kisses, but we will know and appreciate each other more than before. In part, that is what makes family history valuable — it brings people together, if not physically at least emotionally and intellectually. I have become united with C.W., Tish, and their offspring in extraordinary ways while writing and keying in their history. My admiration and appreciation for them have become profound. My ties to them have strengthened immeasurably. I thought I loved them before, but not as much as I do now. My heart truly has been turned to them. So in this sense, the history has probably benefitted me more than anyone else, but through me others perhaps may share some of what I feel. I hope so.

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C.W. And The Absence Of A Family Or Personal History

I find the fact incredible that C.W., a university graduate, left no written record of his life or life's activities. His family doesn't even have letters he may have written. In terms of writing or written records, his life is silent — the silence is almost overwhelming.

Why is this so? Of course an answer to that question cannot be known till we pass on and ask C.W. that question "point blank." And when asked, he may not know himself. But the following are possibilities. Perhaps, he became so involved in life's struggle to advance personal interests, provide for family needs, then later survive life's challenges, hardships and trials that little time was left for writing — and what little time remained was needed to restore energy levels depleted by life's more important considerations. Or simply speaking, perhaps commitment to write was weak due to a perception that nothing

worthy of note marked his life — a rather common life as measured by the lives of contemporaries. Perhaps he asked, as others have (even college graduates), "Why should I write my history? Who will read it?"

And, in terms of writing history or keeping personal records, Tish seems to have been abysmally negligent. Her written record is nothing. If we are to be "judged" by the "books," there is nothing she composed by which to judge her. Based on the writer's association with her, as a grandchild, Tish was not a writer in any sense of the word. Perhaps the thought never entered her mind that she should write family or personal history. If it did, perhaps she was terrified at the thought, not knowing how to proceed.

Nevertheless, though C.W. and Tish wrote no history, both did in fact leave a history. Sadly, it was left for another to interpret and compose. It was found in legal documents, the memories of children, grandchildren, and elderly Parker residents or past residents. To identify it in its true form was, therefore, not only difficult, but impossible — only C.W. and Tish know what really happened in their lives. But hopefully, the endeavor manifest in this book has come close to the truth.

What May Be Learned By Reading This History

Besides learning the life-stories, generally, of C.W., Tish, children, and grandchildren, certain insights and summaries may prove not only interesting, but helpful to the reader in understanding these good people. The following information constitutes an attempt to identify at least some of those insights and develop meaningful summaries.

Differences In Personalities Do Not Translate Into Dysfunctional Families

Personality differences between C.W. and Tish were clearly evident. C.W. was comfortable around people. He was friendly, outgoing, and sociable. He was not a "motor mouth," but enjoyed dialogue with others. His speech was not loud and boastful, but pleasant, quiet and reserved. Even when reproach was needed he was in control, except for splintering a milking

stool over a cow's rump after she had dumped on his neck while he worked with hobbles. Anyone who has worked with cows, however, will forgive C.W. of that transitory burst in temper. Another time, long ago when this writer was only a child, C.W. gave him money to ride a carnival merry-go-round at Tautphaus Park in Idaho Falls. A man in the ticket booth took more money than the ticket cost. This indiscretion was reported to C.W. who suddenly appeared much larger than he was as he confronted the thief. The money was given up and a happy grandson got both ticket and a ride. During the confrontation, no expletives came rolling off C.W.'s tongue. His voice was calm and controlled, but the ticket-taker hesitated not in correcting his error.

During political discussions with Reed Andrus, Babe Ricks, and Ray Quayle, the writer never heard C.W. swear or raise his voice to make a point. Politics, so far as C.W. was concerned, were discussed — not argued.

According to oral interviews featuring C.W.'s daughters, and reminiscences written by grandchildren, C.W. never argued with Tish. When she complained to him more than he was willing to bear, he simply walked away, sometimes whistling a tune.

C.W. did not drink liquor or smoke tobacco. At least there never was evidence of this to children or grandchildren — it was never mentioned in any interview or written reminiscence. Neither was it apparent to the writer in his relationship with C.W.

C.W. attended church services, but not regularly. In fact, during lambing and sheep-shearing days, he did not attend for several months. Yet, he served, for most of his married life, as ward teacher (home teacher) and as a Priesthood Seventy which meant that he was, essentially, a missionary for the Church, though he never served in the mission field. C.W. was not extreme in any facet of life.

Now, with regard to Tish, she marched to a different tune. She drank her tea daily, not just one cup but many. She was quiet and reserved, except when disturbed, then she could act with vengeance and with an outburst of eloquent speech. Otherwise, she bordered on asceticism. She was clean and neat, almost fastidious. She was always well-groomed, but never used facial cream, eyebrow paint, or lipstick. She was severe in discipline, as her daughters have attested. She was frugal, but showered small

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gifts on those she loved. She liked music, sang in the ward choir, attended church service with her children and grandchildren, paid her Relief Society dues, but never held an ecclesiastical position of responsibility. In the writer's mind, she epitomized the New England female Puritan.

C.W. and Tish were not given to showy, superficial signs of goodness. The Word of Wisdom (Doctrine/Covenants, Section 89), alone, possesses no saving power in God's Heavenly Kingdom. Regular church attendance, alone, has little meaning in terms of goodness and Eternal salvation. Holding church leadership positions is no guarantee of genuine goodness and eventual salvation, neither is serving a proselyting mission and returning home honorably. All of these may indicate sincerity, and surely they constitute a means of help as we attempt to do what is right, but salvation in its ultimate sense is dependant not on these observable criteria, but on the atonement and a constant repenting of wrongdoing in an attempt to be better (Doctrine/Covenants 19:15-19). And chief among all wrongdoings in man's culpability is selfishness and a neglect in serving the interests of others. Serving others carries great merit with God, and weighs heavy in the Eternal balance.

Serving, of course, begins in the family. The demands of Eternal salvation, based largely in acts of sacrifice and consecration, can be met, not entirely, but for the most part in serving family members with charity. So if we use this as our guide, C.W. and Tish pass the test with ample margin.

Both C.W. and Tish were committed to each other, their children, and grandchildren. They loved them, though that was not expressed either verbally or physically. They provided, without regard to themselves, that which their 3 daughters might desire to satisfy material needs when such could be afforded. Cultural refinement, especially in music, was encouraged though not always afforded. And grandchildren were treated with love and respect.

In the Brown home, emphasis was on the family. No selfishness, either with respect to C.W. or Tish, marked family life and marred family relationships. They and their daughters were committed to each other, helped each other, loved each other, respected each other, and passed those traits on to posterity.

Each of the daughters, as she married and raised children, demonstrated the love, non-selfishness, and respect for children she had enjoyed while maturing under the stewardship of C.W. and Tish. And members of each daughter's family have exhibited those same characteristics toward each other and their children. Family centeredness constitutes what life is all about with regard to the grandchildren of C.W. and Tish Brown. And when measured against the world's standard — a trend toward broken and dysfunctional families in which bitterness, contention, and selfishness seem to flourish — the Brown family pattern is significant, highly significant.

The Combined Testimony Of 19 Judges Cannot Be Wrong

Now, within this book's contents, may be read not only the life-stories of C.W. and Tish, but those of their children and grandchildren as well. Moreover, grandchildren submitted reminiscences of C.W. and Tish which, too, may be read. In all this material one will not read anything contrary to that already expressed in this concluding chapter with regard to C.W. and Tish. Three daughters and 16 grandchildren total 19 testimonies — each testimony written independently of the others. That is substantial, even irrefutable.

C.W. and Tish, Challenged and Tried

During their lifetimes, C.W. and Tish were certainly challenged and tried by circumstances over which, frequently, they had little or no control. This was especially true during their life together.

First, they lived in a sheep camp during wintertime the first few months of their married life. The cramped space of a sheep camp would challenge marital vows of newlyweds as few other living quarters would do.

Second, their 2nd child and only son, Charles Milton, died only 6 months after his birth. Their joy at his birth was dashed to pieces 6 months later with his death. If bitterness did not enter their minds, certainly disappointment, a sense of loneliness, and incessant questioning must have taken lodging there for a long time.

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Third, after initial success in developing a sheep herd and acquiring 280 acres of farm land, C.W. lost it all, not immediately, but over a period of time — first the sheep, then the land. Accumulated debts awaited payment, but with little money and no promise of increased income, payment on some indebtedness was delayed for years. Family legend claims that C.W. filed for bankruptcy and liquidated his debts under its protective cover, but research failed to substantiate this. The writer was left to assume, therefore, that first the sheep then later the land helped satisfy major debts. Other less ominous obligations were satisfied over a prolonged period of time only as C.W. earned money through wages and the selling of livestock. But all debts eventually were paid. C.W. was a man of integrity.

Fourth, when C.W. ran into little 4-year-old Joy Bowen with his car, killing her, he must have felt the lights go out. How much negative should a man take in this life? He should take as much as he can tolerate. And C.W. tolerated his difficulties, including this accident, with sufficient equanimity and quietude that grandchildren never knew of it, only as they became informed eventually through discreet comments and interviews involving C.W.'s daughters.

Of course, through all these trials, Tish was there. We must assume that without her bottom-line support C.W. may not have survived the trauma. They faced their challenges and trials together. And they passed life's test — that is, they raised 3 daughters, all active in the Church, and they lived to bless the lives of grandchildren with happy memories of pleasant relationships.

Judging Past Generations By Modern Standards

A truth that became evident as this history was written is this: We must be careful not to judge previous generations and periods of time by our standards of behavior and expectations. Our natural tendency is to do that, but to do it is to inflict injustice on those generations. That is why family or personal history should be described within the larger drama of church, local, state, and national history. While an attempt to do that typifies

preceding chapters, a summary in this concluding chapter may be reinforcing and helpful.

From Horse and Buggy to Jet Planes

C.W. and Tish lived during dynamic times — some of the most dynamic times in the history of this nation. Both were born in the 19th century, during years immediately following the American Civil War.

The first successful oil well had been drilled during 1858 near Titusville, Pennsylvania. Twenty years later, Standard Oil was on its way to massive monopoly of the world's oil resources and John D. Rockefeller would soon be a multimillionaire.

Railroads were multiplying rapidly. The first transcontinental railroad became reality in May 1869, only 5 years before C.W. was born, and 9 years before Tish's birth. By 1892 the basic railroad grid in the United States had been completed. And railroad entrepreneurs such as James J. Hill were on their way to wealth and fame.

Rapid expansion of railroads required steel rails which stimulated the growth and proliferation of steel mills. Carnegie Steel by turn of the Century was a gigantic monopoly, and Andrew Carnegie retired shortly after that to systematically give away $400,000,000 acquired over a period of 30 years.

The open range, over which millions of cattle were herded by American cowboys, became a closed range during ending years of the 19th century when sod-busters (farmers) strung barbed wire fences to "prove up" on land made available through homestead acts.

Gone, too, by this time, were immense buffalo herds, killed for sport and to supply meat for railroad workers. Of course, when buffalo went the "way of all flesh," so, too, did the Indians. Buffalo were essential to the Indian way of life. Besides, as farmers and ranchers pushed further west, Indians were restricted to reservations.

Then there were the miners. Gold mining commenced in California during 1849, but spread rapidly throughout the western territories of Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada. Not only was there a lust for gold, but for silver, too. Many gold and silver mining camps achieved their "heyday" during

childhood years of C.W. and Tish. Fortunes were made, lives lost, and resources raped in the dynamism and violence of western mineral mining.

Finally, unrestricted timber cutting reduced western forests to almost nothing by turn of the Century. To prevent complete deforestation, forest lands were nationalized. So too were parks. Yellowstone Park became a national stewardship about the time C.W. was born. Nationalization of western resources frequently was necessary to forestall obliteration.

By the time C.W. and Tish were married, technology was becoming a fact of life. There were the telegraph, telephone, and wireless radio. Soon there would be airplanes, automobiles, harnessed electricity, silent movies then talking movies. Televison would become a necessity along with the radio.

In the air, prop engines gave way to jet engines and planes flew from 2 to 3 times faster. The world was shrinking.

Out on the farm, tractors replaced horses, and self-propelled combines replaced stationary threshers. Potato diggers yielded to potato combines putting spuds directly into "bulk" trucks, eliminating the need for pickers and sacks. Hay balers replaced pitch forks.

Cities became sprawling metropolises and highways became multi-lane interstates. Big trucks (18 wheelers) began to dominate highway traffic as they carried produce and hardware once carried by railroads. The United States became less rural and more metropolitan.

C.W. was a rancher. He worked more with animals than with crops. He owned and used horses. He never owned a tractor. Neither did he own a truck. But he was among the first in Parker to own a car, a phonograph, to get hooked up for electric lights, and to enjoy indoor plumbing. He was definitely a product of the 19th century, but was sufficiently progressive that he accommodated himself to 20th century change.

C.W. grew up making his own way. And that is the philosophy he lived by after reaching maturity. That is, he kept making his own way. There is no indication he received social security benefits (a meager benefit for that time) before the last 4 years of his life. He believed in hard work, and in absorbing life's bumps without complaint. And he believed others should do the same.

Tish, too, was independent. She spent her teenage years without a mother, worked hard, and was sufficiently reclusive that she expected no help from anyone, even when life became bumpy. Indicative of her independence was a careful shepherding of resources. She was frugal. She tended to save money, not spend it — she always seemed to have a little when needed.

To be resourceful, to make one's own way in life, not expecting help from others, reflects 19th century thinking, not 20th century. In fact, historians have used the phrase "rugged individualism" to characterize 19th century businessmen, frontiersmen and other American citizens. It helps define a way of life. In this sense, then, both C.W. and Tish, as rugged individualists, were products of the 19th century. But they lived most of their lives in the 20th century, accommodating themselves to changes demanded by necessity. They were a bridge, then — a bridge between 2 centuries. Their bridge enables descendants to build on a foundation of rugged individualism in a century promoting public welfare.

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A Great Heritage

Given the foregoing analysis, C.W. and Tish gave children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren a significant and substantial heritage. Faith, courage, determination, optimism, and persistence define the core of that heritage and establish the standard which descendants may, with pride, strive to match.

But our family heritage is part of a larger heritage coming from Latter-day Saint pioneers who, in their westward struggles and colonizing enterprises, set a standard so high it looms formidable — to many, unattainable. In February 1846 a migration of Latter-day Saints commenced as the first of 20,000 people left Nauvoo for a wilderness home among the Rocky Mountains. The only other mass migration in United States history of sufficient magnitude and suffering to match this one involved the Cherokee Nation numbering 15,000 of whom 5,000 died from exposure and broken hearts (they simply gave up) as they were forced from their homeland in Georgia and moved to a reservation west of the Mississippi River.

An example of the incredible hardships suffered by Latter-day Saints during their exodus from Nauvoo may be seen in the

following story told by Jane Richard's, the wife of Franklin D. Richards who, at the time, was on his way to England to serve a proselyting mission. Jane gave birth to a baby boy somewhere along the Iowa trail. He lived only 1 hour. Two months later, Jane's 2-year-old daughter, Wealthy, died at Winter Quarters (Florence, Nebraska) after weeks of incredible suffering. Jane wrote of her daughter's last days in the following words:

> A few days previously Wealthy had asked for some potato soup, the first thing she had shown any desire for for weeks, and as we were then traveling, we came in sight of a potato field. One of the sisters eagerly asked for a single potato. A rough woman impatiently heard her story through, and putting her hands on the sister's shoulders, marched her out of the house, saying, "I won't give or sell a thing to one of you damned Mormons." I turned on my bed and wept, as I heard them trying to comfort my little one in her disappointment. When she was taken from me, I only lived because I could not die (Church History in the Fullness of Times, p. 319).

Church heritage, in turn, developed within a larger national heritage featuring courageous colonists, incredible Revolutionary soldiers, and political giants the likes of which world history simply cannot claim. George Washington offers an example.

During dark days of the American Revolutionary War, when his men suffered cold and hunger and Congress, frozen in debate, refused to supply necessary provisions, George Washington responded to a suggestion that he override Congress and take matters of supply into his own hands. He said, referring to Congress,

> Despite all the weaknesses of that body, despite all their misguided efforts, I will not do anything that will undermine their control of military affairs. The military of this country . . . must . . . remain subject to civilian authority. When the military is the foundation of any government, wars will never cease (Ron Carter, Prelude to Glory, Volume 5, pp. 334-335).

Washington loved his troops. To retain their allegiance during the winter of 1777 without adequate food and shelter was perhaps a miracle that only Washington himself could have achieved. During December, he wrote his troops a letter in which he said:

> I extol the courage and perseverance of the troops in support of the measures necessary for our defence; we shall finally obtain the end of our Warfare, Independence, Liberty and Peace . . . We shall observe the Eighteenth day of December, 1777, to show grateful acknowledgment to God for the manifold blessings he has granted us. We shall remain in our present quarters and the Chaplains are instructed to conduct divine services before their respective regiments and brigades. A supper of thanksgiving shall be prepared and served to all for the evening meal on that day. All marching orders shall therefore be postponed until the following morning, December nineteenth, at which time the wagons shall proceed at 7 o'clock A.M. followed by the troops at 10 o'clock A.M. (Ron Carter, Prelude to Glory, Volume 5, p. 359).

When this message was read to the troops, they stared in disbelief. There was no beef, pork, mutton, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, flour — nothing! A Thanksgiving supper? Of what? Nevertheless, on December 18, the troops formed lines with wooden bowls in hand to receive their feast. Each received 1/2 cup of rice and one tablespoon of vinegar. That was their Thanksgiving supper.

Later, much later, as General von Steuben, a Prussian military officer in sympathy with the American cause, reported to General Washington what he thought of the Revolutionary Army, he said:

> "I state bluntly that no European army I have ever seen or read about would survive the conditions I find here. I am overpowered with admiration when I see your men as they are, freezing, starving, but standing to their duties. Refusing to mutiny. Refusing to desert. There is

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something in their spirit that is indomitable, grand. If I . . . we . . . can find a way to harness that spirit, I thrill at the possibilities of the army we can produce. Think of it!"

A light broke in Washington's eyes. Von Steuben's voice rose, and there was a beginning of excitement about him as he continued.

"I believe I have discovered something that is very important to understanding how to reach your men." He stopped, searching for the right words. "In Europe you tell a soldier, 'Do this' and he doeth it because that is what he was ordered to do." A shine came into his eyes. "But in this army, you tell the soldier, 'This is the reason you ought to do this, and he doeth it.'"

Washington started. Laurens gaped. Hamilton drew breath. Instantly, each of them grasped that this rigid, stout Prussian officer had plumbed the depth of the American soldier and reached the foundations on which the army — the entire nation — rested. . . . Order an American, and you have no guarantee. Give an American the reasons, and if the reasons are good enough, you will have a convert. Rob an American of choice, and he will fight (Ron Carter, Prelude to Glory, Volume 5, pp. 485-486).

We are recipients of a great family heritage described in this history. We are recipients of a great religious heritage found in Latter-day Saint history. And we are recipients of a great national heritage, featuring first-class patriots and a Constitution extending citizen liberties unmatched by any other nation in world history. Joseph Smith said of the United States Constitution,

> . . . it is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the

burning rays of the sun (History of the Church, Volume III, p. 304).

For all this, we should kneel regularly, giving thanks to God, then get off our knees and live in such a way that we add to, rather than subtract from, the heritage in which we bask. We can do nothing less without turning our backs on God, Washington, his troops, and all the other great men and women who, under God's sustaining grace, have made this nation great. May we do as we ought to do.

In concluding this chapter, the writer has finished composing the Brown history. At present, he feels as though a heavy burden has been lifted from worn-out old shoulders. Yet, to have borne that burden has been an honor and privilege. In meeting C.W. and Tish after release from this life, that reunion will be especially rewarding for him because he will be able to look them full in their faces and say, "I did what I was sent to do. With help from your other grandchildren, I wrote your history." What he would like to say after that is, "Why didn't you write it?" But prudence probably will suppress the urge to ask that question. Then without hugs and kisses, he will receive their commendation. That will be reward enough.

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Appendix

Family Group Record

Husband Ebenezer Brown

Born 6 Dec 1801	Place Salisbury, Herkimer, New York	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 26 Jan 1878	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married 20 Jul 1823	Place	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father William Brown			
Husband's mother Hannah Sweet			

Wife Ann Weaver

Born 5 Aug 1806	Place Saratoga, Saratoga, New York	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 24 Jun 1842	Place Pleasant Vale, Pike, Illinois	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Wife's father John Weaver			
Wife's mother Catherine (Katherine) Reasoner			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M	Joseph Gurnsey Brown		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born 8 Nov 1824	Place Dryden, Tompkins, New York		Baptized	
Died 7 Jan 1907	Place Kanab, Kane, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
2 F	Harriet Elizabeth Brown			
Born 6 Feb 1826	Place Dryden, Tompkins, New York		Baptized	
Died 5 Apr 1871	Place Virgin, Washington, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
3 M	Norman Brown			
Born 16 Nov 1830	Place Crawford County, Pennsylvania		Baptized	
Died 25 Mar 1921	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Spouse Annie (Anna) Smith				
Married 1 Dec 1858	Place		Sealed to spouse	
4 M	John Weaver Brown			
Born 17 Jun 1837	Place Peru, LaSalle, Illinois		Baptized	
Died 3 May 1860	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
5 F	Ann Brown			
Born 24 Jun 1842	Place Pleasant Vale, Pike, Illinois		Baptized	
Died 24 Jun 1842	Place Pleasant Vale, Pike, Illinois		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	

23 Sep 2004

Family Group Record

Husband Norman Brown

Born 16 Nov 1830	Place Crawford County, Pennsylvania	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 25 Mar 1921	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married 1 Dec 1858	Place	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father Ebenezer Brown			
Husband's mother Ann Weaver			

Wife Annie (Anna) Smith

Born 6 Jan 1839	Place Much Marcle, Hereford, England	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 2 May 1921	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Wife's father John Sivil Smith			
Wife's mother Jane Wadley			

Children List each child in order of birth.

			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 F	Annie Elizabeth Brown			
Born 4 Sep 1859	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized		
Died 9 Sep 1873	Place	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
2 M	John Sivil Brown			
Born 2 Apr 1861	Place Kaysville, Davis, Utah	Baptized		
Died 4 Sep 1881	Place	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
3 F	Martha Jane Brown			
Born 8 Dec 1863	Place Kaysville, Davis, Utah	Baptized		
Died 16 Feb 1955	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
4 M	Joseph Gurnsey Brown			
Born 14 May 1866	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized		
Died 28 Dec 1963	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
5 F	Mary Ellen Brown			
Born 2 Oct 1869	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized		
Died 9 Apr 1934	Place	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
6 F	Harriet Eliza Brown			
Born 4 Apr 1872	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized		
Died 11 Apr 1898	Place	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
7 M	Charles Willliam Brown			
Born 4 Nov 1874	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized		
Died 18 May 1960	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		

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Family Group Record

Husband	Norman Brown			
Wife	Annie (Anna) Smith			
Children	List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
7 M	Charles Willliam Brown			
	Spouse	Martha Letitia Orgill		
	Married 20 Dec 1900	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 20 Dec 1900	SLAKE
8 M	George Michael Brown			
	Born 8 May 1878	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
	Died 29 Aug 1962	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
9 M	Norman Fredrick Brown			
	Born 22 Mar 1881	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
	Died 20 Apr 1954	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
10 M	Ebenezer Brown			
	Born 14 Jun 1884	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
	Died 31 Dec 1963	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	

Family Group Record

Husband Charles Willliam Brown

Born 4 Nov 1874	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 18 May 1960	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married 20 Dec 1900	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 20 Dec 1900	SLAKE

Husband's father: Norman Brown

Husband's mother: Annie (Anna) Smith

Wife Martha Letitia Orgill

Born 9 Jun 1878	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 12 Jun 1958	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	

Wife's father: Joseph Orgill

Wife's mother: Phebe (Phoebe) Croxall

Children List each child in order of birth.

1	F	Melba Phyllis Brown	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
	Born 4 Jan 1906	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
	Died 9 May 1985	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
	Spouse Samuel Reed Andrus			
	Married 29 May 1929	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
2	M	Charles Milton Brown		
	Born 23 Feb 1908	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
	Died 14 Sep 1908	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
3	F	Therel Brown		
	Born 6 Aug 1914	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
	Died 30 Oct 2003	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
	Spouse Rulon Secrist Ricks			
	Married 21 Oct 1936	Place	Sealed to spouse	
4	F	Wilma Brown		
	Born 10 Nov 1917	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
	Spouse Stanley Ray Quayle			
	Married 28 Apr 1937	Place Heman-Egin, Fremont, Idaho	Sealed to spouse	

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Family Group Record

Husband Samuel Reed Andrus

Born 8 Mar 1904	Place Ucon, Bonneville, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 16 Jul 1976	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married 29 May 1929	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father Robert Andrus			
Husband's mother Lovenia Evelyn Bawden			

Wife Melba Phyllis Brown

Born 4 Jan 1906	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 9 May 1985	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Wife's father Charles Willliam Brown			
Wife's mother Martha Letitia Orgill			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M Alyn Brown Andrus		LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Born 15 Dec 1931	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized		
		Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
Spouse Gloria Ruth Goodman				
Married 8 Jun 1955	Place Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona	Sealed to spouse 8 Jun 1955	ARIZO	
2 F Geniece Andrus				
Born 17 Apr 1934	Place Ucon, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized		
		Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
Spouse David William Smith				
Married 17 Apr 1953	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse 17 Apr 1953	IFALL	
3 M Gordon Reed Andrus				
Born 8 Feb 1936	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized		
Died 17 Aug 1946	Place Ucon, Bonneville, Idaho	Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
4 M Charles Robert Andrus				
Born 1 Sep 1937	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized		
		Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
Spouse Jean Caroline McBride				
Married 1 Sep 1961	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse 1 Sep 1961	IFALL	
5 M Kendall Wayne Andrus				
Born 21 Nov 1939	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized		
		Endowed		
		Sealed to parents		
Spouse Linda Rae Biornstad				
Married 21 Sep 1962	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse 21 Sep 1962	IFALL	

23 Sep 2004

Family Group Record

Husband	Samuel Reed Andrus		
Wife	Melba Phyllis Brown		
Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
6 F	Portia Andrus		
Born	23 Mar 1941	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
Spouse	Ronald Stanley Morgan		
Married	21 Nov 1964	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse
7 F	Therel Andrus		
Born	3 Aug 1942	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
Spouse	Alfred Merlin Frei		
Married	21 Apr 1961	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse
8 M	Gaylon Rich Andrus		
Born	17 Aug 1944	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
Spouse	Mildred Hart		
Married	29 May 1967	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse
9 F	Mary Jean Andrus		
Born	2 Oct 1946	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
Spouse	Bradley Strom		
Married	22 Feb 1969 (Div)	Place Ucon, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse

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Family Group Record

Husband Rulon Secrist Ricks

Born 11 Jul 1912	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 20 May 1990	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married 21 Oct 1936	Place	Sealed to spouse	

Husband's father: George Ricks

Husband's mother: Hattie Secrist

Wife Therel Brown

Born 6 Aug 1914	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 30 Oct 2003	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	

Wife's father: Charles Willliam Brown

Wife's mother: Martha Letitia Orgill

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 F	**Marilyn Ricks**		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
	Born 12 Sep 1943	Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
	Spouse: Richard Grant Harris			
	Married 19 Nov 1962	Place Logan, Cache, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
2 M	**Paul Rulon Ricks**			
	Born 8 Jul 1946	Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
	Spouse: Cindy Lynn Collette			
	Married 15 Aug 1968	Place	Sealed to spouse	
3 M	**Thomas Charles Ricks**			
	Born 12 Feb 1952	Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
	Spouse: Suzanne Hill			
	Married 9 May 1975	Place	Sealed to spouse	

Family Group Record

Husband Stanley Ray Quayle

Born 22 May 1914	Place Edmonds, Fremont, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 19 Oct 1993	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married 28 Apr 1937	Place Heman-Egin, Fremont, Idaho	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father Stanley Young Quayle			
Husband's mother Ethel Fisher			

Wife Wilma Brown

Born 10 Nov 1917	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Wife's father Charles Willliam Brown			
Wife's mother Martha Letitia Orgill			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M	**William Ray Quayle**		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born 12 Dec 1937	Place St. Anthony, Fremont, Idaho		Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Spouse Julia Ann Somsen				
Married 9 Sep 1966	Place Cokeville, Lincoln, Wyoming		Sealed to spouse	
2 M	**Clair Douglas Quayle**			
Born 10 Mar 1944	Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho		Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Spouse Joy Lynn Mathews				
Married 12 Aug 1976	Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada		Sealed to spouse	
3 M	**Marshall Scott Quayle**			
Born 12 Aug 1949	Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho		Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Spouse Susan Kay Hadley				
Married 21 Oct 1973	Place Salem, Marion, Oregon		Sealed to spouse	
4 M	**Phillip Lee Quayle**			
Born 19 Mar 1954	Place St. Anthony, Fremont, Idaho		Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	

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Family Group Record

Husband Joseph Orgill

Born 30 Sep 1837	Place Hartshorn, Derby, England	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 27 Jan 1916	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Married Aug 1858	Place Castle Gresley, Derby, England	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father Joseph Orgill			
Husband's mother Elizabeth Lowe			

Wife Phebe (Phoebe) Croxall

Born 30 Nov 1837	Place Castle Gresley, Derby, England	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died 16 Aug 1893	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
Wife's father Samuel Croxall			
Wife's mother Ann Bettridge			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 F	**Sarah Ann Orgill**		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born 26 Feb 1860	Place Church Gresley, Derby, England		Baptized	
Died 16 Jun 1861	Place		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
2 M	**Joseph Croxall Orgill**			
Born 4 Aug 1861	Place Church Gresley, Derby, England		Baptized	
Died 14 Jan 1939	Place Binham Canyon, Salt Lake, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
3 M	**William Croxall Orgill**			
Born 13 May 1863	Place Church Gresley, Derby, England		Baptized	
Died 23 Jan 1950	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
4 F	**Mary Orgill**			
Born 16 Dec 1864	Place Church Gresley, Derby, England		Baptized	
Died 29 Jul 1865	Place		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
5 F	**Elizabeth Orgill**			
Born 13 Sep 1866	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah		Baptized	
Died 22 Jun 1954	Place Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
6 F	**Phoebe Orgill**			
Born 1 May 1868	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah		Baptized	
Died 9 Sep 1869	Place		Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
7 F	**Eliza Orgill**			
Born 13 Nov 1870	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah		Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	

23 Sep 2004

Family Group Record

Husband	Joseph Orgill			
Wife	Phebe (Phoebe) Croxall			
Children	List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
8 F	Elica Orgill			
Born	13 Nov 1870	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	8 Apr 1949	Place	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
9 F	Stillborn Daughter Orgill			
Born	13 Nov 1870	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	13 Nov 1870	Place	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
10 F	Harriet Orgill			
Born	5 Sep 1872	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	25 Jun 1951	Place Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
11 F	Jane Orgill			
Born	5 May 1874	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	15 Oct 1874	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
12 F	Caroline Fletcher Orgill			
Born	13 Oct 1875	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	17 Jun 1929	Place Midvale, , Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
13 F	Martha Letitia Orgill			
Born	9 Jun 1878	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	12 Jun 1958	Place Parker, Fremont, Idaho	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Spouse	Charles Willliam Brown			
Married	20 Dec 1900	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 20 Dec 1900	SLAKE
14 M	Andrew Orgill			
Born	15 Feb 1880	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	
Died	7 Nov 1952	Place Draper, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	

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Family Group Record

Husband	George Ricks			
Born	2 Jan 1877	Place Logan, Cache, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died	25 Jan 1967	Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Married	25 Jun 1930	Place Logan, Cache, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father	Thomas Edwin Ricks			
Husband's mother	Tabitha Hendricks			

Wife	Annie Pearl Andersen			
Born	8 Apr 1889	Place Richmond, Cache, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died	7 May 1942	Place St. Anthony, Fremont, Idaho	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Wife's father	George David Andersen			
Wife's mother	Annie Mariah Hogan			

Children	List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 F	Betty Ann Ricks			
Born	17 Oct 1933	Place Logan, Cache, Utah	Baptized	
			Endowed	
			Sealed to parents	
Spouse	Lewis Harrigfeld Williams			
Married	13 Jun 1960	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse	

Descendants of Alyn Brown Andrus

1 Mar 2004

1. Alyn Brown Andrus (b.15 Dec 1931-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

sp: Gloria Ruth Goodman (b.25 Jun 1936-Plenty,Apache,Arizona;m.8 Jun 1955)

- 2. Steve Puela Danielson (b.22 Jun 1956-Siumu,Upolu,Western Samoa)

  sp: Eleena Keiko Ching (b.7 Nov 1960-Honolulu,Oahu,Hawaii;m.25 Jul 1981)

  - 3. Tiara Keiko Danielson (b.15 Jun 1983-Honolulu,Oahu,Hawaii)

    sp: UNKNOWN

    - 4. Isaac Kavika Danielson (b.19 Aug 2002-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
  - 3. Chad N. Danielson (b.22 May 1985-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
  - 3. Keala Iakopo Danielson (b.5 Dec 1988-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
  - 3. Ty Vitaloa Danielson (b.12 May 1994-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
- 2. Daniel Pue'ata Andrus (b.16 Dec 1958-Moto'otua,Upolu,Western Samoa)

  sp: Elizabeth Evelyn Harris (b.17 Aug 1960-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.30 Dec 1981(Div))

  - 3. Aaron Daniel Andrus (b.10 Feb 1982-Payson,Utah,Utah)
  - 3. Tiana Marie Andrus (b.25 Jul 1984-Payson,Utah,Utah)
  - 3. Loni Elizabeth Andrus (b.29 Jan 1987-Provo,Utah,Utah)
  - 3. Anisa Ruth Andrus (b.3 Mar 1990-Provo,Utah,Utah)
  - 3. Turia Evelyn Andrus (b.6 Apr 1993-Provo,Utah,Utah)

Descendants of Geniece Andrus

11 Sep 2004

1. Geniece Andrus (b.17 Apr 1934-Ucon,Bonneville,Idaho)
   sp: David William Smith (b.30 May 1932-Belfrey,Carbon,Montana;m.17 Apr 1953)
   - 2. LaVaun Smith (b.17 Mar 1954-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: David Malin Ball (b.14 Nov 1950-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.2 May 1974)
     - 3. Bradley David Ball (b.14 Sep 1976-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
       sp: Laura Creer (b.6 Apr 1979-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.5 Jun 2004)
     - 3. Melanie Ball (b.13 Sep 1978-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
       sp: Stephen McKay Pendrey (b.31 Oct 1978-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.14 Jun 2000)
       - 4. Bri Lyn Pendrey (b.6 Jun 2001-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
     - 3. Kristy Ball (b.12 Apr 1982-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
     - 3. Monty Reed Ball (b.9 Oct 1984-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
     - 3. Courtney Ball (b.30 Dec 1986-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
   - 2. Kellan David Smith (b.1 Dec 1955-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Linda Birch (b.27 Sep 1956-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.12 Aug 1977)
     - 3. Janell Smith (b.23 Mar 1979-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Matthew Kellan Smith (b.3 Nov 1982-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Jordan Kellan Smith (b.11 Mar 1989-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Logan Kellan Smith (b.21 Apr 1993-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. LeAnn Smith (b.8 Mar 1961-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Stephen Dale Jensen (b.27 Feb 1961-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.6 Nov 1980)
     - 3. Brittany Jensen (b.6 Dec 1981-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
       sp: Jacob Jamieson McIntosh (b.20 Nov 1980-Nampa,Canyon,Idaho;m.10 Apr 2003)
     - 3. Ryan Steven Jensen (b.3 Nov 1983-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Morgan Dale Jensen (b.13 Nov 1986-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Curtis Reed Smith (b.13 Dec 1965-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Kristine Clark (b.10 Nov 1965-Pocatello,Bannock,Idaho;m.19 Dec 1986)
     - 3. Chandler David Smith (b.4 Oct 1990-Moscow,Latah,Idaho)
     - 3. Payton Clark Smith (b.23 Sep 1992-Moscow,Latah,Idaho)
     - 3. Alexander Curtis Smith (b.5 Mar 1999-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Addison Kristine Smith (b.31 Dec 2002-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

Descendants of Charles Robert Andrus

6 Sep 2004

1. **Charles Robert Andrus (b.1 Sep 1937-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)**
   sp: Jean Caroline McBride (b.9 Dec 1941-Burley,Cassia,Idaho;m.1 Sep 1961)
   - 2. Kerry Robert Andrus (b.20 Jun 1962-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Wendee Whitmore (m.1 Nov 1985(Div))
   - 2. CharDawn Andrus (b.22 Jan 1964-Pocatello,Bannock,Idaho)
     sp: Blair Joseph Willis (b.14 Jul 1962-Arco,Butte,Idaho;m.4 Jun 1993)
     - 3. Matasia Dawn Willis (b.15 Jun 1994-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Curtis Robert Willis (b.15 Jun 1995-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Keysha Blair Willis (b.3 Jul 1996-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Pearce Andrus Willis (b.5 Mar 1998-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Alyssa LeJeana Willis (b.29 May 1999-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Charles Thayne Andrus (b.31 Dec 1965-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Tammy Renee Guillary (b.15 Nov 1969-San Fernando,Los Angeles,California;m.30 Jun 1989)
     - 3. Kayla Jean Andrus (b.27 Jun 1990-Lewiston,Nez Perce,Idaho)
     - 3. Natalie Renee Andrus (b.2 Aug 1992-Lewiston,Nez Perce,Idaho)
     - 3. Samuel Louis Andrus (b.4 Aug 1998-Kennewick,Benton,Washington)
   - 2. Stephanie Andrus (b.21 Feb 1968-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Darrin Kenneth Baldwin (b.9 Jul 1969-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.21 May 1993)
     - 3. Kyle Robert Baldwin (b.19 Feb 1995-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Nathan Kenneth Baldwin (b.13 Nov 1996-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Tyson Joseph Baldwin (b.22 May 1998-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Jacklyn Kalauni Baldwin (b.22 Oct 2002-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Patrick Shaun Andrus (b.30 Nov 1971-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Stephanie Jo Ritchie (b.22 May 1977-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.23 Nov 1996)
     - 3. Sullivan Shaun Andrus (b.13 Mar 2000-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Duncan Jo Andrus (b.1 Aug 2001-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Kate Andrus (b.5 Oct 1973-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Joshua Mark Hanks (b.23 Sep 1974-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.10 Apr 2003)
     - 3. Ashton Mark Hanks (b.8 Jul 1995-Tillamook,Tillamook,Oregon)
     - 3. Gavriella Maree Hanks (b.22 Jun 1997-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
   - 2. Jamie Andrus (b.16 Oct 1978-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

Descendants of Kendall Wayne Andrus

6 Sep 2004

1. **Kendall Wayne Andrus (b.21 Nov 1939-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)**
   sp: Linda Rae Biornstad (b.22 Feb 1942-Portland,Multnomah,Oregon;m.21 Sep 1962)
   - 2. Kevin Reed Andrus (b.11 Aug 1964-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Stacy Lynn Merkley (b.18 Mar 1967-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.28 Feb 1986(Div))
     - 3. Ashley Dawn Andrus (b.12 Oct 1986-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Shelby Lynn Andrus (b.5 Jun 1988-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Kaili Nicole Andrus (b.4 May 1991-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Devry Lin Andrus (b.21 Aug 1965-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Myron Douglas Nield (b.16 Feb 1964-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.1 Jun 1985)
     - 3. Kendal Myron Nield (b.15 Sep 1986-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Kahler Douglas Nield (b.28 Nov 1987)
     - 3. McKay Gordon Nield (b.29 Sep 1989-Twin Falls,Twin Falls,Idaho)
     - 3. Braeden Andrus Nield (b.10 Jan 1991-Twin Falls,Twin Falls,Idaho)
     - 3. Kambrie Lin Nield (b.29 Aug 1993-Twin Falls,Twin Falls,Idaho)
     - 3. Aubrie Devry Nield (b.19 Sep 1996-Twin Falls,Twin Falls,Idaho)
   - 2. Drae Kendall Andrus (b.4 Nov 1966-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Jill Rigby (b.31 Jul 1970-Ogden,Weber,Utah;m.20 Jul 1995)
     - 3. Benjamin Rigby Andrus (b.4 Nov 1998-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. EmmaLee Rae Andrus (b.18 Jun 2000-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Tyler Drae Andrus (b.25 Mar 2003-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Alesa Gaye Andrus (b.21 Jul 1968-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Robert Earl Jr Gulley (b.3 Nov 1963-Connersville,Fayette,Indiana;m.16 Sep 1995)
     - 3. Kinley Elizabeth Gulley (b.2 Dec 1991-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
     - 3. McKenzie Jo Gulley (b.30 Dec 1996-Indianapolis,Marion,Indiana)
     - 3. Katherine Kae Gulley (b.27 Nov 1998-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Korryn Alese Gulley (b.16 Apr 2000-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Kassia Lyn Gulley (b.6 Mar 2002-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Shalae Andrus (b.30 Mar 1970-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Trent Alyn Andrus (b.27 Jul 1973-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Darla Grover (b.6 Jun 1973-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.17 Dec 1994)
     - 3. Keegan Michael Andrus (b.15 Feb 2000-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Alyn Jerry "AJ" Andrus (b.6 Oct 2002-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
   - 2. Troy Kenneth Andrus (b.18 Oct 1975-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Jennifer RaNae Hoopes (b.4 Sep 1977-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.2 Jul 1994)
     - 3. Kyrel Edward Andrus (b.22 Dec 1994-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Wyatt Troy Andrus (b.23 May 1996-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Porter Reed Andrus (b.9 Jul 1997-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     - 3. Case Kendall Andrus (b.2 Nov 1998-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
   - 2. Clay Biornstad Andrus (b.21 Aug 1977-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Jennifer Ann King (b.19 Apr 1977-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.10 May 1997)
     - 3. Shalise Jennifer Andrus (b.26 Apr 2001-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
   - 2. Caleb Michael Andrus (b.15 Dec 1979-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     sp: Karen Watts (b.27 Oct;m.25 Sep 2002)

Descendants of Portia Andrus

26 Mar 2004

1. Portia Andrus (b.23 Mar 1941-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

sp: Ronald Stanley Morgan (b.4 Nov 1938-Liberty,Bear Lake,Idaho;m.21 Nov 1964)

- 2. Tonya Morgan (b.2 Nov 1965-Logan,Cache,Utah)
  - sp: Gary Jay Hatch (b.1 Aug 1964-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.28 Jun 1985)
    - 3. Keaton Jay Hatch (b.24 Feb 1992-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 3. Kortland Bryant Hatch (b.28 Oct 1994-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 3. Calli Hatch (b.3 May 2000-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
- 2. Cindie Morgan (b.6 Mar 1969-Las Vegas,Clark,Nevada)
  - sp: UNKNOWN
    - 3. Hayden Jake Morgan Skinner (b.11 Oct 1996-Bountiful,Davis,Utah)
- 2. Jaren Ronald Morgan (b.24 Apr 1972-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
  - sp: Tamara Jensen (b.20 Sep 1975-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.28 Sep 1996)
    - 3. Jace Jaren Morgan (b.1 Aug 2000-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 3. Jaxon Cole Morgan (b.7 Jul 2002-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
- 2. Lori Morgan (b.14 Nov 1973-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
  - sp: Michael John Hale (b.18 Dec 1970-Logan,Cache,Utah;m.10 Oct 1995)
    - 3. Tristan John Hale (b.28 Oct 1996-Logan,Cache,Utah)
    - 3. Corban Michael Hale (b.26 May 2000-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 3. Daxtan Morgan Hale (b.25 May 2002-Logan,Cache,Utah)
    - 3. Shaylyn Hale (b.7 Feb 2004-Logan,Cache,Utah)
- 2. Cami Morgan (b.9 Sep 1977-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
  - sp: A. Joseph Sano (b.18 Jul 1978-Provo,Utah,Utah;m.26 Jul 1996)
    - 3. Dallin Joseph Sano (b.23 Oct 1998-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 3. Mia Sano (b.12 Nov 2002-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)

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Descendants of Therel Andrus

10 Mar 2004

1. Therel Andrus (b.3 Aug 1942-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

sp: Alfred Merlin Frei (b.16 May 1938-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.21 Apr 1961)

- 2. Douglas William Frei (b.5 Apr 1971-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Margaret Thelma Stratton (b.12 Jul 1973-Grant's Pass,Josephine,Oregon;m.6 Jun 1991)
    - 3. Danielle Katherine Frei (b.7 Nov 1993-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
    - 3. Megan Kimberly Frei (b.9 Mar 1995-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
- 2. Greg Merlin Frei (b.8 May 1973-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
  - sp: Tamara Lee Hansen (b.16 Dec 1974-Casper,Natrona,Wyoming;m.7 Jan 1995)
    - 3. Kyle Merlin Frei (b.25 Nov 1996-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
    - 3. Madison Nicole Frei (b.1 Apr 2000-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Tyler Jordan Frei (b.29 Sep 2002-Ogden,Weber,Utah)

Descendants of Gaylon Rich Andrus

6 Sep 2004

1. Gaylon Rich Andrus (b.17 Aug 1944-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   sp: Mildred Hart (b.31 Dec 1944-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.29 May 1967)
   - 2. Reed Eldon Andrus (b.28 Jul 1968-Provo,Utah,Utah)
     sp: Angela Dawn Jenkins (b.28 Sep 1967-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.19 May 1990)
     - 3. Collin James Andrus (b.20 Dec 1992-Provo,Utah,Utah)
     - 3. Brayden Parker Andrus (b.26 Apr 1996-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
     - 3. Camille Morgan Andrus (b.27 Jul 1999-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
   - 2. Cristine Andrus (b.29 Aug 1970-Eugene,Lane,Oregon)
     sp: Christopher Paul Walters (m.4 Dec 1999)
   - 2. Teresa Andrus (b.6 Jun 1972-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     sp: Andrew Phillip Cochran (b.30 Jul 1970-Ford Ord,Orange,California;m.9 Aug 1997)
     - 3. Kolya Andrew Cochran (b.25 Jan 2002-Silverdale,Kitsap,Washington)
   - 2. LaDawn Andrus (b.4 Sep 1973-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     sp: Zachary Blair Cook (b.15 Jun 1972-Fairbanks,North Star Borough,Alaska;m.21 Aug 1997)
     - 3. Joshua Fielding Cook (b.30 Jul 1999-Cincinnati,Hamilton,Ohio)
     - 3. Jeremy Andrus Cook (b.24 Nov 2002-Thousand Oaks,Ventura,California)
   - 2. Bryce Robert Andrus (b.9 Jan 1976-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
   - 2. Richard Hyrum Andrus (b.28 Jul 1978-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     sp: Erika Miller (m.26 Dec 2002)
   - 2. Jeffrey Alyn Andrus (b.14 Sep 1980-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
     sp: Erin Wall (m.27 Dec 2002)
   - 2. Shawn Michael Andrus (b.16 Jun 1983-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
   - 2. Jason Milo Andrus (b.28 Oct 1986-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

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Descendants of Mary Jean Andrus

23 Sep 2004

1. Mary Jean Andrus (b.2 Oct 1946-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

sp: Bradley Strom (b.25 Jan 1948-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.22 Feb 1969(Div))

- 2. Kelli Strom (b.25 Jan 1971-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
  - sp: John Doherty (m.27 Feb 1988(Div))
    - 3. Josalyn Chavaun Doherty (b.8 Jul 1991-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
    - 3. Jonathan Ray Doherty (b.22 Apr 1996-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
    - 3. Jacob Bradley Doherty (b.15 Nov 1997-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
  - sp: David Eddy (m.5 Oct 2001)
- 2. Cori Strom (b.29 May 1972-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
  - sp: Clayton Roy Steen (m.(Div))
    - 3. Clayton Alexander Steen (b.20 May 1997-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
    - 3. Chandler Bradley Steen (b.12 Aug 2000-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
- 2. Shaunie Strom (b.18 Dec 1975-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)

sp: Jerry L. Brink (b.5 Sep 1952-Hillsboro,Washington,Oregon;m.15 Jul 1999)

Descendants of Betty Ann Ricks

6 Sep 2004

1. Betty Ann Ricks (b.17 Oct 1933-Logan,Cache,Utah)

sp: Lewis Harrigfeld Williams (b.29 Jun 1926-Boise,Ada,Idaho;m.13 Jun 1960)

- 2. Vickie Lu Williams (b.23 Jul 1962-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: John Smith (b.25 Feb 1953-Downey,,California)
    - 3. Jessica Smith (b.9 May 1987-Salem,,Oregon)
    - 3. Ariel Smith (b.2 Apr 1989-Eugene,,Oregon)
    - 3. Bethany Smith (b.3 Jun 1991-Eugene,,Oregon)
    - 3. Joshua Smith (b.18 Feb 1994-Salem,,Oregon)
    - 3. Jacob Smith (b.25 May 1997-Salem,,Oregon)
    - 3. Sariah Smith (b.24 Dec 1998-Salem,,Oregon)
    - 3. Benjamin Smith (b.15 Oct 2001-Salem,,Oregon)
- 2. Annette Williams (b.19 Nov 1963-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Gary Richard Glenn (b.16 Jun 1958-Hickory,,North Carolina;m.4 Mar 1983)
    - 3. Heston David Glenn (b.5 May 1987-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Robert Harrison Glenn (b.17 Sep 1990-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Hunter James Glenn (b.15 Jun 1992-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Reagan Elizabeth Glenn (b.21 Jun 1994-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Thomas Jefferson Glenn (b.30 Jan 1998-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
- 2. LuAnn Williams (b.25 May 1966-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: David R Hodsen (b.17 Jul 1964-Bountiful,Davis,Utah;m.16 Dec 1989)
    - 3. Nathanael Hodsen (b.16 Jan 1996-,,Texas)
    - 3. Aurora Rose Hodsen (b.10 Oct 1999-,,Texas)
- 2. Ricks Lewis Williams (b.6 Dec 1967-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Kathryn Saunders (b.20 Aug 1971-Redwood City,San Mateo,California;m.1 Jun 2000)
    - 3. Lewis Spencer Williams (b.21 Mar 2001-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Katurah Mae Williams (b.8 Apr 2002-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
- 2. Karann Williams (b.8 Jun 1969-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Darryn Drake (b.25 May 1967-Westminster,Orange,California;m.5 Jan 1990)
    - 3. Amanda Drake (b.19 Oct 1990-,,Oregon)
    - 3. Scott Lewis Drake (b.5 Mar 1993)
    - 3. Lance Lewis Drake (b.26 Aug 1995)
    - 3. Steven Lewis Drake (b.9 Apr 1997)
    - 3. Samuel Lewis Drake (b.11 Dec 2000)
- 2. Brian Lewis Williams (b.29 Sep 1970-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Kristine Sorensen (b.23 Aug 1971-Ogden,Weber,Utah;m.16 Jan 1993)
    - 3. Tabitha Sue Williams (b.5 Jul 1994-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Kenneth Lewis Williams (b.6 Dec 1995-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Samantha Joy Williams (b.9 Apr 1998-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
    - 3. Michael Adam Williams (b.6 Apr 2000-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
- 2. Carolyn Williams (b.25 Dec 1971-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Jeremy Whitmore (b.22 Jul 1971-Wisconsin Rapids,,Wisconsin;m.2 Apr 1996)
    - 3. Corey Whitmore (b.4 Mar 1997-Germany)
    - 3. Nathan Lewis Whitmore (b.14 Jan 1999-Germany)

└ 3. Austin Thomas Whitmore (b.17 Jun 2001)

Descendants of Marilyn Ricks

18 Sep 2004

1. Marilyn Ricks (b.12 Sep 1943-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

sp: Richard Grant Harris (b.6 Apr 1943-Pocatello,Bannock,Idaho;m.19 Nov 1962)

- 2. Tod R Harris (b.27 May 1963-Logan,Cache,Utah)
  - sp: Lisa Annette Atkinson (b.10 Sep 1964-Los Angeles,Los Angeles,California;m.4 May 1985)
    - 3. Jessie Sage Harris (b.5 Sep 1986-Provo,Utah,Utah)
    - 3. Bridger Thomas Harris (b.15 Feb 1988-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 3. Hawken Nathanael Harris (b.24 Aug 1999-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
- 2. Travis R Harris (b.22 Aug 1965-Logan,Cache,Utah)
  - sp: Nicole Stephenson (b.8 Mar 1972-Ogden,Weber,Utah;m.9 Sep 1992)
    - 3. Aubrey Christine Harris (b.23 Jun 1994-Great Falls,Cascade,Montana)
    - 3. Joshua Rulon Harris (b.23 Dec 1996-Great Falls,Cascade,Montana)
    - 3. Jase Denver Harris (b.7 Jun 2000-Great Falls,Cascade,Montana)
- 2. Melissa Harris (b.29 Apr 1968-Logan,Cache,Utah)
  - sp: Eric John Hirschi (b.6 May 1967-Pocatello,Bannock,Idaho;m.17 Jun 1988)
    - 3. Megan Hirschi (b.4 Feb 1990-Moscow,Latah,Idaho)
    - 3. Alexis Hirschi (b.19 Jul 1991-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
    - 3. Brooklyn Hirschi (b.10 Dec 1993-Kennewick,Benton,Washington)
    - 3. Blake Hirschi (b.26 Dec 1995-Kennewick,Benton,Washington)
- 2. Ryan R Harris (b.17 Apr 1970-Provo,Utah,Utah)
  - sp: Shelly Doxey (b.5 Sep 1970-Ogden,Weber,Utah;m.16 Jul 1992)
    - 3. Colter William Harris (b.20 Aug 1993-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Jenica Harris (b.9 May 1996-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Jackson Fremont Harris (b.9 May 1996-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
- 2. Justin R Harris (b.25 Aug 1971-Provo,Utah,Utah)
  - sp: Lisa Jean Mattinson (b.20 Mar 1971-Provo,Utah,Utah;m.16 Dec 1993)
    - 3. Samuel Edward Harris (b.9 May 1996-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Jonah Ricks Harris (b.22 Sep 1998-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Ezekiel Black Harris (b.20 Mar 2002-Orem,Utah,Utah)
- 2. Jeremy R Harris (b.7 Aug 1973-Provo,Utah,Utah)
  - sp: Amy Elizabeth Leinweber (b.1 Sep 1975-Provo,Utah,Utah;m.16 Sep 1995)
    - 3. Elizabeth Amy Harris (b.21 Feb 1998-Logan,Cache,Utah)
    - 3. Matthew Jeremy Harris (b.28 Aug 1999-American Fork,Utah,Utah)
    - 3. Maren Rae Harris (b.18 May 2001-American Fork,Utah,Utah)
    - 3. Logan William Harris (b.10 Feb 2004-American Fork,Utah,Utah)
- 2. Nathan Ricks Harris (b.13 Apr 1976-Richfield,Sevier,Utah)
  - sp: Amy Christensen (m.(Div))
    - 3. Moran Amy Harris (b.16 Jun 1999-Logan,Cache,Utah)
- 2. Nicholas Ricks Harris (b.22 Nov 1977-Richfield,Sevier,Utah)
  - sp: Stacy Nell DeGiorgio (b.12 Apr 1978-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Parker John Harris (b.7 Jan 2002-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
    - 3. Anna Kate Harris (b.25 Nov 2003-Ogden,Weber,Utah)

Descendants of Paul Rulon Ricks

18 Sep 2004

1. Paul Rulon Ricks (b.8 Jul 1946-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

sp: Cindy Lynn Collette (b.7 May 1949-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.15 Aug 1968)

- 2. Brandon Paul Ricks (b.11 Sep 1971-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
  - sp: Audrey Moore (b.26 Nov 1982-Ashton,Fremont,Idaho;m.19 Jun 2004)
    - 3. Bryer Lee Ricks (b.6 Dec 2002-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
- 2. Brodee Lyn Ricks (b.25 Feb 1973-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
  - sp: Clint Ned Brown (b.16 Feb 1972-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;m.17 Jun 1995)
    - 3. Tragen Ned Brown (b.7 Aug 2000-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
    - 3. Sabree Lyn Brown (b.12 Sep 2004)
- 2. Tobin Rulon Ricks (b.29 Jul 1977-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

Descendants of Thomas Charles Ricks

26 Mar 2004

1. **Thomas Charles Ricks (b.12 Feb 1952-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)**

sp: Suzanne Hill (b.1 Aug 1956-St. Anthony,Fremont,Idaho;m.9 May 1975)

- 2. Elizabeth Ricks (b.26 Mar 1976-St. Anthony,Fremont,Idaho)
  - sp: Charles Richard Cellan (b.27 Apr 1977-Logan,Cache,Utah;m.21 Mar 1998)
    - 3. Bailey Elizabeth Cellan (b.30 Aug 1998-Logan,Cache,Utah)
    - 3. Sierra Grace Cellan (b.25 Nov 2001-Logan,Cache,Utah)
- 2. Brook Ann Ricks (b.28 Dec 1977-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
  - sp: Matthew Kirk Nielson (b.4 Nov 1977-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.28 Apr 2000)
    - 3. Paige Nicole Nielson (b.31 May 2002-Bountiful,Davis,Utah)
- 2. Jenna Ricks (b.10 Apr 1981-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)
- 2. Rulon Thomas Ricks (b.19 Sep 1990-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho;d.19 Sep 1990)

Descendants of William Ray Quayle

23 Sep 2004

1. William Ray Quayle (b.12 Dec 1937-St. Anthony,Fremont,Idaho)

sp: Julia Ann Somsen (b.5 Jan 1942-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.9 Sep 1966)

- 2. Douglas Brian Quayle (b.20 Dec 1971-Sandusky,Erie,Ohio)
  - sp: Mary Jane Walker (b.27 Jul 1962-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.27 Nov 1999)
    - 3. Henry Elliot Quayle (b.29 Jul 2001-Norwalk,Fairfield,Connecticut)
- 2. Matthew Garrett Quayle (b.11 Feb 1974-Ann Arbor,Washtenaw,Michigan)

Descendants of Clair Douglas Quayle

23 Sep 2004

1. **Clair Douglas Quayle (b.10 Mar 1944-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)**

sp: Joy Lynn Mathews (b.19 Nov 1956-Salem,Marion,Oregon;m.12 Aug 1976)

- 2. Nicholas Phillip Quayle (b.7 May 1982-Salem,Marion,Oregon)
- 2. Brittany Lynn Quayle (b.4 Apr 1987-Vancouver,Clark,Washington)
- 2. Megan Ashley Quayle (b.4 Dec 1989-Portland,Multnomah,Oregon)

Descendants of Marshall Scott Quayle

23 Sep 2004

1. **Marshall Scott Quayle (b.12 Aug 1949-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)**

sp: Susan Kay Hadley (b.11 Jan 1953-Salem,Marion,Oregon;m.21 Oct 1973)

- 2. Jennifer Rae Quayle (b.21 Feb 1976-Salem,Marion,Oregon)
  - sp: Sean Berry (m.Apr 2002)
    - 3. Jocelyn Berry (b.3 May 2003-Salem,Marion,Oregon)
- 2. Holden Duane Quayle (b.24 Sep 1978-Salem,Marion,Oregon)

Ebenezer Brown
Blysing given by Isaac Morley, Patriarch
2 Jan 1839

Ebenezer Brown, the son of William Brown, born in the town of Salsbury, County of Herkimer, State of New York, in the year of our Lord, one thousand Eight Hundred and two.

Brother Brown, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and I seal upon thy head a Father's blysing, thy name is registered in heaven amongst the sanctified because thou hast endeavoured to forsake the honours of the world, for the kingdom of Christ. The angels (ink blot covering several words) rejoiced over thee at thy birth, and thou are the (ink blot) heir of all the blysings of Christ's Kingdom, (ink blot) will ever support the integrity of thy heart, opposition shall never cause thee to stumble, but thy path shall grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. And not withstanding trials await thee, it shall only make thy joys to increase. And if thou will apply thy mind to wisdom and seek after learning and intelligence, thou shalt yet proclaim the Gospel to the nations of the earth. That faith that was once delivered to the Saints shall be given to thee, and no power shall hinder thy progress on the Earth, and the Earth shall yield in her strength to thee, and thou shalt become a husbandman and feed the sons of Jacob, for thou shalt bring home thy thousands to Zion to rest. And if oppression awaits thee, it shall only cause thee to smile, for the chains of the oppressor shall not hold thee, because if thou art faithful thou shalt be sanctifyed. And all power shall be given to thee which shall be necessary for thy relief. And thy blysings shall be handed to thy posterity, to thy companion, and all thy children, and it shall be realised by thy posterity till the Savior shall make his second advent. Thou shalt be caught up with thy posterity to meet him in the air because thou has the blood of Ephraim. And thou shalt reign with thy Savior, together with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And I seal this blysing upon thee, in the name of the Lamb, forever and ever. Amen and Amen.

(I. Dunham, scribe)

Ann Brown
Blysing given by Isaac Morley, Patriarch
2 Jan 1839

Ann Brown, the wife of Ebenezer Brown, the daughter of John Weaver, born in the town of Saratoga, County of Saratoga, State of New York, in the year 1805.

Sister Brown, I lay my hands on thy head in the name of thy redeemer, and I seal upon thy head a patriarchal blysing. And thou art to receive equal blysings with the daughters of Abraham, because thou has embraced the same covenant which is everlasting. And thy name is registered with theirs in the Lamb's Book of Life for thou art a descendant of Abraham, and if thou art faithful to keep covenant with God, the blysings of the heavens and earth shall be given to thee, and thou shall be a blysing to thy children, and to thy companion. And what ever trials thou art called to pass through, it shall be for thy good. And it shall be a proof unto thee that thou art an heir in the kingdom of God. And if thou will ever support (ink blot covers several words) mind the principles of uprightness, integrity and (fold in the paper — one line not copied). And thou shall become a mother in Israel, and thy blysing shall be handed down to thy posterity — and many of thy friends, and acquaintances shall be given to thee and come to Zion and inquire for thee. And thou shall be made acquainted with the Act, that strange Act, which shall cause the people of God to rejoice. And thou shall be made acquainted with the contrast which exists between sorrow and joy. For thou shalt yet sit under thy own vine (words missing) in the day when there is none to molest nor make afraid. And I seal this father's blessing upon thee forever and ever, Amen and Amen.

(I. Dunham, scribe)

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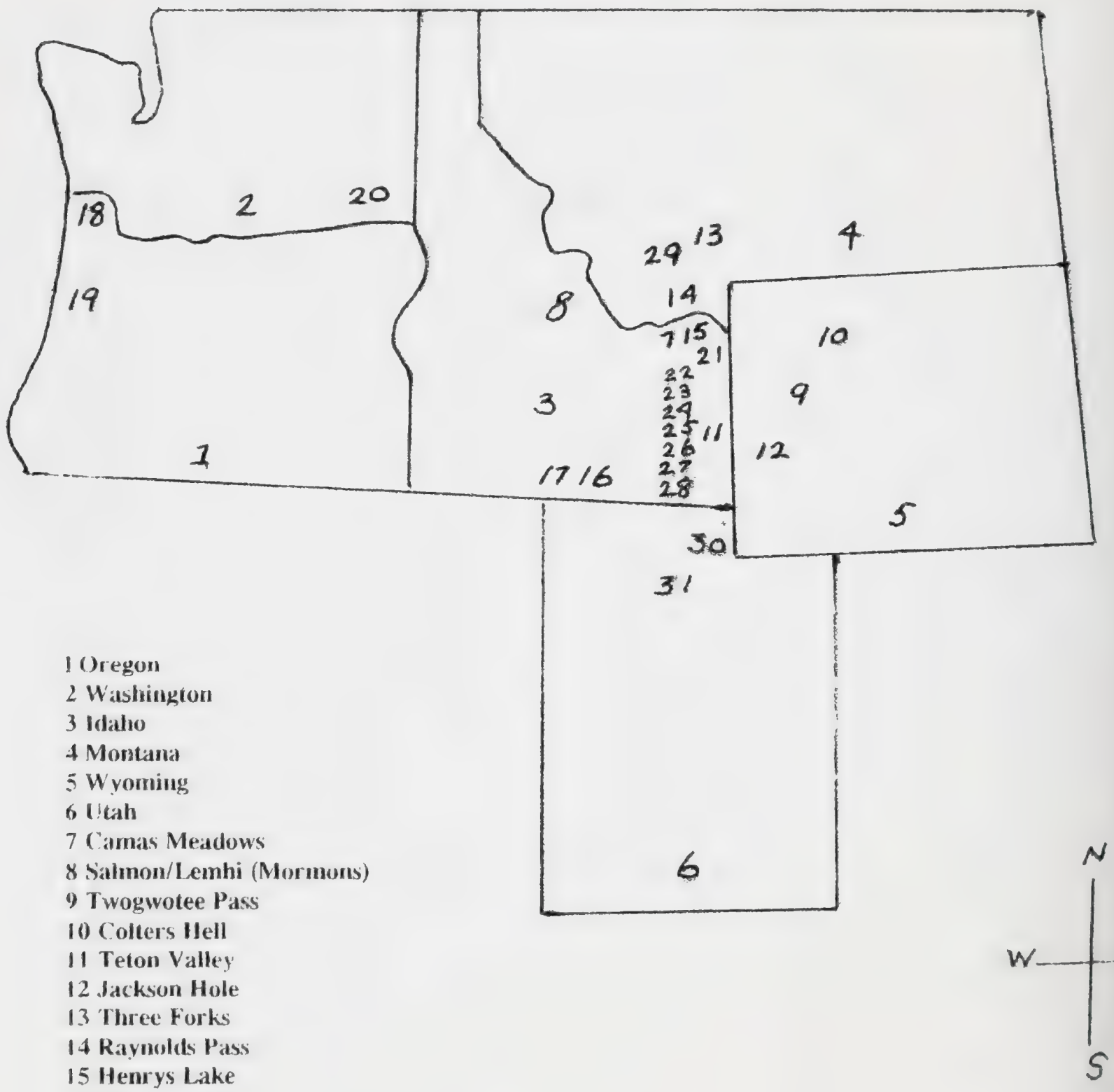
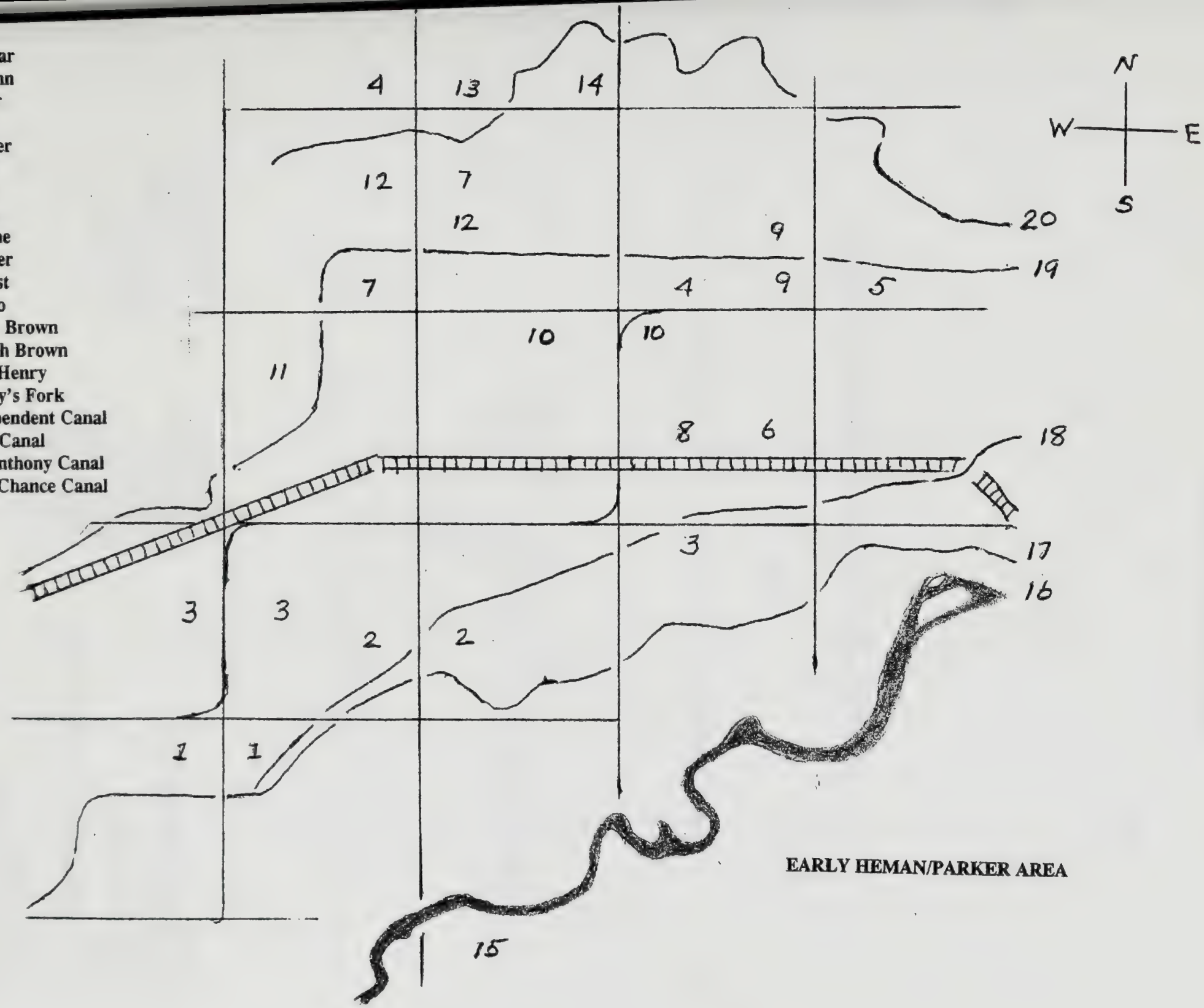
Maps

WESTERN STATES: POINTS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST AND SETTLEMENTS



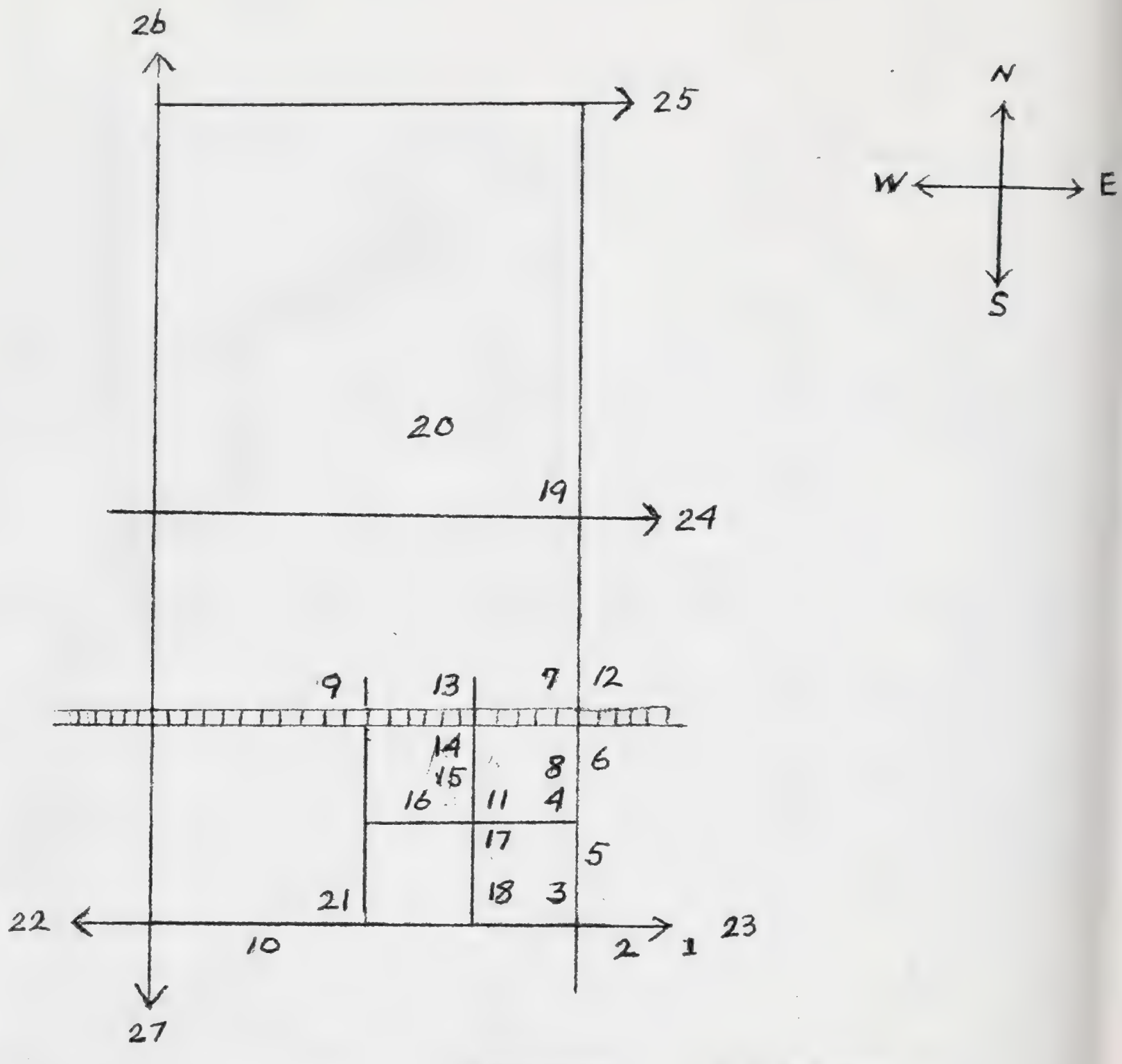
1 Oregon
2 Washington
3 Idaho
4 Montana
5 Wyoming
6 Utah
7 Camas Meadows
8 Salmon/Lemhi (Mormons)
9 Twogwotee Pass
10 Colters Hell
11 Teton Valley
12 Jackson Hole
13 Three Forks
14 Raynolds Pass
15 Henrys Lake
16 Cauldron Lin
17 Hagerman
18 Astoria
19 Willamette Valley (Methodists)
20 Walla Walla (Presbyterians)
21 Ashton
22 Egin/Parker/St. Anthony
23 Rexburg
24 Rigby/Menan/Lewisville
25 Ucon/Iona/Ririe
26 Eagle Rock/Idaho Falls
27 Blackfoot
28 Malad
29 Butte
30 Logan
31 Salt Lake Valley (Draper)

1 Winegar
2 McMinn
3 Parker
4 Flint
5 Fletcher
6 Rudd
7 Miller
8 Mason
9 Carbine
10 Grover
11 Secrist
12 Crapo
13 C.W. Brown
14 Joseph Brown
15 Fort Henry
16 Henry's Fork
17 Independent Canal
18 Egin Canal
19 St. Anthony Canal
20 Last Chance Canal



EARLY HEMAN/PARKER AREA

EARLY PARKER TOWNSITE



1 Parker
2 Church/School/Jed Earl's Store
3 Beddes Hall
4 Parker Cash Store
5 School
6 Church/Tithing Office/Amusement Hall
7 School
8 Jackson Lumber
9 Potato Pits/Warehouse
10 Davis Machine Shop
11 C.W. Brown
12 Joseph Brown
13 George Ricks
14 Miller
15 Humphreys
16 Rulon Ricks
17 Bergeson
18 Ray Quayle
19 Stan Quayle
20 Quayle farm
21 Davenport
22 To Egin/Plano
23 To St. Anthony
24 To St. Anthony
25 To St. Anthony
26 To Kilgore
27 To Rexburg

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Legal Transactions of C.W. Brown

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Legal Documents Obtained from the Fremont County Recorder's Office

Date	Instrument	From	To	Amount	Due	Legal Description	Disposition
3-6-02	Mortgage Book M, page 163	CW/Letitia Brown	Andrew Amundson	$700.	11-1-04	N 1 /2 SE 1/4 ; SW 1/4 SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 29, Township 8N, Range 40, EBM (160 acres)	Release of Mortgage, 8-24-03, by Amundson, Book C, page 429
9-23-03	Mortgage Book O, page 119	CW/Tish	American Freehold Land Mortgage	$1,500.	9-23-08	N 1 /2 SE 1/4; SW 1/4 SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (160 acres)	Release of Mortgage, 10-1-07, by AFLM Book E, page 271
4-11-05	Mortgage Book L, page 391	CW/Tish/ George	Union Central Life Insurance Co.	$800.		SE 1/4 SE 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (40 acres)	
9-28-06	Judgment, in Preston Precinct, Oneida County	Plaintiff: H. K. Hansen	Defendant: CW	$250.			Release of Judgment, 2-20-08, by H. K. Hansen
6-6-08	Mortgage Book 2, page 202	CW/Tish/ George	A. Viele	$838.90	12-1-18	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	Assigned to: Lee Charles Miller, 7-8-08, Book C, page 527

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Date	Instrument	From	To	Amount	Due	Legal Description	Disposition
6-18-08	Mortgage Book E, page 359	CW/Tish/ George	A. Viele	$3,200.	12-1-18	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	Assigned to: A. Keyser Co., 12-28-16, Book D, page 515; Release of Mortgage, 1-18-19, by A. Keyser Co., Book R, page 354
1-6-12	Second/Third Mortgage Book 5, page 516	CW/Tish	3. John Kruger 1. A. Viele 2. Union Central	$6,000. $3,200. $ 800.		SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	Release of Mortgage, 3-17-15, from Kruger, Book M, page 306
7-26-16	Second Mortgage Book 7, page 261	CW/Tish	2. W.W. Wilcox 1. A. Viele	$1,000. $3,200.	12-1-18	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	
2-15-19	Mortgage Book 20, page 599	CW/Tish	S. L. Neal	$6,000.	2-15-24	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	Sheriff's Deed, 1-3-30, to: Charles Neal, $8,663.84
4-11-19	Warranty Deed Book 21, page 523	Lewis/ Bessie Rule	CW/Tish	$5,200.		W 1 /2 SW 1/4, 28-8N-40, EBM (80 acres)	

Date	Instrument	From	To	Amount	Due	Legal Description	Disposition
7-18-19	Mortgage Book 29, page 141	CW/Tish	Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.	$3,000	7-18-24	W 1 /2 SW 1/4, 28-8N-40, EBM (80 acres)	Sheriff's Deed, 11-21-25, to: Utah Home, $4,391.03
2-28-21	Second Mortgage Book 33, page 110	CW/Tish	3. St. Anthony Bank & Trust 1. S.L. Neal 2. Utah Home	$10,400. $6,000. $3,000.	5-28-21	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres) W 1 /2 SW 1/4, 28-8N-40, EBM (80 acres)	Release of Mortgage, 3-15-21, from St. Anthony B&T, Book T, page 180
3-15-21	Second Mortgage Book 33, page 118	CW/Tish	St. Anthony B&T 1. Utah Home	$10,400. $3,000	9-15-21	All of Lot 6; S 1 /2 of Lot 3, Block 32, Parker; W 1 /2 SW 1/4, 28-8N-40, EBM, (80 acres)	Assigned to: Federal Reserve Bank, 1-26-23, Book D, page 93 Release of Mortgage, 5-18-27, from FRB, Book 1, page 151
12-8-21	Mortgage Book 22, page 145	CW/Tish	Spokane Cattle Loan Co.	$20,658.83	6-8-22	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	

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Date	Instrument	From	To	Amount	Due	Legal Description	Disposition
6-28-22	Mortgage Book 15, page 275	CW/Tish	A.D. Miller, Jr.	$10,000		SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM	
4-1-23	Farm Lease Misc, Book G, p. 545	CW/Tish	Harry H. Neal		3-1-25	SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	
11-21-25	Sheriff's Deed Book 30, page 63	Fremont County	Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.	$4,391.03		W 1 /2 SW 1/4, 28-8N-40, EBM (80 acres)	CW lost his 80 acres
1-4-27	Tax Deed Book 33, page 64	Fremont Country	Fremont County	$27.25	1922 taxes	All of Lot 6; S 1 /2 of Lot 3, Block 32, Parker	Redemption Deed, from Fremont County, 3-23-27, $38.55
12-24-28	Tax Deed Book 34, page 97	Fremont County	Fremont County	$26.98	1924 taxes	All of Lot 6; S 1 /2 of Lot 3, Block 32, Parker	Redemption Deed, from Fremont County, 11-19-29, $44.24
12-11-29	Quit Claim Deed Book 27, p. 287	George M. Brown	CW/Tish			SE 1/4 SE 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM, (40 acres)	

Date	Instrument	From	To	Amount	Due	Legal Description	Disposition
1-3-30	Sheriff's Deed Book 34, page 186	Fremont County	Charles Neal	$8,663.84		SE 1/4; SE 1/4 SW 1/4, 29-8N-40, EBM (200 acres)	CW lost his 200 acres
12-1-47	Quit Claim Deed Book 48, page 276	CW/Tish	J.G./Mary Millward			Lot 5, Block 32, Parker	This action was to clear title for Millwards
5-2-61	Decree of Distribution Misc, Book U, page 91	Estates of CW/Tish (there were no wills)	Melba/Therel/ Wilma; Undivided 1/3 interest in all properties	$6,762.67 $2,254 to each child		All of Lot 6; S 1 /2 of Lot 3, Block 32, Parker, plus miscellaneous personal property	
5-18-61	Warranty Deed * Book 71, page 791	Melba/ Wilma	Therel			All of Lot 6; S 1 /2 of Lot 3, Block 32, Parker	

*Note: This Warranty Deed was issued based on an agreement that Melba and Wilma would be given two-thirds of the amount received from the sale of Rulon/Therel's home and property.

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Timeline for C.W. Brown Family

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Timeline for C.W. Brown Famiily

Year	C.W./Tish	Melba	Therel	Wilma
1874	CW was born			
1878	Tish was born			
1897	CW graduated from the U of U			
1900	CW and Tish were married			
1902	Cw/Tish moved to Parker			
1906		Melba was born		
1908	Charles Milton was born			
1914			Therel was born	
1917				Wilma was born
1923	CW sold his sheep			
1929		Melba and Reed were married		
1931		Alyn was born		
1934		Geniece was born		
1936		Gordon was born	Therel and Babe were married	
1937				Wilma and Ray were married; Bill was born
1939		Kendall was born		
1941		Portia was born		
1942		Therel was born		

Year	CW/Tish	Melba	Therel	Wilma
1943			Marilyn was born	
1944		Rich was born		Doug was born
1946		Jean was born	Paul was born	
1949				Scott was born
1952			Tom was born	
1954				Phillip was born
1958	Tish died			
1960	CW died			
1976		Reed died		
1985		Melba died		
1990			Rulon died	
1993				Ray died
2003			Therel died	

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Memorabilia

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Salt Lake City, Utah.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

This is to Certify

That **Charles William Brown** *has completed*

The Three Years Normal Course *of study and training prescribed by this Institution, and has passed the required tests in all the work of the same.*

In Testimony Thereof, *the University of Utah has caused this*

Certificate of Graduation

to be issued, signed by the President of the University, and attested by the Official Seal and by the signature of the Executive Officer of the Board of Regents.

By Provision of Law, *this Certificate is evidence of the holder's qualifications as to scholarship to teach in any of the grades of the Public Schools of Utah, below the High School Grade, for the period of five years from the date hereof, without further examination.*

Given this ninth *day of* June *A. D.* 1897.

J. E. Talmage

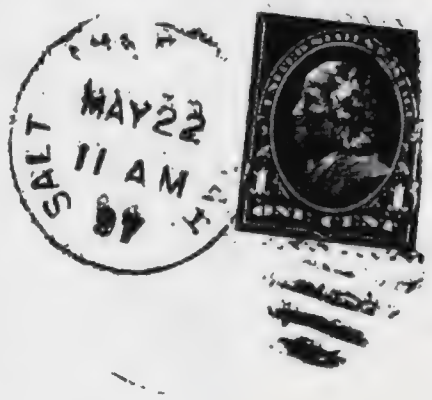
President.

Attest:

Chancellor.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION,

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.



Mr. Chas. H. Brown,
U of U
City

606

22279.

IDAHO.

13133

$ 76 00/XX

Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb 1st 1902

On or before the 1st day of November 1903, for value received in one Sheep Camp No. _____, bought of **Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.**, we or either of us promise to pay to the order of said Company, at their office in Salt Lake City, Seventy six _____ DOLLARS, with 10 per cent interest per annum from Date 190__, until maturity, and if not paid at maturity the rate of interest shall thereafter be one per cent per month until paid, and reasonable Attorney's fees, if placed in the hands of an Attorney or Justice of the Peace for collection.

The express condition of this transaction is, that the title or ownership of said Sheep Camp does not pass from the said Company until this note and interest shall have been paid in full, and the said Company has full power to declare this note due and take possession of said Sheep Camp when it deems itself insecure, even before the maturity of this note; and it is further agreed by the makers hereof, that they will not sell or dispose of the said Sheep Camp except on the written order of said Company. In case said Company shall take possession of the said Sheep Camp it may at its pleasure sell the same at public or private sale without notice, and apply the proceeds on this note, or it may without sale, indorse the true value of the property on the note, and we agree to pay on this note any balance due thereon after such indorsement, as damages and rental for said property; as to this debt we waive the right to exempt, or claim as exempt, any property, real or personal, we now own or may hereafter acquire, by virtue of any homestead or exemption law, now in force or that may hereafter be enacted.

I agree to Pay 37.50 November 1st 1902

Post Office Parker

County Fremont

State Idaho

_____ miles North
_____ miles South
_____ miles East
_____ miles West
of Post Office.

C. W. Brown

607

-:- -:- Office of -:- --

Deputy Sheep Inspector,

Bingham County, Idaho.

NO 28

Oct the 25 1901

This is to certify that I have this day thoroughly inspected the sheep owned by C. W. Brown Brand • red according to the requirements of law, and find them sound and free from scab.

This entitles said sheep to travel in any county in this state until March 1, 1902. if they remain clean

A. J. Stanger

Deputy Sheep Inspector.

PROPERTY OF:
DAVID O. McKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

$ 150 00 Gold. Salt Lake City, Utah, Jany. 8th ~~189~~

Six months after date, for value received,

we or either of us promise to pay to the order of **The State Bank of Utah,** of Salt Lake City,

at its office, One hundred fifty DOLLARS,

in U. S. Gold Coin, with interest payable quarterly at the rate of one per cent per month from date until paid, having deposited as collateral security for the payment of this note, and of any and all claims, demands or other indebtedness due or not due by us to said bank at the maturity of this note 9 Shares Cap Stock

Draper Irrigation Co. Ctf 314

with authority to sell the same, or as much thereof as may be necessary, at public or private sale, at the option of said bank, on the failure to pay either principal or interest on any of said claims when due, and without notice, and with the right of said bank or the holders of this note to become purchasers at such sale. If this note is placed in the hands of an attorney for collection, I agree to pay ten per cent additional as an attorney's fee. If interest is not paid at the time the same becomes due, the holder may declare both principal and interest due.

No. 6737 Due July 8th 1900

P. O. Draper Utah

4 FOUR CENTS 4 Jany 8/1900 DOCK TAX

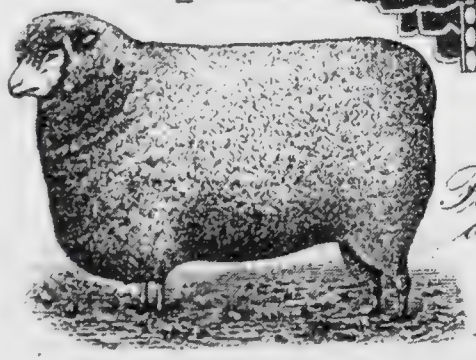
C. W. Brown

J. R. Allen C. L. P.

608

BROWN BROTHERS,

Breeders of Registered and High Grade Cotswold Sheep.



No. 84

PARKER, (FREMONT CO.) IDAHO, 7/12, 190

Pay to the order of [illegible] $25.00

[illegible] DOLLARS.

TO COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK, ST. ANTHONY, IDAHO.

[illegible]

GEO. O. BARNARD & CO. ST. LOUIS

No. A5084

Vansant & Chamberlain,

Late Props. Cable Piano & Organ Co.

32 Main Street.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec 29 1902

RECEIVED FROM C. W. Brown by E. M. Melis

Fifteen 100 Dollars,

Payment on PIANO / ORGAN account.

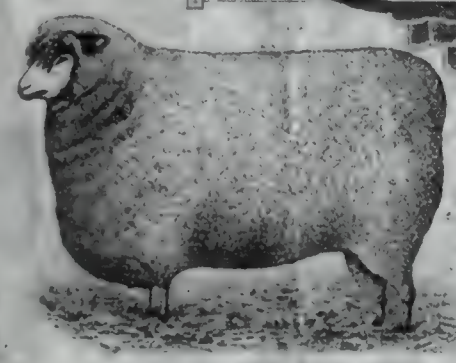
Vansant & Chamberlain,

$ 15 00 Per E. W.

8971 THE SKELTON PUB CO PROVO

BROWN BROTHERS,

Breeders of Registered and High Grade Cotswold Sheep.



No. 119

PARKER, (FREMONT CO.) IDAHO, 11 20, 1909

Pay to the order of Fred Bark $25

Twenty Five DOLLARS.

TO COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK, ST. ANTHONY, IDAHO.

C. W. Brown

Commercial National Bank St. Anthony, Idaho

GEO. C. BARNARD & CO. ST. LOUIS

PROPERTY OF:
DAVID O. McKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG, ID 83460-0405

$335.00 St Anthony Idaho, April 25, 1913

July 15, 1913 after date for value received I, we or either of us promise to pay to the order of Ole Hansen

Three Hundred Thirty-five and no/100 DOLLARS

AT THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK OF ST. ANTHONY

with interest at 12 per cent per annum, payable quarterly from date until due, but if this note is not paid when due it shall draw interest at the rate of one per cent per month from date, until paid. Should this note be collected by an attorney, with or without suit, a reasonable attorney's fee shall be allowed the holder. The sureties guarantors and endorsers of this note severally waive presentation for payment, protest and notice of protest.

No.

Due

P.O. Add

C. A. Brown

Martha S. Brown

State Journal Co. Lincoln, Neb.

$700 GOLD St. Anthony, Idaho, July 18th 1916

On October 18 1916, after date, for value received, I, we, or either of us promise to pay to the order of W. E. Hunter mo W. L. Hunter at The FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ST. ANTHONY, at its office in St. Anthony, Idaho, Seven hundred DOLLARS, in U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from date until paid together with costs of collection or an attorney's fee in case payment shall not be made at maturity. The sureties and endorsers of this note each expressly waive demand, notice of non-payment, protest and suit against the makers.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK ST. ANTHONY, IDAHO 1915

Cecil Brown

A. P. Miller Jr.

P. O. Parker Idaho 19511

Oregon Short Line Railroad Company.

Shippers No._____

STRAIGHT BILL OF LADING—ORIGINAL—NOT NEGOTIABLE.

Agents No._____

RECEIVED, subject to the classifications and tariffs in effect on the date of issue of this Original Bill of Lading,

at H. Gallowy Ida 9/14-11 19

from H. Flagner Co the property described below, in apparent good order, except as noted (contents and condition of contents of packages unknown), marked, consigned and destined as indicated below, which said Company agrees to carry to its usual place of delivery at said destination, if on its road, otherwise to deliver to another carrier on the route to said destination. It is mutually agreed, as to each carrier of all or any of said property over all or any portion of said route to destination, and as to each party at any time interested in all or any of said property, that every service to be performed hereunder shall be subject to all the conditions, whether printed or written, herein contained (including conditions on back hereof) and which are agreed to by the shipper and accepted for himself and his assigns.

The Rate of Freight from _____

to _____ *is in Cents per 100 Lbs.*

IF ___ Times 1st	IF 1st Class	IF 2d Class	IF 3d Class	IF 4th Class	IF 5th Class	IF A Class	IF B Class	IF C Class	IF D Class	IF E Class	IF Commodity

(Mail Address—Not for purposes of Delivery.)

Consigned to C. W. Brown

Destination, Big Springs State of Ida County of _____

Route, _____ Car Initial U.P. Car No. 70964

NO. PACKAGES	DESCRIPTION OF ARTICLES AND SPECIAL MARKS	WEIGHT (Subject to Correction)	CLASS OR RATE	CHECK COLUMN
1	Cr Meal	40	"	
1	1/4 Sugar	100		
1	" Coffee (Mill)	30		
3	1/4 Oats	300		
1	1/4 Molasses	100		
5	1/4 Salt	500		
1	Case of Tomatoes	60		

If charges are to be prepaid, write or stamp here, "To be prepaid."

Prepay

Received $ 7.17 to apply in prepayment of the charges on the property described hereon.

H. B.

Agent or Cashier.

Per _____

(The signature here acknowledges only the amount prepaid.)

Charges Advanced;

$_____

H. Flagner Co (Shipper) _____ Agent

Per _____ Per _____

(This Bill of Lading is to be signed by the shipper and agent of the carrier issuing same.)

No 42 $60.00

BISHOP'S STORE HOUSE

Dec 30 1908

This Certifies that Charles W. Brown

Of Parker Ward Fremont Stake

Has voluntarily donated to the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST of Latter-day Saints as Tithing

Sixty 00/100 DOLLARS

IN		
Cash	16	

Daniel G. Miller Bishop

By

No $120.00

BISHOP'S STORE HOUSE

Dec 31 1909

This Certifies that C. W. Brown

Of Parker Ward Yellowstone Stake

Has voluntarily donated to the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST of Latter-day Saints as Tithing

One hundred twenty and no/100 DOLLARS

IN		
Cash	120	00

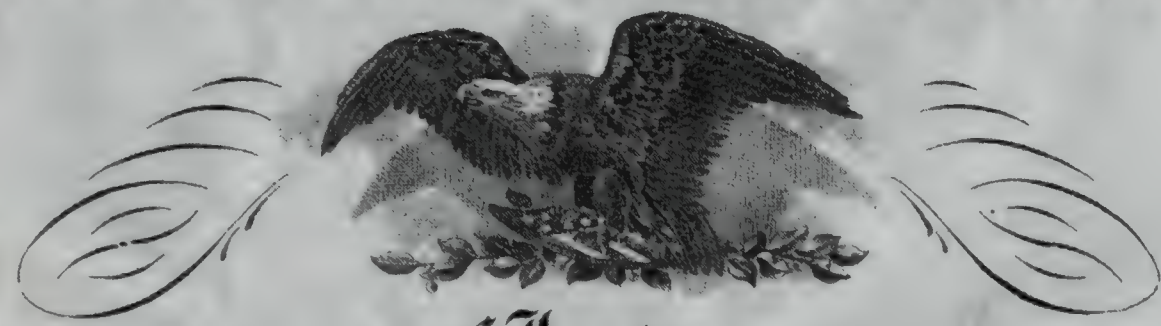
A. D. Miller Jr. Bishop

By

PROPERTY OF
DAVID O. McKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

Democratic National Committee

WOODROW WILSON



THOMAS R MARSHALL

"For the Rules of Justice and of Right"

Having been highly recommended for devotion and loyalty to and effective work for Democracy, and reposing special confidence in his willingness earnestly to espouse its cause, the Democratic National Committee hereby commissions him

Member of the National Minute Men Committee

WITH THE RANK OF CAPTAIN.

Attest:

Joseph E. Davies
SECRETARY.

William F. McCombs
CHAIRMAN.

Chicago, 1912

L. P. Gore
CHAIRMAN ORGANIZATION BUREAU.

STROMBERG ALLEN & CO. CHICAGO.

PROPERTY OF:
DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

FORM C

Lot No. 9

National Wool Warehouse & Storage Company

No. C 26 15

CONSIGNMENT CONTRACT-NOTE

Town Shoshone State Idaho June 22 1920

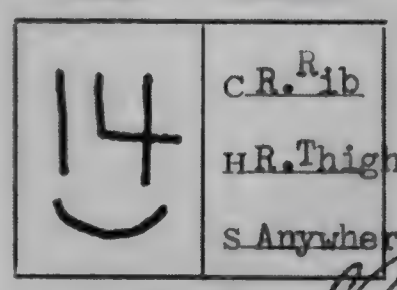
In consideration of the payment by the NATIONAL WOOL WAREHOUSE & STORAGE COMPANY, of Twenty Eight Hundred Dollars ($ 2800 50), as an advance on ~~my~~ our wool, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I we agree to consign ~~my~~ our entire 1920 clip of wool, consisting of about 3000 fleeces, about 28000 pounds, to the NATIONAL WOOL WAREHOUSE & STORAGE COMPANY. This advance to be on account at time of shipment of _____ cents per pound, and balance of advance, if so desired by ~~me~~ us up to 75% of value of wool, to be made when wool is received at Company's Warehouse and examined, and I we promise to pay to the NATIONAL WOOL WAREHOUSE & STORAGE COMPANY, or order, at Chicago, Illinois, the amount of such advance, to-wit: Twenty Eight Hundred Dollars ($ 2800 50), on or before six (6) months after date, with interest at ~~seven~~ Eight per cent (8%) per annum; I we further agree that the above Twenty Eight Hundred Dollars ($ 2800 50), advanced by the NATIONAL WOOL WAREHOUSE & STORAGE COMPANY, and such other advances as may be made as specified herein, together with interest thereon, shall be a prior lien against said wool and, or, proceeds thereof and shall be liquidated upon sale of said wool. I we agree to defend the title of said wool against any and all claims.

Witnesses C. O. Pierce

Brown + Miller
By C. W. Brown

IDAHO CONDENSED BRAND CERTIFICATE

Brand Location No. 11421-A



C R. Rib
H R. Thigh
S Anywhere

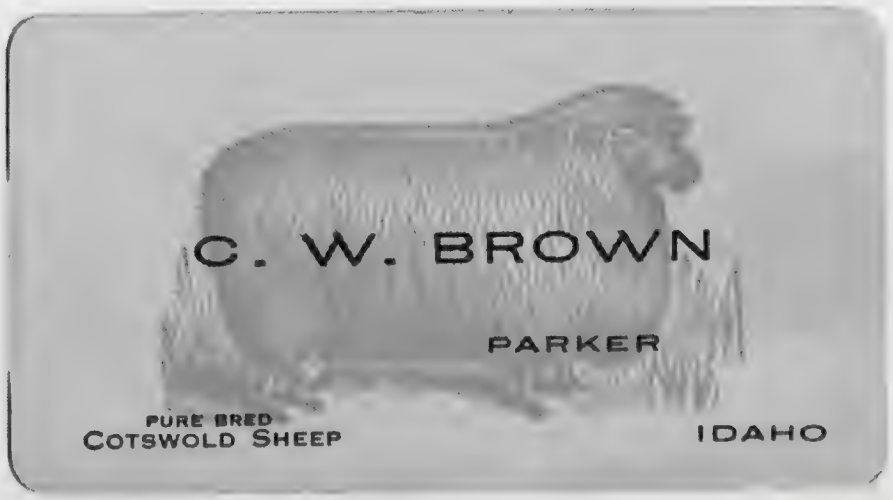
Charles W. Brown
Parker, Idaho

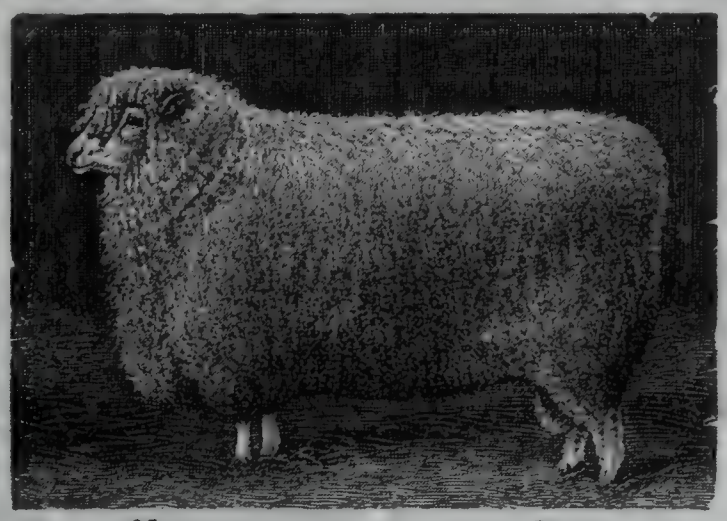
Co. Fremont

R L

Charles McCracken
State Brand Inspector

JUL 1 1959





CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY

..OFFICE OF...

American Cotswold Registry Association

Upon application of the owner named below, there has been admitted to registry in Volume XI of The American Cotswold Sheep Record, the Cotswold Sheep known as:—

Name.	Sex.	Ear Mark.	Ass'n No.
Rawlings 72	Ewe	F.R.72	29279

Lambed 1903.
Sire R.P.Snells 186,19787.
Dam Rawlings 478,18852.
Bred by F.Rawlings.
Owned by F.Rawlings.

I hereby certify that the above is a correct pedigree of the Cotswold sheep described and numbered as above and that this sheep is pure bred and has been duly registered in the said Record Book established by this Association for Cotswold breed of sheep.

Dated, Waukesha, Wis. AUG. 17, 1903

..... Secretary.
American Cotswold Registry Association.

This Association shall not be held liable for damages on account of errors of misrepresentations in the above pedigree made by the owner of breeder.

NATIONAL WOOL WAREHOUSE & STORAGE COMPANY

BOSTON OFFICE
214 SUMMER ST.

CHICAGO OFFICE
4300 S. ROBEY STREET

FROM MONTANA SHIPMENT. GRADED AND BALED AT SHEARING SHED, 1914, READY FOR MANUFACTURERS' USE

GRADES AS SEPARATED IN WAREHOUSE WHEN RECEIVED AND TAKEN OUT OF ORIGINAL BAGS.

WOOL PUT UP IN OLD WAY AT SHEARING SHED, GRADES MIXED TOGETHER.

CHICAGO

WOOLS GRADED AS PER AMERICAN STANDARDS, WYOMING, 1915, READY FOR MANUFACTURERS' USE.

FINE MEDIUM STAPLE

1/2 BLOOD

3/8 BLOOD

1/4 BLOOD

BRAID

PROPERTY OF
DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

Boise, Idaho, Dec. 11, 1922

C. W. Brown Esq.,
Parker,
Idaho.

My Dear Mr. Brown:

When I saw you at Pocatello I did not have your original consignment note with me. As everything now stands covered by your last note, I am returning herewith the original note.

Please acknowledge receipt of it direct to our Chicago office, address "National Wool Warehouse & Storage Company, 2001 West Pershing Road, Chicago, Ill".

With kindest personal regards and best wishes for a Merry Christmas to yourself and family, I am,

Very truly yours,

Ira T. Wright
General Agent.

Dic. W.

WEST VIRGINIA

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF

NUMBER 34538

SHARES 2

National Wool Warehouse and Storage Company

CAPITAL STOCK $800,000

Preferred $300,000 — Common $500,000

This Certifies that C. M. Brown *is the owner*

of Two (2) *Shares of the par value of FIFTY DOLLARS each of the SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERRED CAPITAL STOCK of* **National Wool Warehouse and Storage Company,** *fully paid and non-assessable, transferable only on the books of the Corporation by the holder hereof in person or by Attorney upon surrender of this certificate properly endorsed.*

PREFERRED

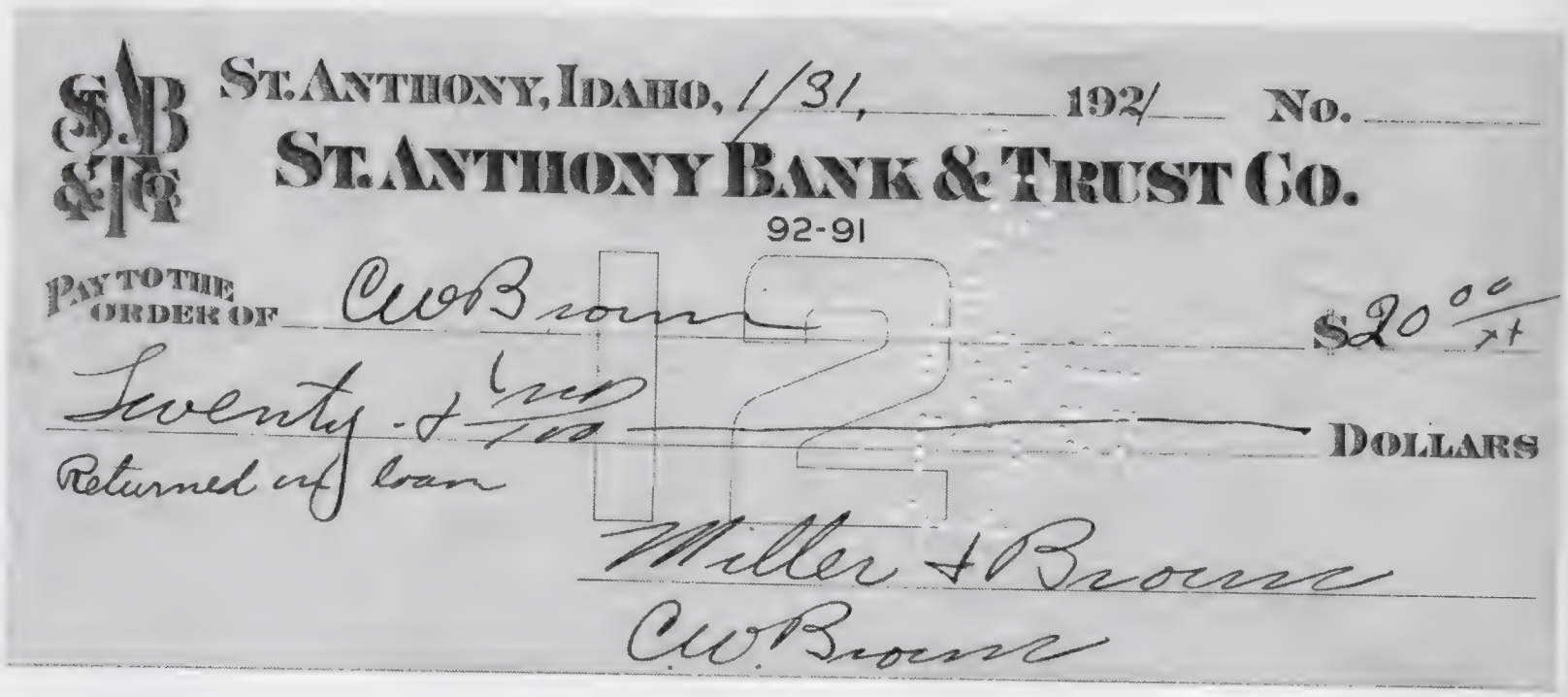
This certificate of stock is a contract between the owner and holder hereof (and his, her or its heirs, personal representatives, successors or assigns,) and the National Wool Warehouse and Storage Company, and is issued by said Corporation and accepted by said owner or holder, subject to each, every and all of the conditions and provisions of the By-Laws of the said Corporation, including those contained in Article 1 thereof, as adopted at the adjourned special and regular annual meeting of the stockholders of said corporation, held on the 18th day of April, 1912.

In Witness Whereof, *the said Corporation has caused this Certificate to be signed by its duly authorized officers and to be sealed with the Seal of the Corporation this* 12 *day of* April *A. D. 191*2

Attest: [illegible] Secretary — [illegible] President

SHARES $50 EACH.

PROPERTY OF
DAVID O. McKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG, ID 83460-0405



St. Anthony, Idaho, 1/31, 192/ No.

St. Anthony Bank & Trust Co.

92-91

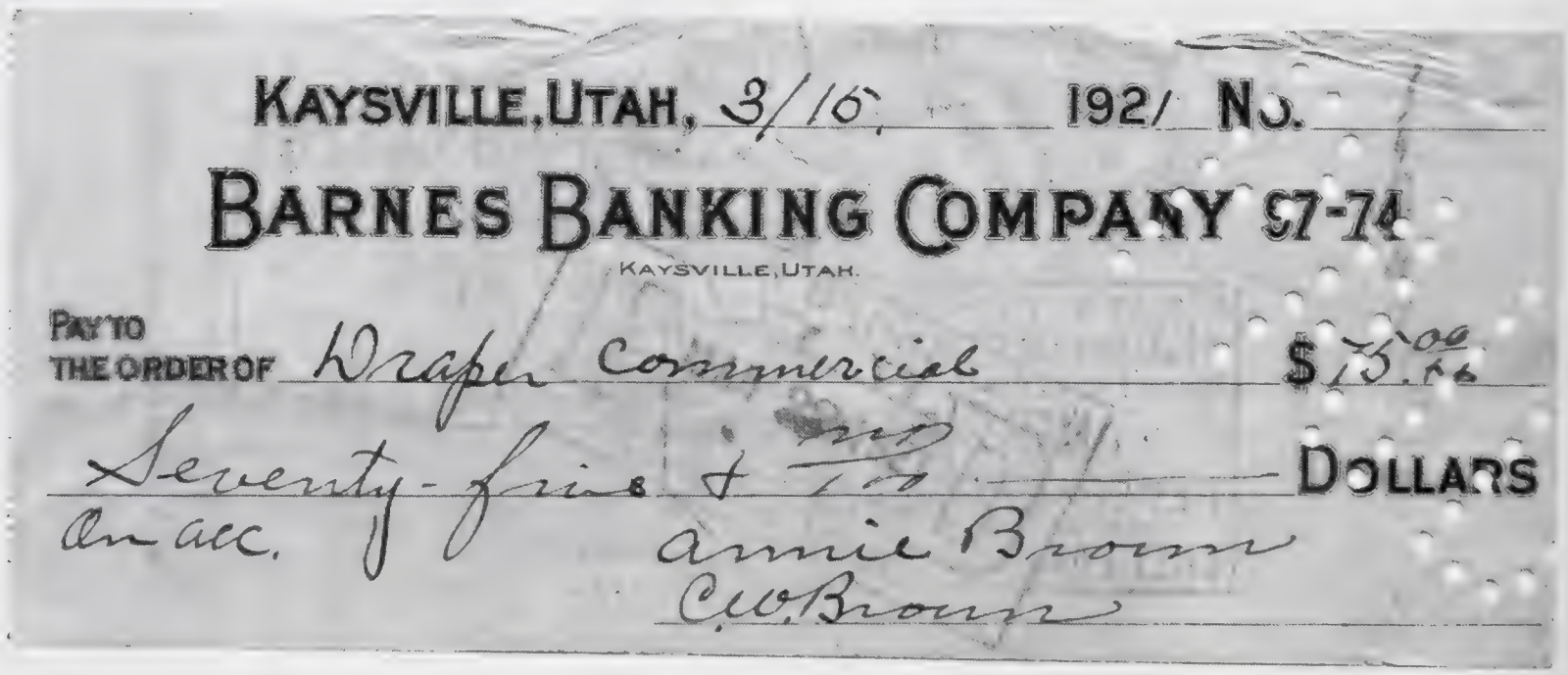
Pay to the order of C W Brown $20 00/xx

Twenty & no/100 Dollars

Returned on loan

Miller & Brown

C W Brown



Kaysville, Utah, 3/16 192/ No.

Barnes Banking Company 97-74

Kaysville, Utah.

Pay to the order of Draper Commercial $75 00

Seventy-five & no/100 Dollars

On acc.

Annie Brown

C W Brown

Obituary

JOY BOWEN

Little Joy Bowen, four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bowen of Ririe, Idaho, came to her death in an accident when a car, driven by C. W. Brown of Parker, struck her.

The accident happened at Parker, Saturday afternoon, on the corner west of Jed Earl's store. Mr. Brown was driving east, turning south at the corner. The little girl with others was standing near the corner of the road and not seeing the car made a rush to cross the street, running in front of the car. The car was running slowly and was stopped very quickly. Hemorrhage of the brain was no doubt the cause of the child's death, as no bones were broken, and the car did not pass over the child. She was rushed to Dr. Ellison's office, but life had passed out before reaching there.

Undertaker W. M. Hansen was called and cared for the body, which was taken to Ririe, Idaho, by the father and other relatives. Funeral services were held there Monday, and the little body was buried by the side of her mother, who passed away two years ago.

Mrs. Bowen will be remembered as Ethel Earl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jed Earl of Parker. The little girl was here for a few days visit with her grand parents, and her aunt, Mrs. Roy Jenkins.

The community deeply sympathizes with Mr. Bowen and family, also extends sympathy to Mr. Brown, who keenly regrets the misfortune. Mr. Bowen received the sad news while working on his farm at Ririe, and when learning that Mr. Brown was the driver, was satisfied that it was an accident, as he realized that Charley Brown was a careful driver.

210
151

RECORD OF FUNERAL.

No. 210 (Total Number) No. 16 (Yearly Number) Date. April 10th 197

Name of Deceased. Joy Bowen (What Race) White (Where Born) Ririe Idaho

~~Wife or Widow~~ Son or Daughter of Mr & Mrs C. L. Bowen Order Given by C. L. Brown

Charge to. C. W. Brown

How Secured. Cash

Address. Parker Idaho

Date of Funeral. Apr. 12 - 1926

Residence. Ririe Idaho

Place of Death. Parker Idaho

Funeral Services at. Ririe Idaho

Time of Funeral Service. 2 P. M.

Clergyman. Bishop

Certifying Physician. R. A. Ellison

His Residence. St Anthony Idaho

Number of Burial Certificate. 151

Cause of Death (Primary) Automobile (Secondary) (See certificate)

Date of Death. April 10th 1926

Occupation of the Deceased. none

Single or Married. Single Religion L.D.S.

Date of Birth. Oct 7th 1921

Aged. 4 Years, 6 Months, 3 Days.

Name of Father. C. L. Bowen

His Birthplace. Honeyville Utah

Name of Mother. Ethel Earl (Maiden Name)

Her Birthplace. Farmington Utah

Body to be shipped to. Ririe Idaho

Size and Style of Casket or Coffin. 6 foot

Manufactured by. Intermountain

Interment at. Ririe Cemetery.

Lot or Grave No. Section No.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

Diagram of Lot or Vault

Designate all Graves in Lot with Numbers (1, 2, 3, 4, etc.), and mark space for this Funeral with a cross (+).
Designate place for Monument with a small square (□)
Use space to the right of Diagram for the names of those buried in Lot.

Price of Casket or Coffin $	50	00
" Metallic Lining (State kind)		
" Outside Box (State kind)		
" Grave Vault (State kind)		
" Burial Robe marker & Gloves		
" Burial Slippers and ~~Hose~~	4	00
Engraving Plate		
Embalming Body (with Fluid)	12	00
Washing and Dressing		
Shaving		
Keeping Body on Ice		
Disinfecting Rooms		
Use of Catafalque and Drapery		
" Folding Chairs		
" Candelabrum and Candles		
Gloves $ Crape $		
Door Crape $ Canopy $		
Hearse		
Carriages to Cemetery @ $		
Automobiles to Cemetery @ $		
Wagon Deliveries		
City Calls (Coaches)		
Death Notices in Newspapers (Names of Newspapers)		
Flowers		
Outlay for Lot		
Opening Grave or Vault		
Lining Grave		
Evergreen		
Tent or Awning Charges		
Vault Rental		
Shipping Charges, prepaid		
Removal Charges		
Cremation Charges		
Porters $ Watchers $		
Personal Services		
Music		
Church Charges		
Total Footing of Bill $	66	00
By Amount Paid in Advance		
Balance		
Entered into Ledger, page or below		

Apr	10	To Funeral Charges Total, $	66	00	Apr.	24	By Cash C. W. Brown $	66	00

PROPERTY OF
DAVID O. McKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

Parker 12-28-29

Mr. G. W. Baird
St Anthony

Inclosed please find my check for $19.30 for the first installment on lot 6 & 1/2 of 3 block 32. Parker.

Yours Very truly
C. O. Brown

CHATTEL MORTGAGE

THIS INDENTURE made this 5 day of October, 1959, between Larry Kerbs of Teton, County of Fremont, State of Idaho as Mortgagor, and C. W. Brown, a corporation, of Parker, Idaho, Mortgagee, WITNESSETH:

That the Mortgagor, for and in consideration of the sums secured hereby, does hereby grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer and convey unto said Mortgagee, the following property complete with standard attachment and equipment now owned by and in the possession of said mortgagor and now located in Fremont county, state aforesaid, to-wit:

New or Used	Year Model	Make Trade Name	No. of Cyl.	Equipment Standard, Sport, De Luxe, etc.	Type of Body If Truck Give Tonnage	Model Letter or Number	Manufacturer's Serial No.	Motor No.
Used	1959	Volkswagem	4	Deluxe	2 dr sdn			

Together with any and all tires and other equipment of every kind whatsoever placed upon said property by way of substitution, replacement or otherwise, during the life of this mortgage.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD said chattels and all of the same unto the said mortgagee, its successors and assigns, forever.

PROVIDED, NEVERTHELESS, this is a chattel mortgage given to secure the payment of the following:

1. To secure payment of the principal sum of Twelve Hundred Seventy Three and 100/44 DOLLARS ($ 1273.44) according to the terms of a promissory note executed and delivered by the mortgagor, of even date herewith, payable to the order of the mortgagee as follows: Payable in 24 Monthly of 53.06 Commencing Nov. 10, 1959 and continueing each and every month until paid in full.

2. To secure payment of any and all extensions or renewals thereof, or of the indebtedness represented by the same.

3. To secure payment of all such further sums as may hereafter be loaned or advanced by the mortgagee herein to the mortgagor herein, or any or either of them, for any purpose, and whether prior to or pending foreclosure proceedings, and of any notes, drafts or other instruments representing such further loans, advances or expenditures together with interest on all such sums at the rate therein provided. Provided, however, that the making of such further loans, advances or expenditures shall be optional with the mortgagee, and provided, further, that it is the express intention of the parties to this mortgage that it shall stand as continuing security until paid for all such advances together with interest thereon.

All of which sums the mortgagor agrees to pay on demand when not otherwise agreed and if the said mortgagor shall well and truly pay each and all of the sums of indebtedness herein specified with interest in accordance with the terms hereof, then these presents shall be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

The mortgagor does hereby further covenant and agree to and with said mortgagee to keep said property insured against loss by fire, theft, collision, and by such other insurance in such form and amounts as the mortgagee may require. Loss thereon shall be payable to mortgagor and mortgagee as their interests may appear. Mortgagor hereby authorizes mortgagee to pay the premiums for such insurance, adding the same to the deferred principal balance then due hereunder and the policies therefor shall be held by the mortgagee until the release of this mortgage.

Mortgagor further covenants and agrees to keep and maintain said mortgaged property in good condition and repair, reasonable wear and tear thereof excepted; to house and protect the same against the elements, not to take the same out of the state aforesaid, nor permit the same to be removed from his possession, or permit the same to be attached nor create, nor permit to be created, any lien, encumbrance or adverse claim of any character against the same, for storage, repairs or otherwise; that he will not sell, transfer or assign his right, title or interest in said property; that he will neither use nor permit said property to be used for any unlawful purpose, nor to be used for hire; that he will register, use, operate and control the same in accordance with all statutes, laws, ordinances; and regulations relating to the registration, use, operation and control of motor vehicles.

It is further understood and agreed that the mortgagee may at all times enter upon the premises where any of said property may be to view the property hereby mortgaged and take any measures necessary for the protection of said property.

It is covenanted and agreed by the mortgagor that he is the sole and lawful owner of the property herein described, and has and is entitled to the exclusive possession thereof; that the same is free of all encumbrances and the mortgagor has full power and authority to convey and mortgage the same and that the mortgagor will warrant and defend the same against the lawful claims and demands of all persons whatsoever; that he will, before maturity, pay off and discharge all taxes, liens, or other charges or encumbrances of every kind however incurred on said property, and in default thereof the same may at mortgagee's option, be paid by the mortgagee and the amount so paid added to the indebtedness secured hereby, but no such payment shall be a waiver of the mortgagor's default therein.

Should the Mortgagee make any advance or advances or spend any money for insurance or for the protection or preservation of said property, or should any collection costs or other obligations arising under this mortgage accrue or be due, such advance or advances together with such collection costs or other obligations arising under this mortgage and unpaid shall be added to the unpaid principal then owing, and shall be secured by this mortgage, and such advance or advances and collection costs shall be paid with the next installment of principal, with interest at the rate of 8% per annum, and the Mortgagee shall have the right upon receipt of any installment or payment secured hereby, to apply the same, first, in satisfaction of any collection costs or other moneys advanced by the Mortgagee hereunder, together with the interest thereon; second, to the satisfaction of any unpaid interest; and, third, to principal; and should there be a deficiency in the amount of any installment or payment after the aforesaid applications, such deficiency shall be payable forthwith, and the failure on the part of the Mortgagor to pay or satisfy same shall, at the election of the Mortgagee and without notice, accelerate for immediate payment the entire unpaid balance of said obligations, including all advances made, collection costs and interest accrued, and the Mortgagee may exercise such right or rights as are reserved to the Mortgagee under the terms of this mortgage.

If default be made in the payment of any sums, moneys or indebtedness now or hereafter secured hereby or any part thereof, or the interest thereon, or if the mortgagor defaults in or fails to comply with or perform any of the covenants, conditions or agreements herein mentioned, or contained, or in case any representation herein made by the mortgagor proves false in any respect, or in case of actual or impending bankruptcy or of insolvency of the mortgagor or in case of material depreciation in the value of the property, subject to the lien hereof, or if for any cause the security afforded hereby shall become inadequate, or if at any time the mortgagee shall deem itself insecure for any reason, (the mortgagee to be the sole judge thereof) with respect to the payment of the sums secured hereby, or if any of the property subject to the lien hereof is attached, levied upon, or for any reason taken possession of, or detained by any person other than the mortgagor, then and in any of the events aforesaid, the mortgagee shall have the right and power and is hereby authorized, at its option to enter upon the property of the mortgagor or any other place where the property covered hereby is situate, and take possession of and remove the same or any part thereof, with or without legal process, and in addition thereto in all or any of the events aforesaid, whether, possession of said property or any part thereof be or be not taken by the mortgagee, the whole of the indebtedness hereby secured shall, at the option of the mortgagee, become immediately due and payable without notice, and the said mortgagee shall in any of the events aforesaid, have the right to proceed to foreclose this mortgage by suit or action, or by notice and sale, as provided by the laws of the state aforesaid, or in any other lawful manner, in any of which foreclosure proceedings the mortgaged property may at the option of the mortgagee be sold as a whole in the event of foreclosure by notice and sale or by suit or action, and the mortgagee may retain from the proceeds of the sale, in addition to all other proper costs, charges and expenses, a reasonable attorney's fee, all of which shall constitute a lien on the property mortgaged. In case the proceeds from any foreclosure sale, judicial or otherwise, fail to satisfy this mortgage, costs and expenses, including a reasonable attorney's fee, and all costs and expenses incurred in taking and retaining possession of said personal property, and in caring for the same pending sale, then said mortgagor agrees to pay any deficiency, said mortgagee may become a purchaser, the same as any other person, at any foreclosure sale hereunder.

The mortgagor agrees to pay all reasonable attorneys' fees incurred by the mortgagee in enforcing any of its rights and remedies hereunder.

If this instrument is executed by more than one person as Mortgagor, each and every promise and obligation herein set forth shall be joint and several.

It is agreed that the property hereby mortgaged may remain in the possession of the mortgagor during the continuance of this mortgage or until default be made.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, said mortgagor has hereunto set his hand and seal the day and year first above written.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of:

James Sullf

Timeway Mercantile

Larry Kerbs

IL-1 REV. 5-55

PROPERTY OF: DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY BYU-IDAHO REXBURG ID 83460-0405

INDIVIDUALS — Acknowledgment
(Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming)

STATE OF Idaho
COUNTY OF Madison } ss.

On this 5 day of October in the year 19 59, before me Helen A. Bauer, a notary public in and for said State, personally appeared Larry Kerbs known to me (or proved to me on oath of) to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

Helen Bauer
Notary Public

My Commission Expires:
March 31, 1963

Residing at Rexburg, Idaho

CORPORATION — Acknowledgment
(Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming)

STATE OF
COUNTY OF } ss.

On this day of , 19 , before me, , a notary public in and for said county and state, personally appeared , to me personally known and known to be the of , the corporation that executed the foregoing instrument, who being by me duly sworn did say that he is the of said corporation and that the seal affixed to said instrument is the corporate seal of said corporation, and that said instrument was signed and sealed in behalf of said corporation by authority of a resolution of its board of directors, and said acknowledged said instrument to be the free act and deed of said corporation and that said corporation executed the same.

WITNESS MY HAND and Notarial seal the day and year first above written.

Notary Public

My Commission Expires:

Residing at

AFFIDAVIT OF TRUE COPY
(Idaho)

STATE OF IDAHO
COUNTY OF Madison } ss.

I James Snell, being first duly sworn on his oath deposes and says:
I am authorized to make this affidavit and I make it on behalf of the mortgagee named in the foregoing document. The said document is a true copy of the original.

James Snell

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5 day of October, 19 59.

Helen Bauer
Notary Public

My Commission Expires:
March 31, 1963

Residing at Rexburg, Idaho

CERTIFICATE OF TRUE COPY
(Utah)

STATE OF UTAH
COUNTY OF } ss.

The undersigned notary public hereby certifies that the above and foregoing copy is a true and correct copy of the original chattel mortgage, executed, acknowledged and delivered by the Mortgagor named therein to the mortgagee named therein.

Notary Public

My Commission Expires:

Residing at

CERTIFICATE OF TRUE COPY BY CLERK
(Wyoming)

STATE OF WYOMING
COUNTY OF } ss.

I, Clerk of said County, do hereby certify that the foregoing upon which this is endorsed is a true copy of the original chattel mortgage now exhibited to me.

Witness my hand and seal this day of , 19 .

Clerk of said County.

(Seal)

81

Fremont
County
PIONEER
1954

Seventeenth Annual Old Folks Party

Friday, March the Eighth

Nineteen Hundred Eighteen.

Greetings to

COMMITTEE

MR. C. W. BROWN MR. F. C. JACKSON

MRS. L. ARDEN STODDARD

Hansen's

Funeral Home

PHONE MA 4-7351

ST. ANTHONY, IDAHO

July 18, 1960

To: Mrs. Wilma Quayle
Parker, Idaho

1960			
May 21	Funeral complete for Charles W. Brown		$ 877.00
	Galion Steel Vault		225.00
	Pants 4.95; Apromn 8.00; Shirt 4.00; Tie 1.00		17.95
	Slippers 3.00; Sox .50		3.50
	Lettering Marker- Parker Cemetery		28.50
	Opening grave- Parker Cemetery		15.00
	Underwear		3.25
			$1170.20
May, 26	By Check- Wilma Quayle	$ 849.15	
July 1	By Check- Wilma Quayle	75.00	
July 18	By Check-Wilma Quayle	246.05	
		$1170.20	

Paid in full
Many Thanks
M L Hansen

CERTIFICATE OF VITAL RECORD

STATE OF IDAHO

IDAHO DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE
BUREAU OF HEALTH POLICY AND VITAL STATISTICS

RECEIVED JUN 23 1958 Bureau of Vital Statistics

Certificate of Death

STATE OF IDAHO

State File No. 2133
Local Reg. No. 37
Reg. Dist. No. 651

BIRTH NO.

1. PLACE OF DEATH
a. COUNTY: Fremont
b. CITY OR TOWN (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township): Parker
c. LENGTH OF STAY (In this place): 50 yrs
d. FULL NAME OF HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION (If not in hospital or institution, give street address or location):

2. USUAL RESIDENCE (Where deceased lived. If institution: residence before admission).
a. STATE: Idaho b. COUNTY: Fremont
c. CITY OR TOWN (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township): Parker
d. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location):

3. NAME OF DECEASED (Type or Print): a. (First) MARTHA b. (Middle) LETITIA c. (Last) ORGILL BROWN

4. DATE OF DEATH (Month) (Day) (Year): June 12, 1958

5. SEX: Female
6. COLOR OR RACE: White
7. MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED (Specify): Married
8. DATE OF BIRTH: June 9, 1878
9. AGE (In years last birthday): 80 — If under 1 year: Months 0, Days 3; If under 24 hrs.: Hours, Min.

10a. USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired): Housewife
10b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY:

11. BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country): Draper, Utah
12. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY? USA

13. FATHER'S NAME: Joseph Orgill, BIRTHPLACE: Derbyshire, England
14. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME: Phoebe Croxall, BIRTHPLACE: Derbyshire, England

15. WAS DECEASED EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (Yes, no, or unknown): No (If yes, give war or dates of service):
16. SOCIAL SECURITY NO.: None
17. INFORMANT'S OWN SIGNATURE: Wilma Teagle, ADDRESS: Parker, Idaho

18. CAUSE OF DEATH — Enter only one cause per line for (a), (b), and (c).
This does not mean the mode of dying, such as heart failure, asthenia, etc. It means the disease, injury, or complication which caused death.

MEDICAL CERTIFICATION

I. DISEASE OR CONDITION DIRECTLY LEADING TO DEATH* (a) Myocardial Lingering — INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH

ANTECEDENT CAUSES
Morbid conditions, if any, giving rise to the above cause (a) stating the underlying cause last.
DUE TO (b) Senility illness
DUE TO (c) Int. Cancer

II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS
Conditions contributing to the death but not related to the disease or condition causing death.

19a. DATE OF OPERATION:
19b. MAJOR FINDINGS OF OPERATION:
20. AUTOPSY? YES ☐ NO ☐

21a. ACCIDENT SUICIDE HOMICIDE (Specify):
21b. PLACE OF INJURY (e.g., in or about home, farm, factory, street, office bldg., etc.):
21c. (CITY, TOWN, OR TOWNSHIP) (COUNTY) (STATE):
21d. TIME OF INJURY (Month) (Day) (Year) (Hour) m.:
21e. INJURY OCCURRED WHILE AT WORK ☐ NOT WHILE AT WORK ☐
21f. HOW DID INJURY OCCUR?

22. *I hereby certify that I attended the deceased from* — 1 *, 1957, to* June 12, 1958, *that I last saw the deceased alive on* 6-10 *, 1958, and that death occurred at* 8:30P *m., from the causes and on the date stated above.*

23a. SIGNATURE: H B Rigby MD (Degree or Title)
23b. ADDRESS: Rexburg, Idaho
23c. DATE SIGNED: 16 June 58

24a. BURIAL, CREMATION, REMOVAL (Specify): Burial
24b. DATE: 16 June 58
24c. NAME OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY: Parker Cemetery
24d. LOCATION (City, town, or county) (State): Parker, Fremont County, Idaho

DATE REC'D BY LOCAL REG.: 16 June 58
REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE: M L Hansen
25. FUNERAL DIRECTOR: M L Hansen
ADDRESS: Wallowfly

Federal Security Agency
United States Public Health Service
Form DPH-48021

This is a true and correct reproduction of the document officially registered and placed on file with the IDAHO BUREAU OF HEALTH POLICY AND VITAL STATISTICS.

DATE ISSUED: MAR 31 2004

This copy is not valid unless prepared on engraved border displaying state seal and signature of the Registrar

JANE S. SMITH
STATE REGISTRAR

GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF IDAHO

ANY ALTERATION OR ERASURE VOIDS THIS CERTIFICATE

PROPERTY OF DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY BYU-I

CERTIFICATE OF VITAL RECORD

STATE OF IDAHO

IDAHO DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE
BUREAU OF HEALTH POLICY AND VITAL STATISTICS

Certificate of Death

STATE OF IDAHO

State File No. 1984
Local Reg. No. 74
Reg. Dist. No. 651

BIRTH NO.

RECEIVED MAY 31 1960 Bureau of Vital Statistics

1. PLACE OF DEATH
a. COUNTY Fremont 220
b. CITY OR TOWN (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) Parker
c. LENGTH OF STAY (In this place) 60 yrs
d. FULL NAME OF HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION (If not in hospital or institution, give street address or location)

2. USUAL RESIDENCE (Where deceased lived. If institution: residence before admission).
a. STATE Idaho 220 b. COUNTY Fremont
c. CITY OR TOWN (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) Parker
d. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location)

3. NAME OF DECEASED (Type or Print) a. (First) CHARLES b. (Middle) WILLIAM c. (Last) BROWN

4. DATE OF DEATH (Month) (Day) (Year) May 18, 1960

5. SEX Male
6. COLOR OR RACE White
7. MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED (Specify) Widowed
8. DATE OF BIRTH Nov., 4, 1874
9. AGE (In years last birthday) 85 | If under 1 year: Months | Days | If under 24 hrs.: Hours | Min.

10a. USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired) Sheepman and Farmer
10b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY Self
11. BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country) Draper, Utah
12. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY? USA

13. FATHER'S NAME Norman Brown 04 BIRTHPLACE 3
14. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME Annie Smith BIRTHPLACE 3

15. WAS DECEASED EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (Yes, no, or unknown)
(If yes, give war or dates of service)
16. SOCIAL SECURITY NO.
17. INFORMANT'S OWN SIGNATURE Wilma B. Jungle ADDRESS Parker, Idaho

18. CAUSE OF DEATH 420.1
Enter only one cause per line for (a), (b), and (c)

*This does not mean the mode of dying, such as heart failure, asthenia, etc. It means the disease, injury, or complication which caused death.

MEDICAL CERTIFICATION

I. DISEASE OR CONDITION DIRECTLY LEADING TO DEATH* (a) Coronary Thrombosis — INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH 12 hrs

ANTECEDENT CAUSES
Morbid conditions, if any, giving rise to the above cause (a) stating the underlying cause last.
DUE TO (b) Chronic myocarditis — 2 yrs
DUE TO (c)

II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS
Conditions contributing to the death but not related to the disease or condition causing death.

19a. DATE OF OPERATION
19b. MAJOR FINDINGS OF OPERATION none
20. AUTOPSY? YES ☐ NO ☑

21a. ACCIDENT SUICIDE HOMICIDE (Specify)
21b. PLACE OF INJURY (e.g., in or about home, farm, factory, street, office bldg., etc.)
21c. (CITY, TOWN, OR TOWNSHIP) (COUNTY) (STATE)

21d. TIME OF INJURY (Month) (Day) (Year) (Hour) m.
21e. INJURY OCCURRED WHILE AT WORK ☐ NOT WHILE AT WORK ☐
21f. HOW DID INJURY OCCUR?

22. I hereby certify that I attended the deceased from 5/17, 1960, to 5/18, 1960, that I last saw the deceased alive on 5/18, 1960 and that death occurred at 7 A.M. m., from the causes and on the date stated above.

23a. SIGNATURE M. Y. Rigby (Degree or title) MD
23b. ADDRESS St. Anthony, Idaho
23c. DATE SIGNED 20 May 60

24a. BURIAL, CREMATION, REMOVAL (Specify) Burial
24b. DATE 21 May 60
24c. NAME OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY Parker Cemetery
24d. LOCATION (City, town, or county) (State) Parker, Idaho Fremont County

DATE REC'D BY LOCAL REG. 21 May 60
REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE M. L. Hansen
25. FUNERAL DIRECTOR M. L. Hansen ADDRESS St. Anthony, Idaho

Federal Security Agency
United States Public Health Service
Form DPH-48021

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DATE ISSUED: MAR 31 2004

This copy is not valid unless prepared on engraved border displaying state seal and signature of the Registrar

JANE S. SMITH
STATE REGISTRAR

GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF IDAHO

ANY ALTERATION OR ERASURE VOIDS THIS CERTIFICATE

Oral Interview with Melba Brown Andrus

A. Today is April 23, 1982. Mother and I are sitting in her house in Ucon. The purpose of this recording is to obtain some of her history and highlights in her life.

Mother, would you give me your full name, when you born, where you were born, and then I'll ask some questions to move us into the early part of your life.

M. My name is Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus. I was born January 4, 1906. I was born about 2 miles north of the townsite of Parker on our ranch which was an irrigated ranch and we also raised sheep.

A. Parker is a little west of St. Anthony, about four miles?

M. About five or six miles.

A. How settled was Parker when you lived there as a girl?

M. I don't recall just what the population would be. Perhaps counting all the outlying area where they farmed, maybe the population would be around 350-500 people.

A. Was there still a lot of sage brush to be seen around Parker?

M. No. You had to go out north and west of Parker to find the sage brush. Our ranch which was 2 miles north of Parker, had a lot of sagebrush on the north, and it was real close to the sand hills. There was also sage brush to the west. Some of the fields hadn't been farmed in those days very far west and just a few east of our ranch.

A. You are the first child in a family of how many children?

M. Four children. I was the oldest. My baby brother, Charles Milton was born in February 1908. In that summer he became very ill with what they called at that time "summer complaint." Babies got that quite often then. The medical world didn't have anything to combat it with, and many babies passed away. So he died in September 1908. It was a great disappointment to Mother and Father. I remember him very faintly. I remember when he was sick and playing outside. I can remember the day of his funeral and going to the cemetery with Father and Mother and the rest of the people who were at the funeral and remember the open grave.

I had two sisters, Therel and Wilma. Therel was born when I was 8 years old and Wilma was born when I was 11.

I was really happy when Therel was born. I had quite a lonely childhood up to that point. I used to want to play with other children, and Mother didn't want me to go away and play with other children. The children came to play with me. I was really happy when we had another baby. I helped Mother with Therel very much. I used to take her around the block in the summer time and take care of her. We had a baby buggy that I wheeled around the

block and I loved taking care of her. Three years after we had another baby, Wilma. We were really happy to welcome her into the family, too. She was born while Father was away in Omaha. He had gone there with sheep in November, and she was born while he was gone. As I remember, he came back the evening after she was born.

A. Mother, would you describe Grandma and Grandpa for us. How do you remember them as a little girl?

M. Well, my Father was a wonderful man to me. He took a lot of time with me. When out on the ranch when I was a really little girl and he was a really busy man cutting out sheep and keeping the farm going, I used to go with him every day. I would run almost as fast as he did when he was running to catch a sheep when he was cutting them out. We had a large barn and many sheep sheds out west of where the house was we lived in. I don't remember how large a herd Father maintained at that time, but it was a large herd of sheep and we had many sheep sheds to keep care of the sheep. So I used to go out with him when he was out cutting the sheep out and putting them in the pens and places they needed to go. I tried to run as fast as my Father did. I would go out in the fields with him. I remember one time in the summer time when Mormon crickets were so thick in one of our fields that you couldn't stand without stepping on top of them. I was frightened of them and I would go hopping along holding tight to Father's hand trying not to step on them. When he was out turning water and irrigating, I went with him, too. When I got thirsty, he would get a drink from the canal. We would drink out of his cupped hands or out of his hat. It doesn't sound very clean, but it tasted good to me to drink out of my Father's hat.

I remember one time playing along the side of the canal, as a little girl. It had a large ant bed. I got in the ant bed and I stood and screamed and screamed until my mother came. I don't remember how she got the ants off me, but I was covered with them.

A. I remember your telling a story of how one of Grandpa's sheep took after you one time and bunted you.

M. Yes, he bunted me on sort of a rocky hill that was on the barnyard side. He bunted me down the hill, and made me really dizzy. Father came and got me and took me down to the house. That is the time we had a hired man. He and his family lived in the house that we had lived in when I was a really little girl. I sat there on one of their chairs the biggest part of the afternoon trying to get

over the dizziness that had been caused from bumping down that rocky hill.

I remember when I was a little larger, maybe about 11 or 12 years old, Father used to take me out in the fields west of that ranch to gather up the sheep at night. It was the fall of the year when they were grazing off the farmland where grain had been raised. There was one sheep that had been a pet lamb. Whenever he saw me, he'd run after me, and of course, I was afraid of him because I was afraid he was going to bunt me. So I watched for that sheep to come and when I saw him coming, I'd try and get around so I could jump on his back and ride him in with the rest of the sheep.

A. Will you describe for us what Grandpa looked like?

M. He was average height, perhaps about 5' 8" tall. He wasn't thin and he wasn't a fat man, either. He was medium weight. He had a lot of dark brown hair and it was slightly wavy. He had bushy eyebrows. He was a healthy man. I don't ever remember him ever being sick. He had a finger that was all bent out of shape, in fact, I think when he was younger, he had broken it playing ball. He played on the ball team at the University of Utah. He was the catcher, and his brother George was the pitcher. They won many ball games for the university at this time. This time he broke his finger and it was never set, of course, so it was rather crooked.

A. Did he play baseball after he left the university?

M. He played baseball — that is all I remember about Father when he was younger and in his middle-aged years. He was the manager of the ball team in Parker and St. Anthony at one time. They had a regular ball team. If they ever lacked a player on the ball team, they'd always come and get Father. He wouldn't be dressed in his ball suit, he would go sliding around that ball field in his best pants sometimes, but it didn't make any difference to him. He was at the height of his glory when he was playing ball.

A. If I remember correctly, you were telling me one time he was in the same class at the university with David O McKay?

M. Yes he was. They graduated at the same time. We have a picture of that graduating class; President McKay is in that picture.

A. Mother, will you tell us what Grandpa's disposition was like.

M. He was an even-tempered man. He always tried to get along without any quarrels or problems with anybody. I don't ever remember him swearing. If he did, it was out where he was working with the machinery, the horses, the sheep, wherever it was, but I don't ever recall him swearing around the home.

A. Did he ever argue with Grandma that you know of?

M. No, if she said anything that aggravated him, he would start whistling and walk out of the house and out to the barnyard and try to end it that way.

A. Is there anything more you would like to say about Grandpa?

M. Yes, I would like to tell about the times that Grandpa helped me with arithmetic when I was struggling through grade school and high school with just common arithmetic and geometry and algebra. If it hadn't been for my Father, I just wouldn't have made the grade. We had a session every night. I'd sit and cry, but he never did get really angry with me. He was a whiz at figures and working problems. At one time he was a school teacher when he came to Parker, so he taught other boys and girls how to figure. He was really kind with me when he tried to get me to see the problems. I will always appreciate that.

A. Now, talk about Grandma for a few minutes. First tell us what she looked like and talk about her disposition.

M. She was a rather tall, thin lady. She never was fleshy. She was always really thin. She was rather withdrawn and kind. When she spoke, we knew she meant business. I never disobeyed my mother because I didn't dare disobey her. I just want to say here that we three girls never did talk back to our mother or father. We did as they told us.

Mother liked to help people out with their problems. She was always giving the neighbors food. She was an excellent housekeeper. Everything was neat and clean. She was a good cook. She took good care of us three girls and Father. Our clothing was always the very best, and we looked our very best wherever we went. She saw to it that we went to church, Primary, Sunday School, and when we grew a little older, and had positions in the church, she saw to it that we were always there to fulfill that position. I don't know if she held office in Relief Society, or if she was a Sunday School teacher, or Primary teacher. I don't know if they ever asked her. She was a good woman.

A. Mother, Grandma sure could make good root beer. I remember the root beer she used to make and I would go up and stay a week with her and Grandpa, and every day about midway through the afternoon, she would pour me a glass of root beer and I would sit out on the landing drinking that root beer and think there was nothing better in the world than that.

M. Yes, and I just want to say here, too, that perhaps her grandchildren will remember her as an older woman. But my

Father, I've heard him say many times, "he married the prettiest girl in Draper." She was a nice looking young lady when she was young.

A. Are your memories of home life happy memories?

M. I have happy memories of my home life. I've told some of the things that made me happy, reading books, going to school. I came home every day from school at noon to eat my lunch, and I never had to wait for my lunch. In fact, we never had to wait for any of our meals at home. We always had breakfast at a certain time, lunch at a certain time, only it was dinner then, and supper at a certain time. Father wasn't always there because he was so busy out doing work that sometimes he came in late, but it was always ready for us. Yes, I had a happy childhood. I had some good friends I grew up with. And I loved to play ball. We used to play ball. We played hopscotch, we played hide-and-seek, run sheep run. We used to clean out the raspberry patches every springtime and pile up all the dry wood from the raspberries and have a big bon fire and play run sheep run. We had a good time. As I said, I had some good friends I grew up with, both boys and girls. Two of my very best girl friends were Portia Davis and Louie Larson; they were tops. Louie is still alive and she lives in Wilmington, California. Portia passed away about eight or ten years ago, and she was a lovely friend too. Our Portia is named for her.

A. Are there any particular things that happened with these two friends you would like to talk about, maybe events that stand out in your mind?

M. There is one that stands out and it was when I was in the eighth grade. We used to take tests for our final tests graduating from the eighth grade that was made up by the . . . well, I don't know if they were made up by the county superintendent or whether they were made up by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. But all eighth graders had to take them throughout the whole State of Idaho. And our teachers did not grade them. It was the county superintendent who graded them . . . I think that's who it was. There were three people in the eighth grade when I graduated who were in line for the valedictorian address and the salutatory address. They were Louie Wade, one of my best girl friends, myself, and George Lavell Crapo. When the grades came back, Louie and I both had the same grade average. It was a 98+ something, but I can't remember. Lavell had a 97+. So it was up to us two girls who were going to give the valedictorian and

salutatorian addresses. I think we drew cuts. Louie got the valedictory and I got the salutatory.

A. Do you remember your high school days in Parker with lots of fond memories?

M. Very well.

A. Was there a high school in Parker at the time you went to school there?

M. Yes. By the time my friends and I were ready for high school, they had organized two years of high school there in Parker. It was very interesting at one of the meetings before they had it organized, my father asked me a few days before they had this important meeting of all the tax payers, if I would stand up and offer to see that the school house was cleaned that whole summer, without them having to pay to have it cleaned. He said that it would help a lot. So I did. I stood up in the meeting and told them I would organize a group of girls from the town and we would clean that whole school house that summer and they wouldn't have to pay us. That would save some toward getting the high school started. They accepted the challenge, and we did. I don't recall how many girls there were, but there was a large group of them that cleaned that whole school from top to bottom that summer. We did, and we had a high school that fall with some good teachers. I had fond memories of those teachers. There are three that stand out in my memory as super teachers and super people. One was Ann Clark. She was from Rexburg, and she later became the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Fremont County. Another one was J. Austin Belnap. He was from a little town between Parker and Rexburg, but I don't remember the name of it right now. Another one was John Metcalf. He was a young fellow who came to teach school and he was a super teacher, too. He was a veteran of World War I, and was in some of the important battles in the war over in France. I don't recall the important one that he fought in, but it was one of the important battles.

A. Tell us a little bit about World War I and what you remember about that. How did the war affect the people of Parker? Did they think we were doing the right thing when we entered the war or did they think we ought not to get involved in it? What do you remember about that?

M. I remember that patriotism ran high in those days all over America. Of course, I was just young then, 11 or 12 years old. But as I remember, people were glad that we went to help France. We really owed it to France. From when they came and helped us

when we were trying to win our independence. Our neighbor boy from across the street from us went to France and he wrote me letters all the time he was there. He was a lot older than I was, so it was interesting to get those letters from him. There were many of the young fellows from Parker who went to France. My father was just over the age that they didn't draft him.

Patriotism did run high in our country during those years. At school, we knitted wash cloths to send to the soldiers in France. I don't remember what we made them out of, but we also made rolled bandages to send. We used to write stories in school about being Red Cross nurses and the boys would write stories about being soldiers over there — it was very interesting.

A. Tell us a little bit about the economy during this period of time. Was there a lot of money to be had? Were there a lot of ways to make money, or was money pretty scarce? How did Grandma and Grandpa Brown fare during those days?

M. Well, during the war days, money didn't bother me much, but as I remember, the economy wasn't bad. Father always seemed to get along pretty well. He made quite well off the sheep and the farm produce. Of course, Mother never did any work outside the home.

A. Mother, can you remember any financially severe times during this period of time we are talking about now?

M. No, the time I remember most is during the 30's when we had that severe depression.

A. Are you talking about the Great Depression?

M. Yes.

A. When were you married in relation to the Great Depression?

M. We were married in 1929, just when it was beginning to start.

A. What stands out in your mind about the Great Depression and the life you and Dad lived?

M. There just wasn't any money. We never did go to a store or clothing shop. We never went to a furniture store. The only place we went was to the grocery store and we didn't buy many groceries because we had to raise practically everything we ate. About the only thing people bought in those days, people down in the lower class, anyway, I suppose we were in the lower class, were things like baking powder, soda, soap, and a lot of people made their own soap. We even had a hard time paying doctor bills during those days. We had one or two doctors who were really angry because we couldn't pay our bill. We finally got them paid, but they just had to take it as we got it. I remember we had a big mother China pig, and she used to have 15 babies at a time. The mother pig, as

I said, had 15 babies one time, and she got infection. The little pigs couldn't eat from her. So, I mixed up some olive oil and alcohol, took a stick and wrapped a lot of cotton and gauze around it, and I used to massage her udder to see if I could get it better so her pigs could have nourishment again. She finally got better, but all the time the pigs couldn't eat, I fed them with a bottle. Those pigs grew to be pretty big pigs, I guess you could call them wieners, and Reed had a chance to sell those pigs to a fellow here in Ucon, and he sold them for $1.25 each. I was pretty upset because they were more than that to me after raising them like I did. You can tell exactly how much we didn't get out of some of the things we sold.

A. I guess Dad needed the money pretty desperately in order to sell pigs at a price that cheap. I'd like you to talk for a few minutes about your experiences at the shearing corral. You've told some stories about the times you spent at the shearing corral. Please tell those again.

M. My father owned a shearing corral up at Pine Butte. Now, Pine Butte is north of St. Anthony and east of Parker. I guess it must be 25 miles from Parker. I don't now, it probably is still desolate country, but it was then. There are two places up there that were active volcanoes at one time. One of them has a deep well down in the bottom with water. They've never been able to find the bottom of it. Someone put a pump on top and that is the way the shearing corral got its water from the deep well that was once a volcano. They used to haul the water in a water wagon from the well to the cook house, and to the shearing pens. Another place up there that was a volcano at one time, in those days, and I suppose it is still that way, had tall pine trees growing from the very bottom of that place so you could just see the tips of them as you went up to the hill where it is. That's where Pine Butte Shearing corral got its name. Father and J.J. Remington owned the shearing corral together, and of course, they sheared sheep up there every spring time. They would hire perhaps 25 shearers and come in there and shear sheep every spring. They would shear all day long, and they had to be fed morning, noon, and night — breakfast, lunch, and supper. So they had to hire a cook and helper. One year, Father hired Emily Vawdry to be the cook. Now she was a very dear friend of ours, and she had a good-sized family, but when I knew her best was when she only had a son and a daughter left. Her son went to high school when I did. Anyway she went up to the shearing corral that spring and I went along as her

helper. I remember one morning she cooked 100 eggs to feed those shearers for their breakfast. I used to peel the potatoes, and I had to peel an immense amount of potatoes. When we got through up there, and we were there two weeks . . . when I got home, the hand I had peeled the potatoes with was really brown, all stained from peeling so many potatoes. It felt like it was crippled.

There was a shack they called the cook shack, and they ate their meals in that shack. We had a bed in one corner and that's where we slept. At night we could hear the rats running back and forth along the rafters where we slept. But, we got along, and I think I was up there for about two weeks.

A. How did Grandpa fair financially with the sheep?

M. Some years were good, and some weren't so good. Some years they got paid well for the sheep they took back to the Eastern markets, and the same with the wool that was taken off of them. Some times they got paid well for the wool, and sometimes it wasn't so good. He managed pretty well, in the year 1919 there was a drought. The hay didn't turn out so good. If I remember there was very little hay to be bought in this area. They had to take the sheep, and I don't remember how they took them . . . I don't think they trucked them down there. Maybe they trailed them part of the way down to the Twin Falls and Hagerman Valley so they would be able to have grass or hay to eat down there. They brought them back in the spring time. That was a setback for him. It was after that time he had to find another fellow to buy into his herd with him to save the sheep. The fellow that went in as partner with him in the sheep business was Bishop Miller Parker. It didn't work out so well; Father wasn't happy with the way it was, so he finally sold all the sheep and went out of the business. It was at that time he . . . I don't know what to call him, I guess he was road master for Fremont County. They built the roads in Fremont County and he was the one who had charge of it. He also ran potato sorting crews for the potato business which had grown into a pretty big business in Parker at that time. So that is the way he lived the latter part of his life.

A. Now, when you were talking about the shearing camp, I wanted to ask you, what did the shearers use to shear the sheep with? Did they use electric shears?

M. Let me think how they did that. There wasn't any electricity up there. They must have used gasoline engines. Yes, I know they did. That is what furnished the power for them to shear with.

A. When did electricity come to Parker?

M. Electricity came to Parker in about, well, it was earlier than 1920, but I don't remember the exact year. It could have been 1917. I remember the first night we had electricity in Parker. It was right before the 4th of July. In fact, it was the 3rd of July. They put red, white, and blue lights all across the main intersection of Parker, and when they lighted them, it really looked beautiful that night. We had lights in our homes that night for the first time from electricity. Prior to that time we used coal oil (kerosene) lamps and gasoline lamps.

A. How did you feel when the electric lights were turned on for the first time?

M. It was glorious. To see all those lights shining — it was the best we ever had. I remember we used to read by the light of a coal oil lamp.

A. You mention that Grandpa possibly trailed the sheep from Parker to the Twin Falls area where they could get feed. Does this mean there were no railroads or does it mean he couldn't afford to ship them by the railroad?

M. Yes there were railroads, but I think they did it the cheapest way possible — they trailed them down there.

A. Do you remember when the railroad came into Parker?

M. Yes, I remember when the railroad came into Parker. That was between 1915 and 1917. It was a spur line that came from St. Anthony, and I don't remember when they put the rails and ties down, but they must have been several days doing that. I remember the day that cars came through. That was a wonderful day, especially for all us kids. It must have been during a school day and they let school out for us to watch it. From then on, that was the place where we played every time we had recess, we would go to the railroad track which was only about a half a block from where the school house was, and we would take pins with us and put on the railroad track and other things and wait for an engine to come along and make little trinkets after it passed over the nails or pins or whatever we put on the railroad tracks. That soon ended because the principal called a group of us that had been doing that in his office one day. He showed us a strap he had there and said he would use it on us if we ever went down there during school again. So we couldn't go down to the railroad track anymore.

A. Did the coming of the railroad to Parker help the town out economically?

M. Oh yes. As I remember, it was after then that the potato industry started to flourish. They built a big warehouse and many potato pits along the track.

A. Let's talk for a minute about automobiles and trucks. Did Grandpa own an automobile during the time you were growing up?

M. The first ride I remember having in a car was when I was 12 or 13. Some sheep men came out to talk with my Father one day and they were in a car. Father took me with him and we went for a car ride. That is the first time I remember ever being in a car. It must have been 1914-1915 before we had a car. Our first car was a secondhand car . . . I think it was an Oldsmobile. From that we went to a new Studebaker that Father went to Salt Lake to get. It was a dark red, and it was a beautiful car. Those first cars were really cold to ride in during the winter time. Of course we didn't have a heating system. They weren't enclosed or glassed like they are now. They had curtains, made of imitation leather and then they had strips of isinglass on them. Isinglass was sort of a plastic so you could see out. Just small strips. If the windshield got frozen over in the winter, you had to drive with your head out the side window, the window in the driver's door to see because we had no windshield wipers, we had no way of heating the cars to keep the windshield clear.

A. Did Grandpa ever own a tractor?

M. No, he never.

A. Or a truck?

M. No.

A. You moved off the ranch and moved into the village of Parker fairly early in your life. Is that right?

M. Yes, I was just a really little girl when we moved into Parker. Father hired a man and his family that lived out on the ranch and helped him. Every spring time Father, Mother, and I, and this was before Wilma was born, we would move back out there about February when they were lambing, when the lambs were coming, and we lived in what we called the pump house. The pump house was just a two-roomed log house that was up north of the barn and up by the sheep sheds. It had a big gasoline engine in the one room, and that pumped all the water for the sheep and the horses. We lived in the other room, we lived there for about one month while they were having the lambing season. We had a bed, table, chairs, cupboard, and big heavy dishes and a camp stove while we lived there.

A. So, during most of the years as you grew up in Parker, you got

around by means of horses, buggies, and wagons.

M. Father had two horses, and they both pulled the buggy. There was one we called Nig and he pulled a buggy. Father had a racing horse named Pet. She was a very high-strung horse and no one could drive her but my father. She never did run away. She could make it from Parker over to St. Anthony to the railroad depot in 19 minutes when she was pulling a buggy and 15 minutes when she was pulling a cutter. A cutter is a one-seated sleigh — rather a fancy deal that people used to travel in and only one horse was needed to pull it. As I said, she was a high-spirited horse. You couldn't put a saddle on her and ride her that way. She only pulled a buggy or sleigh. We used to hitch Old Nig to the buggy; he's the one that ran away when a friend of Mother's and I were going to town one day to take some raspberries. We had been picking raspberries all morning and some lady up in St. Anthony had bought them, so this friend was going to drive the horse and deliver the raspberries and I was going with her. Her name was Leah Thompson and she was a very dear friend of ours. She and her husband had come from Missouri and lived in Parker and we were very dear friends. She had no children. As I say, we were taking old Nig to town to deliver the raspberries. On the way up he just got slower and slower so we stopped and got a switch off the side of the road from some willow trees. While she was over getting the switch, he must have heard her getting it and got afraid and started to run and I was in the buggy. He ran about a block going straight east toward St. Anthony and turned real quickly across a bridge and then turned real quickly again down the side of a ditch between the ditch and a fence. As he turned the second time, he threw me out into the wire fence and gooseberry briars that were there and ripped my arm. He just about ripped the whole arm off. There was just a little space at the top of the arm where they didn't have to stitch it. There were some people coming along the road with a horse and buggy. They thought I was dead and they ran up quickly to pick me up, but I had crawled up by then and was standing there and my arm, of course, was bleeding badly. One of them called the doctor and he came down to my folks' place and stitched my injured arm.

A. Did it heal all right?

M. Yes, it healed really well. I had to go to school early in the fall with it all tied up like a broken arm, but it did. As I remember, the doctor put about ten stitches in it. That same horse ran away with Father one night when he was coming in from the ranch. The only

way he got the horse stopped was to seesaw back and forth on the reigns and the horse started kicking and he kicked so hard he got his feet up on the dashboard of the buggy and couldn't go anywhere.

A. I guess that served him right then, didn't it? Okay, Mother, before we get into your married life, I wanted to ask you about weather patterns. Today you hear from a lot of people how the weather seems to be changing — it's getting colder, we're getting snow later on in the season, and they seem to worry a lot about this. Do you remember any times when you were growing up when the weather was very cold in the late spring or when you had snow when maybe you shouldn't have had it?

M. I don't remember it that way so much, but we used to have some severe winters. We had lots of snow in those years, much more snow than we have now. The snow used to be as high as the fence posts in the Parker and St. Anthony area. I remember it used to be so deep over at the school house, the fence over there had a 2 x 4 running along the very top so we could stand up on that. At recess times we used to stand on that 2 x 4 that was on top of the fence and dive down into the snow. That was great. We used to have snow until late in the spring, that kind of snow.

A. Would spring come all at once when it came, or did winter die out slowly?

M. As I remember, winter just died out. March was always a bad month for mud and snow and the water was running all over the roads with the melted snow. No, it was late going.

A. Did you ever have snow in the late spring or early summer?

M. Yes, I remember one time when the ladies had worked all day long freezing ice cream. We were going to celebrate the Fourth of July and we were going to have a celebration in Parker. The ladies had worked all day long freezing homemade ice cream. We couldn't go to the factories then and buy ice cream, we had to make our own. The next morning there was snow on the ground, the 4th of July. We didn't celebrate. An old gentlemen whose name was Donas Brower that lived not very far from us, said he'd go around and sell the ice cream for the ladies. I remember he went around saying, "Come on now, buy some ice cream and give your tongue a sleigh ride."

A. Mother, for a few minutes now I'd like you to tell us how you came to Ucon. You were born and raised in Parker, went to school there, and went to school in Rexburg at the Ricks Academy. How did you get down here in Ucon?

M. Well, after I went to school in Rexburg, the next fall and winter I taught in Egin. It was pleasant teaching there. I taught 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades. They were good children. Some of the boys in the 5th grade were almost as big as I was at that time. I remember one day I got really upset with one of the boys and tried to shake him in his seat and I shook the whole row of kids. I didn't have any problems. They were good kids.

I will never forget one little incident. I had never been afraid of mice, but the kids in Egin didn't know that. When springtime came, some of the boys had been outside playing and found a mouse. They brought it in very quietly when I wasn't looking and put it in the top drawer of my desk. So after recess, I opened up the top drawer to get something and there was that mouse. I picked the mouse up by the tail and held him up in front of the kids, and you should have seen the looks on their faces. I said, "Will the one who put the mouse in the drawer, please come get it and throw it out." That didn't go over very big. I didn't want to teach there again, I wanted to get into a bigger school, and that was only a three-teacher school. I enjoyed the other two teachers I taught with in Egin. One was a Mrs. Moon, she was a married woman, had no children, a very pleasant lady. She taught 1st and 2nd grades. I had 3rd, 4th, and 5th. The one who taught 6th, 7th, and 8th grades was an older brother of my very dear friend, Portia Davis. I stayed at their home that winter in Egin. It was rather a lonely year, but as I say, it was pleasant teaching those kids. The next year I had a talk with Annie Clark — she was a former teacher of mine and was County Superintendent at that time. She said, "Well, why don't you send some letters to several school districts and maybe out of all you send, maybe you'll find one that needs a teacher." I sent one to Ucon. I knew nothing about Ucon except that a girl from the Parker area that I had worked with had taught down there that year. She taught 1st grade. Anne Clark said, "I don't know if they will answer your letter, I don't know if she has done such a good job, so maybe they don't want another teacher from Parker." I don't recall just when I sent those letters out to the school districts, but it must have been some time around January or February, because by the time early March came, I had received a letter back from a member of the school board in Ucon, Joseph Ritchie, telling me he would like to meet with me. I had told them I taught the Gordon method of phonics. I think that is what got me the job. I had never taught phonics, the Gordon method, but I decided I could learn how if I got me a job. They

had told me they would like to meet with me on a Sunday after their Sunday School let out in Ucon. They told me the time and place and everything, so Father brought me down on that Sunday and we got in Ucon just after they dismissed their Sunday School. I had known some people from Ucon at the college, Hester Davenport (we were very friendly and I had sung with her). I had known Sarah and Minnie Andrus, and I was very friendly with them. I had known their brother, Reed, just casually, so I wasn't a total stranger. The three school board trustees were there that day, Robert Andrus, Joseph Ritchie, and Alfred Cramer. Minnie was there that day because she played the organ for them to go to their classes and to sing. So she and I renewed our acquaintenances again. She said her brother Reed had been in the mission field since the fall before. This was in the springtime, and he had been in the mission field in the Netherlands since early fall. I met with those three gentlemen and I told them that if I got the job of teaching first grade in Ucon, I would go to the University of Utah that summer and take some special training, and that I would pay special attention to phonics.

A. Excuse me, Mother, you mentioned the Gordon method of phonics. That means apparently there were more than one method of teaching phonics. Can you tell us a little bit about what some of these methods were. What was the Gordon method of phonics?

M. I really can't tell the difference between them. This Gordon Company put out books at that time, 1st grade books, big phonic charts. To tell you the truth, I couldn't tell you anything different than the Gordon method of phonics. That's the only one I had anything to do with. It really worked.

A. Go ahead.

M. I received a letter soon after I had been down here that day telling me I was hired to be the 1st grade teacher in Ucon. I was elated, because I really wanted to get into 1st grade work. Well, I prepared to go to school in Salt Lake that summer at the University. It was an enjoyable time. I stayed out in Sandy with the Crapo family and went in on the street car and back out again at night on the street car. There were some people there that summer I enjoyed taking classes from very much. There was a lady that taught a special reading course from back in Iowa or Ohio, I can't remember her name. I took a psychology class from a gentlemen that taught at the University at the time. He was a general authority. All the young ladies wanted to take this class from him. I don't remember his name, but he was an excellent teacher. He used to come up

when we had conference up in the valley, the different stakes. He used to come and give addresses, and he was always well thought of and always drew a big congregation. I also took a swimming class. I took a girls glee class at that time, and that was enjoyable, singing with some of the ladies who were going to school at this time. It was this same summer, I think this was the same summer, that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic Ocean. That was interesting. We got to listen to him land in France through the wireless, or radio, they had in the Tribune Office in Salt Lake City, and we would stand out on the street and listen to it. Anyway, we got to listen to him when he landed in France. Later that summer he flew into Salt Lake City and scads of people went out to the air port to watch him come in, then they all went to the tabernacle in Salt Lake and listened to him talk. Grandpa and Grandma, Therel and Wilma came down to Salt Lake at that time and so we were together to go hear Lindbergh speak, and then I came back home with them.

I had arranged to stay at the home of Mrs. Lott who took the teachers at that time in Ucon. That year there was a gentlemen that stayed with her who was the principal of the school. A young woman from Utah who taught English in high school and I stayed there. In addition, we had Mary Simmons who was the wife of Dan Simmons at that time, and he was fulfilling a mission in Holland. There were four of us that stayed there in that home. I stayed there each year that I taught before I was married. During that time, there were two other ladies that stayed there. The young girl from Idaho Falls, Twila Kinghorn, a very lovely girl, and Mabel Christensen from Firth who taught in the school at Ucon. Lavell Crapo from Parker stayed there the first year I stayed there, too. He taught one of the grades in the school.

When I first entered the school, I could tell it was a well disciplined school. The children were well behaved, very well behaved. I liked the people of Ucon and the Ucon ward. They were a very friendly, good people. I liked teaching the 1st grade. As I remember, I had about 20-25 children the first year I taught, and it was pleasant teaching children phonics, reading, and teaching them to read. When children came the first day of school, some of them didn't know which was the right hand. They didn't know which hand to hold the scissors in, they didn't know how to use scissors. They didn't know how to use pencils, some of them. Children now-a-days are much more ready for school than they were in those days. Television has helped educate children and

get them ready for school; so has the kindergarten program they've had in the schools of Idaho. As I say, those children, there was a lot they had to learn before they could read.

We did programs that year in school. It was very pleasant teaching the children to sing. I think that was the year we put on a little operetta in the springtime called The Kitchen Clock. We used all the children of the school. The older children sang special solos. I was the one who directed the singing and Mary Simmons did the playing. She was a good accompanist.

A. Mother, did you start a rhythm band in Ucon?

M. Yes, but it wasn't that first year. It must have been the second year because . . . well, in the Snake River Valley, a lady came from St. Anthony. Her name was Belle George Wood. She taught piano lessons and vocal lessons. She came to Ucon to teach, I think it was the second year I taught here. She asked me if I would like to help her organize a rhythm band in the school. I hadn't ever done anything like that, but I was really excited about it. When you teach children to play in rhythm bands, you have little instruments like tapping sticks, triangles, drums, little bells that shake to help with the rhythm and sound. There isn't any tune to it, just rhythm. So Belle George showed me how to make instruments. We made tapping sticks out of chair rounds, I think it was. We took little boards about four inches long and an inch and a half wide and put sand paper on them and it made . . . well, they scrape these back and forth to make a sound along with the tapping sticks rhythm. We bought a drum and some triangles, and bells. She helped me organize the rhythm band and showed me how to do it.

A. I remember when I was in the second grade, I was a member of the rhythm band. I think that band was started by Aunt Beulah and Dorothy Seedall. I remember I played the drums in it. Did Ucon have a rhythm band after you quit teaching and before Aunt Beulah came along?

M. Not that I can recall. I just remember when Aunt Beulah and Dorothy had the rhythm band, and it was an excellent band. You were the little drummer boy for them. They made little costumes and they had little red and white capes and hats.

A. Mother, you said before Aunt Sarah had something to do with the rhythm band. Is that right?

M. Yes, when Aunt Sarah taught in the lower grades, she helped with the rhythm band, too. She and Aunt Beulah had a rhythm band for several years.

A. How many years did you teach in the elementary grades in Ucon.

M. As near as I can remember, I taught four or five years in Ucon.

A. Did you teach any other grade?

M. No, not in Ucon. I did a lot of substitute work up in high school here, but I just taught 1st grade when I was a regular teacher.

A. Why did you quit teaching? Were you married when you quit teaching?

M. Yes, my last year was two years after I was married and you were born the next December. My certificate had run out so I couldn't teach anymore.

A. Go ahead now and tell how you met Dad, how he proposed to you, and any other circumstances you want to talk about surrounding your marriage.

M. As I said, when I first came to Ucon to get this school, they had told me that Sarah and Minnie's brother, Reed, had been called on a mission to the Netherlands. He was there three years. He came home in the year 1928 in the springtime. The girls that stayed at Mrs. Lott's where I stayed had kidded me that my first date would be with Reed Andrus when he came home. I just laughed about that. I had known him up at school and we were friendly, but I never went to the dances at school. I knew he was very popular at the dances up there and he won several prizes with dancing. He loved to dance, so I didn't think he would be paying any attention to me when he came home. So, we had a little bet over at Mrs. Lott's, they bet me a box of candy that his first date would be with me when he came home.

I had had mumps that springtime in March, and so I was out of school for two weeks. They didn't hire another teacher, they just dismissed the 1st grade until I got over the mumps. Then I went back to teaching again. I stayed over at Mrs. Lott's for the first ten days and then I went home up to Parker to stay until the swelling went down and I got over the mumps. I came back on a Sunday morning. That afternoon I was called to the telephone, and it was the new missionary, Reed Andrus, asking me if I would go to Church with him that night. So I lost the bet. We went to Church together and went into Idaho Falls after church because he wanted to see President Hatch, Dr. Hatch. Dr. Hatch had been over to Europe while Elder Andrus was in the mission field and they were good friends so he went in to have a visit with Dr. Hatch. I called him President Hatch because he was later made the President of the Idaho Falls Stake. That was very pleasant going in there and visiting with him.

We had some more dates after that, and school let out in April

in those days in Ucon. He took me home that afternoon, it was a Sunday afternoon that we went up to Parker, and that was when school was out. I stayed in Parker and he came back. I had to come back to sing in the Ucon choir for a stake conference in May. As I remember, I had a solo part that time, and I came on the train. Now, Reed had been staying with the sheep after they took the sheep to the hills, so I didn't think I would see him. But who should be at the depot down here to meet the train but Reed. I went to Mrs. Lott's to stay that night and the next day and then we went to Idaho Falls to conference. We sang at conference and he took me home Sunday afternoon. I didn't see him again until . . . I think the 24th of July, and I stayed at the Andrus home. We went to the parade, and we went to the fireworks that night and he took me clear to Parker after the fireworks. I don't think he got home until two or three o'clock that next morning.

A. What did you think of him?

M. I thought he was a very fine fellow. He was very courteous, a real gentlemen, and was the kind of fellow I had always thought would be really nice to have for your sweetheart.

A. You were impressed?

M. Yes.

A. Did you hope he would ask you to marry him?

M. I didn't think about that part, I was just anxious to have more dates with him.

A. How much time elapsed between when he took you to Parker that night and your next date?

M. Well, I had been having serious problems with my tonsils and it was beginning to affect my ears. So the doctor said I should have them out. Reed knew I was going to have my tonsils out and said he would get in touch with me. But I didn't hear from him anymore. School started in September again and I still hadn't heard from him. He had written the forepart of the summer, but he didn't write after I had seen him on the 24th. So I supposed he had found some other girls to go with and I just decided that it was off.

A. You wrote him off at that point?

M. Yes. I came down to school on a Friday, as I remember, so I could get the school room all ready to start on Monday morning. I remember Mrs. Lott asking me if I had seen Reed. I said I hadn't seen him. She knew I hadn't seen him because she knew that he had been going with some other girls around here. I think she was trying to find out if I felt bad. She didn't find out, because I acted

like it didn't matter to me.

There was a dance that Friday night in the old hall which was across the street from where our home is. So Mabel Christensen and Athene Lott, and I were going to the dance. We got ready and were all ready to go when a telephone call came. It was from Reed and he wanted to know if he could come and take me to the dance. The girls went on to the dance and we went home together. He asked me what I had thought why he had never come back up to Parker and written. I acted very unconcerned about it. I didn't want him to know I had really been hurt. I just said, "Oh, I supposed you found somebody else, but it doesn't matter to me."

A. What did he say to that?

M. I don't recall now, but I didn't let him know it had hurt me very much. Yes, he had gone with some other girls, and his folks had said something to him about the way he was treating me, but he had a mind of his own, so he worked it out for himself. Anyway, we went together from then on. In October, he gave me a ring. That was rather a funny affair, too. He gave me one ring, it was out in the car and I looked at it, and it didn't impress me very much. Then he started to laugh. That was the one he had gotten at the five and ten cent store. Then he gave me the real one. It was a really pretty one.

A. Were you put out with him because he pulled that trick on you?

M. No, not really, that really was funny. I kept that ring for a long, long time, but one of the children took it one time and lost it. I would have liked to kept that ring because it brought back those memories.

A. By that ring, you mean the ring he bought at the five and dime store?

M. Yes, the five and ten cent store ring. Yes, I might say we go back a little ways. In the springtime before school let out, we had walked home from a program they had at the church one night. We walked up to the twin bridges up close to where Howard's house was then. They've changed that road quite a lot now. There used to be two bridges there, one going over the channel as you go north, and one going over the channel as you go west. They've changed that now. So there is only one bridge as I recall. It was up there on that bridge that I got my first kiss from Reed. Then the night we were together on the 24th was when he asked me to marry him. Then it was after that he got all mixed up and didn't see me anymore.

A. And so it was after he had asked you to marry him, but during the

time he was no longer seeing you, that his folks got after him about the way he was treating you. Do you know what they said to him, in effect?

M. I don't remember what it was. They were really concerned.

A. Okay, then you came back. He took you to the dance, and after that date at the dance, you continued to see each other and go with each other. Then it was in October he gave you the ring.

M. Yes.

A. And you were married the following spring?

M. Yes, but he wanted to get married at Christmas. He said, "Well, alright then, if you're going to be like that, I'll go join the army." I told him it was all right, if he'd rather join the army than get married, he could go join the army. I guess he knew I meant business and he let it go. He took care of his father's sheep down in the Jensen field west of Ucon all that winter, and it was a hard winter. There was much snow and we were snowed in much of the winter. A car couldn't get between this area here and Ucon all winter. They tried to keep the one road open into Idaho Falls and it was just like a tunnel. The snow was so deep it stood higher than the cars on either side of the highway. But, each time he came into Ucon, he had to come on the horse. There was no traveling between Ucon and west of Ucon where the sheep were in the field.

A. Did you see him very much that winter?

M. Some, not very much.

A. So, when were you married, Mother?

M. There was something interesting in between this. During the time we were going together, Mr. Osland who was the principal over here in Ucon during those years, he and his wife, he married the gal from Heber City, Utah who stayed over at Mrs. Lott's. Her name was Della. He had married Della and they did several plays for the ward of Ucon that year. They did Pollyanna. I was Pollyanna in the play and Reed was Mr. Chilton. He had a major part in it, too, if you have read Pollyanna. The kids got a kick out of that, because both of us played in the same play together. Doug Andrus was Jimmy, the little boy in the play. He and I had major parts, and he made a good Jimmy.

A. Okay, when were you married?

M. We were married the 29th of May, 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple. No one went down with us to the temple, we went alone. That was something else that was kind of funny. Reed said he would come up and go with me to get the temple recommend from the stake

presidency. I was to go on a Sunday so he said he'd come up and go with me. Well, he didn't come, so I went alone and got my recommend.

He was supposed to come about noon, between 11:00 and noon on a Thursday. He said he'd be up to get me on Thursday about noon for us to go to Salt Lake. I got ready and he didn't come. It must have been 1:30 or 2:00 before he got up there. I just supposed he had decided he didn't want to get married, and that is exactly what happened to him. He got all worried, excited, and upset and wondered if he should get married. He didn't come up when he said he would. His folks got really upset with him. I don't know what they said to him, but they really got down to business with him and told him he had better get up and make up his mind whether he was going to get married or not.

A. And if he wasn't, then he had better tell you.

M. Yes, but anyway, he came, and we came down to Ucon. I think we finally got off about three o'clock to go to Salt Lake. It must have been earlier than that though, because we got down there just in time to go to the city and county building to get our marriage license. We couldn't have gotten married the next day without it. We traveled out to Sandy which is where we stayed with my aunt and uncle, Charles and Lizzie Crapo.

A. So you were married the next day, which was a Friday. I remember Dad telling us a story about how he needed some money and didn't have any. He had a check but didn't have it cashed and he met someone who loaned him some money. What did he need the money for?

M. Yes, he had to have money to rent his clothing at the temple that morning. I knew nothing about it. I had money, not a great lot, but I had some but I could have helped out. His father had given him a check and we got in town too late for him to get it cashed that Thursday afternoon. We had Howard's car, and it didn't act very good. When it would get on the pavement, it would shimmy, the front wheels would just shimmy. It was very embarrassing for me. Anyway, we finally got into town that morning. The car stopped out on 9th South. It just wouldn't go anymore. The battery dropped out of it. There we were clear out on 9th South with my two aunts with us. We were right by a garage though, so they got the garage man to drag the car into the garage, and we got out and caught a street car into Salt Lake. Reed didn't have this check cashed. So we got out of the street car and were walking toward the temple when he saw a school friend of his,

Willard Dye, from Idaho Falls. Willard was a missionary and they were going to the temple that morning. So Reed asked Willard if he had some change, if he would loan him enough money and he would see him afterwards and pay him. I didn't know anything about this. Willard gave Reed the money to go to the temple that morning, and we got through the temple and my aunts and myself waited in the ZCMI while Reed went out to 9th South and got the car. It was fixed. He came and got us, and then he went to the mission home and repaid Willard Dye. After that, we traveled on out to Sandy.

A. What did you think of all this? Did you wonder what you had gotten yourself into?

M. I don't know what my feelings were, really. I was a little disappointed in things, yes. When he came to get me that day at home before we started for Salt Lake, he had on an old red sweater. It wasn't a very handsome sweater and he hadn't even shaved. His whiskers weren't long, but then he didn't look really smart.

A. Didn't look like he was spruced up to go to the temple?

M. When we got down to Ucon, he shaved his face and got all fixed up. That must have been the way he felt.

A. How did you get along with Grandma and Grandpa Andrus?

M. Really well.

A. What are your thoughts about Grandma Andrus? I know she used to take care of you before you went to the hospital to have your children. You spent a lot of time in her house. What kind of a lady was she?

M. She was a very religious lady and she had a lot of faith. I think that lady lived by faith.

Yes, I would like to mention the times that she gave blessings. She would wash and anoint, along with the help of another sister, people who were planning on going to the hospital to have surgery done, or expecting to give birth to a child. Now, in the early days, there were sisters set apart for this particular ordinance. Many of the sisters were set apart to bless women before they went to the hospital to have their baby, or if they didn't go to the hospital, if they just had their baby at home, which they did real often in those days. There were 3 sisters I remember, there may have been more, but I know of 3 sisters who had been set apart for this ordinance. One was Grandmother, one was her sister, Annie, Heber Andrus's wife, and the other one was Sister Susan Lott, and this is Athene Lott's mother.

A. You say they were set apart to wash and anoint?

M. Yes, after the washing and anointing, she would give them a special blessing, and it was those times that I remember most because, you could tell it was a spiritual experience, and Grandmother would put her arms up and hands high in the air, and would pronounce a blessing upon the person's head that had asked for the blessing.

A. Did she ever bless you?

M. Every time I had a child, Grandmother gave me a blessing. We never had any problems, everything went normal each time a baby was born, and every one of those babies was born well and strong, both in body and mind, and she gave some wonderful blessings about those babies.

A. How did the blessings make you feel?

M. Like I had really had a spiritual experience, like I had been in the company of something that wasn't earthly.

A. Did you ever fear going to the hospital after having received a blessing?

M. No, I never feared going, because of the wonderful blessings she gave.

A. When she would give you these blessings, were you alone or would Dad be with you?

M. No, no, the only three who would be there would be the two sisters that did the washing and anointing ordinance and the one they were giving the blessing to. Grandmother was the one who always gave the blessing.

A. Do you remember any other spiritual experiences we ought to mention while we are talking about Grandma Andrus?

M. None, other than administrations. Grandfather used to come over when Dad wasn't home and administer to sick children when we had the flu. I'd like to mention when you, Alyn, were so sick when you were a baby. Maybe you were 14 or 15 months old. Well, maybe not that old, a little over a year old. I knelt down one time and promised my Heavenly Father that I would never turn down anything I was asked to do that would help build up the kingdom of Heavenly Father and anything in the church. I would never turn it down if He would bless you and make you strong again. That was certainly carried out for us.

A. Mother, this leads us into the next question or two I wanted to ask you. Have you had any spiritual experiences that you would like to talk about?

M. None, other than administrations that were given to my mother up

in our home when she used to have really bad sick headaches and she would go numb through her hands, arms, and legs. I used to call the Elders and have them come and administer to Mother. That really helped her.

A. I remember your talking about a dream you had involving Grandpa Andrus and Gordon. Do you want to talk about that?

M. That was one or two months after Gordon had left us. We just couldn't reconcile ourselves that being as young as he was that he was really happy. It was getting close to Christmas time, and I was really upset about him not being here.

A. Let me ask some questions to help identify who Gordon was and what happened. Gordon was your second boy and third child. He was killed when he was ten years old and that was in August of what year?

M. 1946. August 17, 1946.

A. Now, you said you and Dad weren't satisfied that Gordon was happy where he was after he died. Do you want to talk about that and what led up to that dream that you had?

M. The one thing that made us feel much better was when we went to the temple in November of that year and had Gordon's work done for him, and gave him all the powers of the priesthood. We felt better about that. Then just before Christmas of that year, I dreamed one night that I was in a big building. As I was walking around, it was a beautiful building, I met Grandfather Andrus. He said, "Come in this room and wait for a few minutes. I want to talk to you." We went in the room and the first thing I asked him was "Have you seen Gordon?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Is Gordon happy?" and he said, "He is very happy." That is all that was said, but it really helped. I told Dad about it, and it made him feel much better, too.

A. So you had the dream in November following the . . .?

M. No, it was closer to Christmas time, but it was in November when we had the work done in the temple.

A. Okay, I see. Well, let's talk a little more about Gordon's death. You have indicated to me that you and others in the family had a premonition that someone was going to die, or that something bad was going to happen before Gordon died. Is that right?

M. Yes, a few nights before this happened, I was here, everyone had gone to bed. I was sitting here in the living room. I don't recall what I was doing, but I just got to thinking, and I don't know if it was imagination, or if it was something that was trying to warn me, but I seemed to see the casket in the south end of this room. I

didn't know who was in it, but there was a casket over there. All day Saturday — it was on a Saturday he was killed — I was really upset. I just didn't feel normal. I kept feeling that I had to get hurrying and get this done and hurry and get something else done. My mother said she felt like someone was in her presence in her home all day long. Uncle Tom said the same thing. He said he felt like someone was in his home with him, someone that not of his family, but he said he felt a lot differently that whole day.

A. After Gordon died, did these feelings come to have more meaning to you?

M. Yes, I think so. I guess we sort of felt like it was just to be that way, that Gordon's time had come. Dad had a hard time with himself. He could be sitting in meetings, he was a County Commissioner at that time, he would be sitting in a Commissioners meeting, and all of a sudden it would hit him. He just couldn't contain himself. He'd excuse himself and leave the room. He was in Boise that winter. He said he'd be sitting in meetings in Boise, not in a session, but meeting with groups. . . .

A. Committee Meetings. . .?

M. Yes, Committee meetings, and it would hit him and he would have to excuse himself and leave. He had a difficult time for several years afterwards, trying to make himself know it wasn't his fault and it was to be.

A. Now, Mother, your children and grandchildren would like to hear some concluding remarks, perhaps your testimony, if you would care to bear your testimony to them.

M. I would like to say I've had a happy life. It hasn't been a life of a lot of riches and a lot of fancy things, but it has been a good life. I felt all my life when I was a little girl growing up and in my teens, that my Heavenly Father was close to me. I remember when I was teaching school the first winter I taught in Egin, I used to ask my Heavenly Father every morning before I went to school that he would bless me and help me through the day. I used to take part on a lot of programs up in the St. Anthony and Parker area, and when I came to Ucon to teach, I was in a lot of programs around in this area in Ucon and in Idaho Falls and in the Rexburg area when I was going to school up there. I never performed at any program but what I asked my Heavenly Father to bless me and help me to do my very best. I was asked to sing at a nominating convention at the Tabernacle in St. Anthony, the time they were nominating C. Ben Ross to run on the Democratic ticket for Governor. That is the way they used to do it instead of having primary elections. I sang

Idaho, My Idaho at that convention, and I got a lot of praise from it, and that is one time I asked my Heavenly Father to bless me and help me to do my very best.

I love all of the sons and daughters that we have, and their wives and their husbands and all my grandchildren. I want them to know that I love each of them, and they have made my life a good life. Especially since their grandfather and my husband passed away, they have done their best to help me overcome my loneliness and help me through many days. I want you all to know I love you very much, and I know my Heavenly Father lives, that he does have a body as tangible as man's, and that Jesus Christ is his son, and he is our Redeemer, our Savior, and our Mediator. I know there is a spirit of the Holy Ghost and that he does help us. I know many times when I felt his presence and he has helped me. I want you to know the Church is true, and that Joseph Smith is a true prophet of God. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Oral Interview with Therel Brown Ricks

A. Aunt Therel and I are together in her home in Parker, Idaho. The date is September 8, 1996. I am going to interview Aunt Therel about her life and I want to ask her some questions about her mother and her father, my Grandmother and Grandfather Brown.

First of all, Aunt Therel, give me your full name.

T. Therel Brown Ricks.

A. And give me your address.

T. Parker, Idaho, Box 123.

A. What about your mother's full name, her maiden name.

T. Martha Letitia Orgill.

A. And your father's full name.

T. Charles William Brown

A. Okay. Give the full names of your sisters and your brother. Take the oldest and then go through the oldest to the youngest.

T. Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus, Charles Milton Brown, Wilma Brown Quayle.

A. So Aunt Wilma is the youngest of the four children, and you come after Charles Milton?

T. Yes.

A. So you'd be the third child in a family of four children?

T. Yes.

A. Okay, give me your birthday.

T. August 6, 1914.

A. How old are you now?

T. 82.

A. So, you just had a birthday not very long ago?

T. About three weeks.

A. Did you have a good birthday?

T. Yes, friends came and Tom and Sue had my birthday dinner and invited all the family. Marilyn came a few days later and spent some time.

A. Tom and Sue, Tom is your youngest boy, Paul is your oldest boy, and Marilyn is between those two?

T. No, she is the oldest.

A. Oh, that's right, Marilyn is the oldest. Do you feel 82?

T. Some days. Not too. No, I never think about it. I do what I can. I can tell I have slowed down.

A. You are very active, though.

T. Yes. I love to sit and look out the window, I love to work in my yard and some of its been kind of hard because of things, but I love to. . . you know, when it comes time to spring house clean and fall house clean, I like to do that.

A. So you do your own house cleaning?
T. Yes.
A. You still drive your car?
T. Yes. I just got a new license, I asked them if they would renew it at 82, but they did.
A. And you still have a garden?
T. Yes.
A. While you don't do all the work yourself, you do a lot of it?
T. I help plant the garden from the small seeds, but Paul takes care of the watering of it. We grow a lot of corn. We usually plant a lot of squash. This year is a bad year. I think I planted it too close and the squash is not very good.
A. Your address is the place where Grandma and Grandpa lived and you were raised, isn't it?
T. Yes. I was born here.
A. So, this is the old homestead?
T. Yes.
A. The old homestead is right in the middle of Parker, about a block from the church house. Is that right?
T. Yes.
A. About a block west of the church house. Do you have a lot of friends here?
T. Yes.
A. Tell what you know about your birth and what you remember about your childhood.
T. Sometimes I think I could remember when I was a year old, but I'm not sure. But when I was a year old, I was very ill. My brother had the same thing and he passed away when he was 9 months old. There was nothing left to do.
A. Do you know what that disease was now?
T. I think it was diarrhea. My mother always said he would pass stones in his diaper, so maybe he had kidney stones. And she saved them. I saw the stones she had.
A. Were they big?
T. No, not too big, about like a match head. And when I was a year old, I had the same thing happen to me. And the doctor tried everything that he had in those days. Of course, in these days it would be different, but he told her he had gone to the extent of the medicine. He said if she would consent and rely upon strong black coffee with nothing in it for six weeks, he thought I'd get better. That's what Mother did and I lived. Mother said there was nothing left of me but just skin and bones.

A. How old were you?
T. A year old.
A. For 6 weeks after you were a year old, you lived on coffee.
T. Straight black coffee. Nothing else.
A. What did they call that disease then?
T. Summer Complaint.
A. Were there many babies who died from that then?
T. I never heard of any. Mother never ever discussed that. She was heart-broken about losing her little boy. Then when I came along, she had done the same.
A. Did she talk to you very much about losing Charles Milton?
T. No. She told me once she went to visit Grandma Parker, she would be the wife of the man Parker was named after, and they lived in an old home on South River Road, about a mile and half out of town. Mother often went there visiting, and one day when she took Charles Milton with her, Grandma Parker said, "I don't want you to plan on raising this baby. He does not belong to this world."
A. Mrs. Parker told Grandma that?
T. Yes. Mother told me that several times.
A. How old was Charles Milton when he got sick?
T. He was 7or 8 months, probably. Mother never really talked about it.
A. So she didn't talk very much about his loss? Was Grandma like that? Did she keep things to herself?
T. Yes, very much so. But she never missed, you know . . . the cemeteries in those days don't look like they do now. Our cemetery here in Parker was just sage brush and sand. And each year about a week before Memorial Day, we went up and cleaned up the lot. Mother always went during the summer. She hardly ever missed a week of taking flowers to his grave.
A. Did you ever hear your father, Grandpa Brown, talk about the loss of Charles?
T. No, I never can remember if he ever mentioned it.
A. Was he like that, too? Did he keep things to himself a lot?
T. Yes, quite a bit. You never know what he was thinking. He was a real good dad. I never remember him scolding me. It was the way we were raised. See, Mother was alone with her father and her younger brother after she was 14 because her mother died. She and Uncle Andrew were the only two left at home while the rest. .
A. Andrew was her younger brother?
T. Yes, and all the rest of sisters and brothers were married and lived in different places around.

A. So she sort of took the place of the mother in the home after her mother passed away?

T. She went with her father to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. She remembered taking her white handkerchief so she could wave when they sang "Hosanna."

A. So she learned to keep house as a young girl. Was she a good housekeeper?

T. Oh! Yes — immaculate and tidy. She always wore an apron over her house dress. In those days, women did not wear pants, and she always wore a clean house dress and a clean front apron. A lot of the time, when I was younger, she wore what they called dust caps. They were fancy little caps with an elastic band around to hold them on. These were made of lace and ribbon and such.

A. Do you think your parents were deeply affected by the loss of their son?

T. Yes, very much so. I'm sure they were. I don't understand whether he grew when he left this world, or if he had to wait for Mother to come to raise him.

A. Well, I don't know that either. But I remember when I was just a little boy I would come up here and stay with Grandma and Grandpa, and I have nothing but fond memories of Grandma. She never, that I remember, she never put her arms around me or showed any affection for me that way, but somehow, I knew she loved me. And she always was very kind to me and took good care of me while I was here. And I've often wondered, in my later years, if one reason why I remember her that way was that since I'm the oldest of her grandchildren, I'm wondering if I sort of took the place of the boy that she lost. Do you think there is anything to that?

T. Yes, I do. But she would never say, would she? And I don't ever remember my mother kissing me, or putting her arms around me.

A. What about Grandpa, did he?

T. No, never did.

A. Do you ever remember Grandma and Grandpa putting their arms around each other?

T. No. I know my dad loved my mother. I know that. And he grieved very heavily after Mother died. He only lived another two years, and he grieved himself. That was not good. He never slept in their bedroom after she died. She died in that bedroom. But one thing I've been very grateful for. She was in a coma for a week before she died, and we just had to keep her alive by dripping a little water on her lips. Thursday morning I came in after taking Marilyn

over to get on the bus to go to Salt Lake to dance with the young ladies and young men, when they used to have the dance festivals in Salt Lake City. I came in because Dad always liked to go out and do the chores — he still had his cows. And when I walked in her bedroom that morning, Mother woke up and was as bright as she had ever been in her whole life. And she wanted to know what it was doing outside. I told her it was sprinkling this morning. And she said, "Oh, the farmers will be glad of that." I said "yes." And she said, "I want to thank you for being such a good daughter and doing all the things you've done for us." Then she said, "It won't be long now." And during the week that she was in the coma, she kept saying, "Andrew, are you here?" And pretty soon she'd say, "Andrew, are you here?" I said, "What do you mean, Mother, that it won't be long now?" She said, "Because they're all here waiting." I said, "Who's here." I wanted her to name my brother so bad. She said, "Everyone's here." She had ten brothers and sisters, if not more. She was the last one to leave the family. And then she said, "It won't be long now, they're all here." And she went right back in her coma. She died that evening while no one was in the bedroom, just slipped away. I wish she had named just one or two of them. If she would have named Grandpa and Grandma, or she would have named Charles Milton.

A. How old was she when she died?

T. 80.

A. What did the doctors say the cause of death was?

T. Harlo Rigby was the doctor, and he came over once to check her, and she did not have Alzheimer's, but hardening of the arteries, and when she went in the coma, he said the arteries hardened in her throat. That's why she couldn't swallow.

A. It seems to me that she was always a thin lady, anyway.

T. Yes, very thin. But she ate well and worked hard.

A. If she couldn't eat for several days, she must have just wasted away.

T. I'm sure she did. Maybe she starved.

A. Tell me what you remember of her when she was younger. Of course, I know what she looked like, but I want you to say on the tape what she looked like. How do you remember her?

T. She was quite tall, and thin. And she was very neat and she made sure that when the seasons changed, like winter coming, spring coming, we went to the milliner shop. They always had a milliner shop where they sold hats, and she always went and bought a new hat for the winter and we bought new hats for the spring and

summer time. Very dressy hats. She loved to do that, and she had lovely clothes when she went shopping in St. Anthony or when she went to church.

A. Did she buy all the clothes or did she make some?

T. No, she bought them. She sewed some, and in those days, we wore a pantywaist that you fasten garters onto to hold your long socks up; we didn't wear anklets or knee socks in those days. We wore black socks — full-length socks, and we had to wear this pantywaist made out of factory, and she always made those, but she never did much sewing. Sister Emily Vawdry who lived just down the block, and was a real close friend and she was sort of in the family on the Orgill side. She came and used our sewing machine and made our clothes.

A. What would you say Grandma's outstanding traits were?

T. She loved music.

A. Did she sing?

T. When she first moved here and she was very active in the choir, she sang in the choir, that was probably before I was born and maybe after I was born, I don't know how long she sang. She also, she and Dad, were very active. . . they used to have an Old Folks Committee here in the ward, and every year toward February, they always had a big social for all the people who had ever lived here and they came back and had a lovely lovely time. They had a big dinner, a big banquet, visiting all morning and then they had a big program in the afternoon. In the evening they had a nice dance. And she and Dad both worked with Brother and Sister Parker — Alice and Melrose Parker — on this committee.

You see, Dad was gone a lot. When she lived out to the ranch for those few years with Melba, he was never home. He was with the sheep all the time.

A. Did she have a lot of friends?

T. Not too many. Some.

A. So she wasn't a very social lady. She didn't like to get out and socialize.

T. She loved her neighbors. She used to exchange butter in those days, and she exchanged butter with my husband's mother, Hattie Ricks. When our cows were in, Mother gave Hattie Ricks butter. When their cows were in, then she exchanged butter with us. But she loved Hattie Ricks. And she had a good neighbor across the street, Mrs. Mabel Bergeson. They were good neighbors, and a Mrs. Leah Thompson lived here for years. And they were very close. Leah Thompson could make the most beautiful angel food cakes

and Mother would always have her make her one.

A. How did you know that Grandma loved you if she never kissed you or put her arms around you?

T. I wasn't used to that, see. I grew up, nobody ever put their arms around me or gave me a kiss. I don't ever remember. . . We went often during the summer to visit her sisters in Sandy and Draper. And I never saw them greet each other with a kiss . . . I guess they never knew that.

A. Did she scold you?

T. I can't ever remember her being too rough on me, no. I tell you, I was the one who helped her do all the work, because when Melba was older, as a young woman, she went to school in the summer in Salt Lake and then she taught school. Wilma was the baby, and Dad loved her because he thought she was going to be a boy. When she was born he was in Omaha, Nebraska with the sheep, and he got home the day after she was born. I was the middle one that did all the work.

A. So if Wilma was born while Grandpa was away, was she born here in the house? Who helped with the delivery? Was that Doctor Rigby?

T. No, Dr. Marfield from St. Anthony. I think he delivered me. I'm not sure about Wilma, but Mrs. Charles Johnson, Ethie, lived just a block from us. She was a midwife here in Parker, and she helped deliver babies for everyone. She was a very dear friend of Mother's and Dad's. Later, after she moved to Salt Lake, when she came back for a visit, she always stayed with us for a few days, and she and Dad loved to argue about politics. That was something else. Because he was a stanch Democrat and she was stanch Republican. They had the best time!

The Johnsons lived around the corner in a white home. It was a beautiful home. And they lived there a long time. When they moved to Salt Lake they sold the home to someone else and in the last 40 years, it burned. There was never another home there until just lately someone moved in.

A. Okay. You don't remember Grandma disciplining you severely, scolding you, whipping you, or anything like that?

T. No. I had long hair. Between Melba and Mother, they kept it in braids or ringlets. On weekends I always wore ringlets to church. Melba did that until she went away and then I can't remember how I got along. When I was 13 years old in the summer, we were in Sandy, Utah visiting Aunt Lucy and Aunt Harriet, and they talked her into having my hair cut. So she went with me to the barber

shop there in Sandy, and when we went in, I can't remember if it was a lady or a man in there, and they said, "You're not going to have that child's hair cut!" "Oh yes we are. We're having it cut today." So I went down to Sandy with long hair and came back with short hair.

A. Do you remember Grandma as being a pretty lady?

T. Well, yes. She had pretty hair. Her hair was brown at first and she always bobbed it for a long time. In those days, a lady would travel through the area selling switches, hair switches, made out of hair that matched yours, and Mother always took a nice switch and made a bob out of it and wore it in the back of her hair. She wore her hair a lot like that. Finally, when she got older, she got it cut and just combed it back.

A. That's how I remember her.

T. I can see her making that bob and pinning it on the back of her head. She looked very stylish that way. And she had lovely looking clothes.

A. What were her favorite foods? I remember she used to like tea. She used to drink tea a lot.

T. Three times a day. She was very English. She drank green tree tea three times a day. And having lambs, we always had plenty of lamb, pig, and beef. Dad was a good provider. We always had plenty of food and we had good full breakfasts, not like they do now. I remember we had cooked cereal or we'd have bacon or eggs or even have lamb chops for breakfast.

A. Was she a good cook?

T. Yes. A very good cook. She made the best cake, out of her head; everything was out of her head. And she learned that all by herself. She was only 14 years old when her mother left. We never discussed her mother. I don't know what her mother taught her. I remember one chore she had, on Saturday early evening, to polish all the shoes of her brothers and sisters who were home. They all had to be polished, and that was Mother's job.

A. How old were you when Grandma died?

T. About 45 years old.

A. Let's talk about Grandpa for a few minutes. How do you remember your father?

T. He was quiet but he always helped me with my geometry and algebra, and there were a lot of tears shed.

A. Who shed the tears?

T. I did, because I was so stupid. He couldn't understand why I couldn't understand math. We'd sit at the dining room table, night

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after night to get that geometry and algebra done.

A. Did you pass?

T. I guess. Dad was very educated, you know. He graduated from the University of Utah with President David O. McKay. His sister made the suit that he graduated in because they didn't have any money.

A. What was his major at the university, do you remember?

T. I think he was going to be a teacher, because when he first came to Parker, he taught school in the little school house that was here then.

A. He was married, of course. He and Grandma had come together by then.

T. Yes, oh, yes.

A. Did he bring any sheep with him when he came?

T. Yes. Because he raised sheep down there for a while as he was going to school. He had some sheep, that's about the only income he had.

A. He was just a young man, went out and got some bum lambs and raised sheep. He went to the University of Utah where he ran track and played baseball.

T. Yes. He also played baseball when he came here to Parker. They had a good baseball team.

A. He was a catcher, as I recall. If you had a hard time understanding math, what were your favorite studies?

T. History, and that was it. And Geography, I loved Geography and History, but English and Math I did not like.

A. When did you become interested in playing the piano?

T. Professor Clive came and knocked on our door. I was outside playing, and he told Mother he was going to have a class of students here in Parker and he was going to give piano lessons at the Ricks' home. He asked Mother if she was interested, and she said, "Yes, I've got a girl here that's ten years old."

A. Did you enjoy piano?

T. Mother was a task master over me practicing. There was a door on the front room then, and every summer, I'd go in there and take Dad's fancy pocket watch, shut the door, and I had to stay in there a good hour and half, and that was only one part. Then I had to go back in the afternoon and do another hour and a half. She made sure that I practiced.

A. Did Grandma and Grandpa always have a piano?

T. Yes. A beautiful piano.

A. Did Grandma play?

T. No, but she thought if Melba took voice lessons . . . and those

were hard times when I took lessons, and those lessons then seemed expensive. Now you pay $7 for a piano lesson, I guess. I only charged $3 and $4 because I don't like people to say they didn't get their money's worth.

A. How much did she pay for a lesson?

T. Dad paid $1.50 for me to take a lesson. And that was a lot of money. And I took for five years from Professor Clive.

A. So, I guess Grandpa must have approved.

T. Yes, he was happy. They were both happy. And we always had a big recital at the old tabernacle in St. Anthony, they were always there. And our pieces had to be memorized as solos, and one time I started out and got into the middle of it and forgot it. And you think I could go back? I couldn't finish; Mother was just mortified. She was so cross to think I had made a mess. I don't know what happened, but I forgot it.

A. You may have disappointed Grandpa in math but you made up for that in music. And you've been a musician all your life.

T. Yes, and I'm happy. I was ward organist for 47 years. No change. They didn't ask me to quit so I just kept on going. And I was stake organist for the Yellowstone Stake for 23 years and I loved that. I played for Jesse Evans Smith once when she and her husband [Joseph Fielding Smith] came to visit the conference here.

A. So you regard your father, my Grandpa Brown, as an educated person?

T. Yes.

A. Was he regarded in the community as an educated person?

T. He was on the school board for a long time.

A. What other positions of responsibility did he have?

T. He was president of the young men's mutual for several years.

A. What was his personality like? How do you remember him?

T. People loved him. They loved to visit with him. I've had people tell me that they just loved to visit with him. He liked to visit.

A. Was he an even-tempered man?

T. Yes, very even-tempered. He never did scold any of us girls, never. He brought a sheep camp and parked up here in the apple orchard and that was our play house, and we loved it. We were the only kids in town that had a covered sheep camp for a play house.

A. When Grandpa and Grandma first came up here, where did they live?

T. I would say two miles and a quarter out north; those were Dad's sheep corrals out there. And there was a little house north. I never did get to see it. It was in the corner and Mother and Melba

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lived there for two or three years. Mother was very nervous because there were a lot of Indians. She said they used to come while she was there alone and beg for bread and butter.

A. When they first came up, somehow I have in my head that they lived in the sheep camp while they built the house.

T. Maybe that was right. Then they built this house.

A. Were there any wild animals out there — coyotes or wolves?

T. There might have been coyotes, but I never did hear them say much about them. The Indians are the ones Mother was nervous about.

A. Do you remember how much land Grandpa ran out there?

T. All along the top of that hill is all rocky. That's where his sheep sheds were. Then there is a level part. Of course, it's all changed now. It wasn't that level. One year he planted head lettuce and we helped thin it. Something happened to the weather and he didn't make a thing on that head lettuce. It was a cultivated piece down lower. But Emerson Miller and his son, Lee, own that now, and they've had it all leveled.

And there's nothing left. We've gone out there several times and found maybe little things. Then my husband, Rulon, his family, his mother and father, George Ricks, lived down, maybe just a block on the corner from there in the little home. Wilma and I went out once and scoured around those old rocks and we found the lid to Grandma Ricks' boiler — the boiler that heated all the bath water and did all the canning and everything.

A. Was Grandpa a hard working man?

T. Yes.

A. You indicated that he was usually gone with the sheep while they lived out on the ranch, leaving Grandma and my mother home alone.

T. Yes.

A. Where would he go with the sheep? To the summer range?

T. Yes.

A. How many sheep did he have?

T. I think he had two bands. I don't know how many were in a band then. After he lost his sheep he always run a shearing corral out at Pine Butte. We did that for several years.

A. He wasn't shearing his own sheep, but he would run this shearing corral for other sheep owners.

T. For the three Laird Brothers, Ernie Taylor, and several other smaller bands. For about four years, I went out to help the cooks in the kitchen.

A. Describe that experience a little bit. Usually how long were you out there?

T. Usually we went a big week or more before Memorial Day. We were never home for Memorial Day for about four years. The operation would last until maybe about the tenth of June.

A. So maybe three weeks.

T. If the weather permitted. See, if you had a rain, you couldn't shear sheep. We sheared a lot of sheep. He had a lot of good sheep shearers that came from Southern Utah. Every year they came back.

A. Do you remember how many shearers there were?

T. Maybe ten, twelve. When we were in full capacity out to Pine Butte, we used to have about 54 for dinner and not that many for breakfast or supper. We had to serve three good meals a day.

A. So that kept you busy, didn't it? Tell me what you would serve them for dinner.

T. One lady, Mrs. Luthy from Rexburg, was an outstanding cook. And her husband came and helped. He and I did all the washing of the dishes. We also had to launder the dish towels — that was my job. I waited on all the tables. We had baking powder biscuits, lovely baking powder biscuits. She'd make 14 pies for one meal.

A. Apple pies, berry pies . . .?

T. And lemon pies. Boy, she made the best lemon pie. We had to bring the meat out, big beef roasts. We served mashed potatoes and gravy, and a vegetable. One time Dad sent me in to get groceries. I left as soon as breakfast was over, and I was to get meat and groceries for the evening meal. I got in and got all the errands done that I had to do and got my groceries and the meat and started out. I got out just past the sand hills and my car started to boil. Nobody around! So I'd sit and wait until it cooled off a little and then I'd go a little ways farther. And I traveled that way clear to Split Rock. Split Rock is about five or six miles before I turned off to go up to Pine Butte. When I got to Split Rock, supper time was over. I didn't get there until dark. Just before dark, there were some boot leggers, we used to have bootleggers, and you know they came in from Kilgore and they had water bags on their car. And they filled the radiator with water out of those water bags and I made it back to Pine Butte.

A. What did they eat for dinner?

T. I don't remember. Dad couldn't believe it. He thought I was just fiddling along. He didn't know what had happened.

A. What would you serve them for breakfast? Pancakes?

T. Yes, a lot of times, pancakes. Most of the time pancakes and bacon and eggs. They ate real good. Dad's grocery bills were high. Sometimes when I got paid and everything was settled, for those three weeks I might make fifty bucks.

A. That was pretty good money for you, wasn't it?

T. Oh, yes.

A. Did Grandpa have any sheep dogs?

T. We had a good sheep dog, old Fluff. She was a female dog. If Dad didn't take her with him in the mornings when he left to go to the sheep, she would pout all day long. She would lay in the same place and pout all day. We couldn't get her to do a thing. She was a good sheep dog. That's the only one I can remember, though.

A. Did he have horses?

T. No, we didn't have horses. He had a beautiful cutter. You know, a fancy sleigh with seats. It was beautiful. That's how they used to travel to town. One time Mrs. Thompson, Mother's good friend, took Melba with her, I guess you've heard this before. The horses and the cutter run into the fence and Melba carried a scar all her life on her arm.

A. But he didn't have any saddle horses?

T. All the herders usually had their own horses.

A. So Grandpa was a hard worker, and loved sheep. Did he manage his money well?

T. Well, when the Depression started a lot of people went bankrupt.

A. Let's talk about that for just a few minutes. When did he lose his sheep? Would that be the Depression following World War I?

T. Yes. About 1930, maybe. I remember when I graduated. . .

A. If Grandpa lost his sheep during the early 1930's, that would be going into the Great Depression. My understanding was he lost his sheep during the depression which followed World War I.

T. I guess that was true.

A. When were you married?

T. I will be married 60 years this October. I was married in 1936.

A. Okay, let's go the other way. When were you born?

T. 1914.

A. How old were you when you went out to help with the shearing corral?

T. About a junior in high school. He didn't have sheep then. See the bank went broke. And then Dad had a hard time, see, and he was older. He was the county road man for a while.

A. You mean he supervised the road construction and maintenance?

T. Yes. They didn't have things like they have now, you know. They

had a road grader and that was the end of that. Then there was the PWA [[Public Works Administration] and CWA [Civil Works Administration]; he had a crew of men working for him then.

A. That would be during the Great Depression.

T. When I graduated from high school, Mother said, "Now, we have $10 and we've got to find you a graduation dress for $10 or you can't have one. We went over to Rexburg to J.C. Penney and found me a beautiful peach taffeta dress for $10. It's still out there in the shed in a trunk.

A. Did Grandpa like to see you girls dressed up?

T. Yes. I'm sure he was real proud of all of us. I don't know if it is time to bring this in, but it was a Thursday morning, and Marilyn was here, and I went to get up, and I decided I would awaken Marilyn and Babe, so I decided I would lay back down. I laid back down and I must have dozed off, and Dad came to me. And I'd never seen such a beautiful smile on him in my whole life. He had his street clothes, he looked just like he did when he left, and he just smiled at me and I got the message. When I got up and I said to Marilyn, "Its not going to be a few days now till your daddy leaves, because Dad came to me this morning to tell me." It was just three days. And that morning when we got up, he had a terrible hemorrhage. We called Dr. Patton, his doctor, and he said, "This is what I've been waiting for." He said "He has three days." So Dad, I'm sure loved me and felt I should know. That was my conclusion.

A. After Grandpa lost the sheep, what did he do? You say he was the county road supervisor for a time. And he managed shearing operations at Pine Butte. What else did he do to make a living?

T. Well, he had to work for farmers. CWA, what was that?

A. Well, Civil Works Administration — that was the program during the Depression where local men could work on projects, roads, bridges, community projects. Well, when did he begin to sort spuds? It seems to me like he sorted spuds for years, is that right?

T. Yes he did. I guess . . . maybe that's when I was about a senior in high school. And he continued that until he got too old.

A. When did he start milking cows? Did he always have cows?

T. Oh yes, because that was my job, too. Every morning in the summer, I took those four cows out to where. . . Sid Brown owns that property now. It is right across the street from where Robert Mace lives now. Let's see, one mile, two miles, two miles and maybe a block or two. I walked every morning, came home, and

then I walked back at night and got them. I was afraid lots of times that I would be chased by an old bull or something. Several times I was so frightened I left the gate down during the day.

A. He had pigs too, didn't he?

T. Yes, we had a whole mess of pigs. Oh, that was awful. They got some kind of a disease, something happened like diarrhea, I don't know what pigs get, but then he lost five or six pigs, big pigs already for sale. Mother was so upset, and then Dad said, "If anything is going to die, that is a good place to keep it — out in the barnyard, not in your house."

A. Did you have chickens?

T. Yes, we had a few chickens. We always had eggs. I remember taking the eggs over to the grocery store here in Parker for 15 cents a dozen. Once I decided I would walk and was going to see how far I could walk with my eyes shut. And we used to have hitching posts in those days where they would tie their horses and I hit the hitching post and knocked one of my teeth out. It didn't knock it clear out, but it deadened it, and I had a lot of trouble with it. But I was their egg gal. I always took the eggs to the store. We could get a can of tomatoes, maybe for supper. We usually got something to go along with our evening meal. If I had a penny left I could have it.

A. When did Grandpa buy his first car?

T. Oh, we had one of the first cars in Parker, a big Studebaker. It had [isinglass] curtains on the windows. It was beautiful. One time we went to Salt Lake, we were out of Salt Lake going to Sandy, just coming dusk. That's when they had roads graveled. The gravel come up somehow and hit the oil pan or something and set the car on fire. And Dad jumped and beat the fire out with his brand new hat. We were scared to death. I was nine or ten years old. I don't even remember how we got to Aunt Lucy's house in Sandy.

A. He probably just started up the car and drove.

T. I guess it ran. We had quite a time, but that's the only trouble we ever had. A lot of times we'd drive down, and Dad would come home and leave us to come home on the train, mother and the three of us. The lady that sewed for us, Mrs. Vawdry, traveled with us once coming home. We always traveled all night, and we had berths, sleeping berths in the train, and I slept with her. She snored all night, and I never slept a wink.

A. Okay, let's see. Aunt Therel, you said when Aunt Wilma was born, Grandpa was away from home.

T. He had taken his sheep to Omaha, Nebraska to sell them.

A. Is this when he got out of the sheep business, or do you know?
T. No, I'm sure he had them for a while.
A. So he probably just sold the lambs.
T. Yes, that's what they would do in the fall of the year. This would have been November. We used to have a mail carrier from Parker who would pick up the mail and take it into St. Anthony in a car, and you could ride the thing, and do a little shopping, and then we'd return. I think that's the way Dad got home from the train station in St. Anthony. I remember him walking in this yard that morning after he had been to Nebraska with the sheep when Wilma was born.
A. Were you glad to see him?
T. Yes, and I had a baby sister.
A. Did Grandpa have any brothers here?
T. Just one — Joseph Brown. The rest of them lived in Utah. They came to visit quite often.
A. And who were Joseph's sons?
T. Vernal and George.
A. So, they were Grandpa's nephews. What did Joseph Brown do?
T. I don't really know. Dad helped Uncle Joe a lot with his family.
A. Did Joseph own any property; that is, did he own a farm or what?
T. No, he owned his home. The house still stands.
A. What did his sons do? Well, George was a farmer, of course, I remember that. But what did Vernal do? Was he a farmer?
T. No, during the World War II, Vernal went away and took his family. He had a large family. He worked in a defense plant.
A. How many children did your Uncle Joseph have?
T. Four — Annie Margo, Mary Jennie, Vernal and George.
A. Why did your Uncle Joseph come to Idaho?
T. He had applied at the mines in Montana. He had a horse and came here.
A. So, he was a farmer. But you also indicated that Grandpa Brown helped them a lot while Joseph went on a proselyting mission.
T. Yes.
A. So, he was away from his family?
T. Yes.
A. Were his boys old enough to take care the farm while he was away?
T. I felt not.
A. Okay, let's talk for a few minutes about your friends and playmates. Did you play with Uncle Joseph's children?
T. No, they were older. One was about the age of Melba, I'm not sure which one.

A. Were there any other Brown relatives here in Parker?

T. No.

A. Tell me about some of your playmates and friends.

T. Well, we lived right across the street from the Hunters. And they had three girls I used to play with. We had a playhouse in an old thrasher, and we had a lot of fun there.

A. Did you attend grade school here in Parker?

T. And two years of high school. They had the freshman and sophomores. Then I went into St. Anthony for my junior and senior year.

A. How did you get to St. Anthony?

T. That was quite a traumatic thing. Woodruff Miller had a car of his own, and he used to drive into St. Anthony so we rode with him a little bit. We paid him on Friday night for our rides during the week and he spent the money for gas and about the time we got to St. Anthony Monday morning to school, we ran out of gas. But then George Lovell Rudd would take us to school. They had a car and we rode a lot with them. Then in the winter we rode in a sleigh.

A. Did you get cold?

T. Yes, but we were prepared. We had to go on the south road. I remember the drifts up and down, up and down, and we rode in the sleigh. There were no cars getting through. They had no way of opening the roads in those days.

A. So when you graduated from high school, what did you do?

T. I always wanted to go away to music school, but that was during the depression, so I had to stay home. I cleaned house for Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Root from St. Anthony. One day a week. And then it wasn't long till I got a job in Mr. Rutledge's variety store. We had a variety store in town, and I worked there seven years. It was during and after I graduated until that time.

A. When did you graduate from high school?

T. 1932. At the Baccalaureate, I played a piano solo.

A. After you graduated from school until you were married, was about four years?

T. Three or four.

A. Is there anything you want to say about your early growing-up years, any stories you want to tell before we go on to talk about your married years?

T. We had a good time while we were young. We didn't have cars or money like we do now. But we used to go down and stay at Grandma and Grandpa's in Salt Lake. We went to Riverside

Gardens [between Rexburg and Rigby]; even after we were married we went there. And we used to have dances here in the Beddes Hall.

A. Where is the Beddes Hall?

T. Well, it's not anymore. It used to be above the post office. There was a big hall upstairs and Elva Beddes, Mrs. Beddes, had a post office and she owned the whole building. We used to have church dances there, had Green and Gold Balls. We had a good time, lots of fun.

A. Now, let's talk about your married years. Whom did you marry?

T. Rulon Secrist Ricks on October 21, 1936.

A. Tell me how you met Uncle Babe and how you came to marry him.

T. I was organist in the ward from the time I was 16 years old. And I played for cantatas, choirs, everything, but a lot of that was after I was married. I played for a lot of funerals, and Babe said that one night in church he watched me and he went home and told his father he knew the woman he was going marry. His father asked him who, and he said, "Therel Brown." We went together about three years.

A. Before you were married?

T. Well, everyone's so poor, couldn't do anything much. He went to Silver City to work in the mines, down one summer, but he never received any pay for that. He hauled potatoes for a bunch of farmers, and he and his father bought the Royal's place and they had a good crop of potatoes, and they wanted Dad Ricks to sell them when they were a good price, and he knew they were going to be better in the spring, so he ended up hauling all those good potatoes out and dumping them.

A. Because he didn't get the price for them he needed. So did they lose that place?

T. Yes, they lost it. So, he worked for Remington sorting spuds, loading cars with potatoes.

A. Talk about. . . Uncle Babe, that was his nickname, wasn't it?

T. Yes.

A. Let's talk about him for just a few minutes. Where was he born and raised?

T. He was born out in Woodrow, a little farm over the Junipers. He was born there, and He was the only baby out there that winter. His mother used to bundle him up and take him to the dances and lay him on the bench. That's how he got the nickname "Babe." Then they moved into Parker and the little hall we talked about out by our sheep corrals on the corner as you go out to the Red

Road. And they lived there, I don't know how many years they lived there. And then they moved up to the Roylance house, and when they lost that, they moved over here in the house that Grandpa and Grandma Ricks had lived in, and they lived in this house for years.

A. Where is that house?

T. It's just north of the railroad tracks, right on the corner. They were neighbors of Olive and Charles Miller.

A. Where is the Roylance place?

T. A good mile and a half from here and its located back in the field and the home is back in the field, and its on the south of the highway as you go toward St. Anthony. Roy Groberg lives across the street, and they lived there, but then that house is a two-story, and that is where Alice and Kent Miller built their home on the north side of the highway.

A. So, it's between Parker and the Industrial school?

T. Yes.

A. You said Woodrow was where he was born and raised? That's no longer around, is it?

T. No, it's gone, just grass and saagebrush.

A. Who is Babe's father?

T. George Ricks.

A. And his mother?

T. Hattie Secrist Ricks.

A. So, he was named after his mother's maiden name. Rulon Secrist. He's also related to Thomas E. Ricks who came into the Upper Valley and established Rexburg, is that right?

T. And he is on the first line. His father was the youngest son of Thomas E. Ricks.

A. So, how long were you and Uncle Babe married?

T. This fall we would have been married 60 years.

A. How long has he been dead?

T. Six years and 4 months. He died on May 20, 1990.

A. Who are Uncle Babe's brothers and sisters?

T. Florence Mason and Ruth Brown. Grandpa and Grandma Ricks buried a little girl eight years old, Marguerite, and then they had a baby that died at birth and it has no name at the cemetery. Then Babe's mother died when he was 17 years old. And that was just a drastic measure for Babe. He loved his mother more than anything.

A. Was he the youngest in the family?

T. No, the boys were Vernon, they called him Butch, and Rulon, they called Babe, and Robert, and Jack. Jack was just a small boy when

Grandma Ricks died. She and Grandpa Ricks hadn't been away for a long time, so they decided that fall they would go on a temple excursion to Logan. And Grandma Ricks got a brand new dress and a coat, the first new dress and coat she'd had for quite some time. And they went down on the excursion. The morning she went to the temple, she took sick in the temple because she had a bad heart. And she was in the hospital about two days before she passed away.

A. Did she pass away in Logan?

T. In Logan. And Babe told me how their Grandpa Ricks called home and told them there was not much hope for her. Babe said he went out in the barnyard to do his praying, and Vernon prayed that she wasn't to stay here.

A. Do you remember when that was?

T. 1929.

A. So she passed away in November 1929 in Logan. You say that really upset Uncle Babe?

T. There would be six children left motherless. On June 25, 1930, Grandpa married Anne Pearl Anderson Gheen. She was a divorced woman, a registered nurse, and she happened to wait on Mother Ricks while she was sick. And that's where Grandpa met her. And Grandpa married her in June, brought her home to the six children here, Florence was gone then. Aunt Pearl brought four children with her — Donald, Keith, Pauline, and Bill.

A. Were there any children born to Babe's father and this lady?

T. Aunt Pearl and Grandpa Ricks had Betty Ann.

A. So, Betty and Uncle Babe are half-brother and sister. I want you to tell me how Uncle Babe was affected by the death of his mother.

T. He was grief-stricken for months. He was only 17 years old. He said he lost the best thing he could have ever had in this world — his mother. He loved her dearly. She was a good woman and a good mother, very quiet.

A. You say she was a friend of Grandma Brown's?

T. Yes, she was a friend of my mother's. They used to exchange butter. When their cows were fresh and they churned the butter, we got butter from them. Then when their cows dried up, we always had butter, so they would come down to get some from us.

A. You indicated that when Uncle Babe's father remarried, Babe did not like the lady.

T. He was so upset. He said he used to lay awake at night thinking up new things he could do to Aunt Pearl to drive her away. He just didn't like anyone coming in that home to take his mother's place.

A. But then he came to like her? What happened to change his attitude?

T. She just won him over. She was a dear woman. Her daughter, Pauline Rudd, reminds me so much of Aunt Pearl. They called her the Florence Nightingale of Parker because she did so many good things when people were ill, delivered babies, and everything. I remember the day she delivered Dorla Rudd, over here across the street from Mother and Dad. Betty came later, and then Aunt Pearl got quick pneumonia on May 8, 1942, and died very suddenly. But just before she left, being a nurse, she knew the conditions. Babe was at the hospital with Aunt Pearl, and when the end came, it was her wish that he take Betty Ann.

A. How old was Betty Ann?

T. Eight years old.

A. Did she miss her mom?

T. She never talked about her mother.

A. Why do you think that was?

T. I have no idea what changes she went through. One day I was working in the variety store, and the next day I was the mother of an eight-year old child.

A. How did you and Betty get along?

T. I had never been around a child in my life. Wilma and I grew up together. We never had little children around. We never tended children like they do now. Mother helped me so much.

A. And of course, you and Babe didn't have children yet.

T. No, we had been married seven years, and then about a year and a half after we took Betty, I became pregnant with Marilyn. The doctor, Harlo Rigby, a good doctor, told me, "Don't you ever plan on carrying this baby to term."

A. Do you know why he said that?

T. He said that something was wrong.

A. So, how did you and Betty get along?

T. We got along okay. It was really hard on both of us. I was real nervous about it, and she was afraid of everything. She was afraid of a dog, a cat, a cow, a horse. I was left alone with her because after we were married, Babe worked in the summers for farmers here in the valley, and then Betty came and he was still working for farmers. Then the year Marilyn was born, we bought the sawmill at Camas Meadows in Kilgore from Clark Jackson. We owned and operated that mill for twelve years. And the next four years Babe was head sawyer for the Youngstrom sawmill in Spencer. He was a real good sawyer, and he learned that all by himself. During

those twelve years, Marilyn was born, Paul was born, Thomas was born, and we lived most of the summer part of the time out to the sawmill, and the kids loved to be out there.

A. How old was Betty when Marilyn was born?

T. She was ten.

A. Did she help you tend the babies? Was she pretty good with the babies?

T. She was a real good babysitter.

A. How do your children regard Betty now? How did they get along with her?

T. They get alone very well.

A. Before we leave Uncle Babe, describe him physically.

T. He never got sick. He was really a hard worker. He never knew when he was tired. He loved that sawmill. It was hard. We didn't make any money, but we lived, and then when he worked over at Youngstroms, he got paid well. It wasn't too bad.

A. Describe his personality.

T. Babe was a good-looking fellow. He had dark hair and he was a happy man.

A. Did he get along with people well?

T. Really well.

A. Let's talk about your children for a little bit, but before we discuss them, I want you to say a little more about Betty. Whom did she marry?

T. She married a dentist in Boise. His name is Lewis Williams.

A. And how many children do they have?

T. Seven.

A. And I guess their kids are all grown up now.

T. Yes. Her last daughter, Caroline, I'm quite close to her. She went to the Ukraine on a mission for 18 months. She did really good over there. She corresponded with me while she was over there. She came home and got her schooling in Idaho Falls and she taught school there last winter. And she's married to a fellow who was originally from St. Anthony. He's been in the army and he re-enlisted about two months ago, and he's on his way to Germany. All their things are packed in Idaho Falls and she's been over to Boise to stay with her mother. She said it's going to be a short while and then she'd go over there with him.

A. Didn't Betty go on a mission?

T. Yes, she filled a mission. We sent her on a mission to Samoa, and we also educated her as a registered nurse.

A. Okay, Aunt Therel. Let's talk about your children for a little bit.

When was Marilyn born?

T. She was born September 12, and she just had a 53rd birthday. So that would be 1943.

A. How many children does she have?

T. She has eight.

A. And she married . . .?

T. Richard Harris.

A. Where did he live?

T. He was from St. Anthony, and they were both students at Utah State University. He's a civil engineer for the Forest Service. They live in North Ogden, and he has charge of all the ranges from the Wasatch Range to the Idaho line.

A. Alright. Your next child was who?

T. Paul.

A. When was he born?

T. I know. July 8, 1946.

A. Okay, Paul is three years younger than Marilyn. And then your next one was. . .?

T. Thomas Charles and he was born on February 12, 1952.

A. Where were your children born?

T. They were all born in the Rexburg Hospital.

A. And raised here in Parker?

T. Raised here in Parker, and lived here all their lives.

A. Whom did Paul marry?

T. He married Cindy Collette.

A. And how many children do they have?

T. They have three. One girl and two boys — Brodee Lynn, Brandon and Tobin.

A. Where do Paul and Cindy live?

T. They did live in St. Anthony for about three years, and then they moved out here on the east end of our lot.

A. And Tom, whom did he marry?

T. He married Suzanne Hill of St. Anthony. They live in Rexburg, and they have three living daughters — Elizabeth, Brook and Jenna.

A. What does Paul do for a living?

T. He was a parts man at Robinson in St. Anthony for several years, then they moved him to Idaho Falls and into the airport for several years. Now he is the head mechanic at the Bauer Motors in St. Anthony.

A. And what about Tommy?

T. Thomas works as farm machinery manager at Stone's Town and Country Motors in St. Anthony. He has worked there ever since he

was married. His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, graduated last spring from Ricks College and she will be going to Utah State the first day of October. She has been working for her dad all summer. She is a whiz at the computer.

A. And his younger daughter is now going to Ricks. Her name is Brook?

T. Brook Ann.

A. And what about Paul's kids? Are they around here?

T. Yes. Brandon trucked for Gould's Trucking for a long time, and now a year ago he went down to work for Western Fertilizer here in Parker. He's not married. Tobin works for a parts body and fender in St. Anthony. Brodee is a dental specialist. She works for a dentist in Idaho Falls. She graduated from Eastern Idaho Technical College. She's a real sweetheart.

A. Now, quickly identify Marilyn's children and where they are.

T. Todd filled a mission in German. He spoke the German language so fluently that when he came home from his mission he finished his BYU degree, and then he went to work for the Church and became a language interpreter and traveled to Europe every three weeks. He speaks thirteen different languages. His wife's name is Lisa. They have two children — one girl and one boy. Travis is the next one. He is in the Air Force and he spent several years in Germany. At present, he's in Great Falls, but each company at Great Falls has to spend one year in Korea. So, he has one more month left in Korea. His wife's name is Nikki — they have a little boy and a little girl. Melissa is the next one. She is the only girl. She's a registered nurse, graduated from Ricks College. She has four little girls, and is married to Eric Hirschi. At the present time they live in Benton, Washington and she works at a local hospital. Eric is a civil engineer. Ryan comes next. He filled a mission in Wisconsin, and now he's married to Sherry. They have one little boy three years old; he ought to be 18 years old. He's always doing things way beyond his age. They had twins in May, a little boy and a little girl.

Justin is the next. He filled a mission in Portugal. He is married now and works as a tile worker in new homes. He lays tile. He is married to Lisa and his little boy was born in May. Jeremy is the next one. He filled his mission in Belgium part of the time and then he became very ill and they sent him home and after he got better, he finished his mission in Northern California. He was recently married, and he and his wife are attending school at Utah State. Nathan is presently in New York on his mission and Nick

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just graduated from high school and he goes with full scholarship to Utah State in about three weeks. He is the last one.

A. That is quite a missionary family, isn't it?

T. Yes. They've all filled missions with the exception of Travis and Nick. I think Travis has done very well in armed services as a missionary.

A. I want you to talk about the hard times you remember during your married life. When I mention hard times, what do you think of?

T. Well, when we were first married, we lived in two rooms over in the Clark Jackson home. We had a room for our kitchen, our dining room. We owned a new cook stove, a bedroom set. . . and that's all. I worked and Rulon worked, and we lived there two years.

A. Were you still working in St. Anthony?

T. In the variety store. And then we raised some pigs; I can't remember how many head of pigs, and we sold them all and made a $150. That was our down payment on our first home in Parker which belonged to Walt Kelley; it's just half a block west of my mother and dad's home.

A. I remember that. How much did you pay for it?

T. $500. When we walked into that house that day, the whole kitchen ceiling — all of it — was down on the floor.

A. It had collapsed and fallen to the floor?

T. Yes, and it was a filthy house. All the woodwork in those two rooms, the bedroom and the dining room, was just like sand paper, with flies and all. We worked all day, and would then go down there and clean at night. It took us a good month or better. We had to fumigate for bedbugs and the whole works, but we got it so it looked really nice. And we lived there, well, all of our children were born there.

After we got Betty, I worked for two years in the potato warehouses. When she came to live with us, she never had one dud, not one dress, no clothing, or anything because Aunt Pearl and Grandpa were poor. Then I was pregnant with Marilyn, and while Marilyn was a baby, Betty couldn't have had more sickness. She had quick pneumonia. We had to get her over that. Then she had an appendicitis attack, but they couldn't operate on her for that because she had chickenpox at the time. They had to wait until they got the chicken pox cleared up before they could operate on her appendix. And so it took us nearly till spring to get that all over with, while Marilyn was a tiny baby.

A. Did Uncle Babe buy the sawmill in Kilgore about that time?

T. Yes, so he was gone all the time. Only in the winters he came

home and he would work for the potato industry.

A. While he was away, of course, you were here with the children alone?

T. After he got through at Youngstroms, that's when we had that mess with my nerves.

A. Tell me what happened after Uncle Babe worked for Youngstroms. Where did he go next for work?

T. He put an application into the State for a potato inspector which he received, and he inspected potatoes throughout the valley here in the winter. In the middle of May he left for Bakersfield, California and inspected potatoes there and he worked his way on up the coast and did fruit — pears, peaches, and etc. He was away from home every summer for 17 summers.

A. And he would be home through the winter months. Is that correct?

T. Yes.

A. During the winter months he would inspect potatoes. Would he go all over the Upper Valley inspecting potatoes?

T. Mostly through the Egin Bench area and sometimes he worked as far as Ririe, Rigby, and places like that. Most of the time he stayed at the warehouses in the Upper Snake River Valley.

A. Did he enjoy that?

T. Yes, he liked that, and he was a good inspector. He didn't send potatoes on the market that weren't fit.

A. So while he was gone all summer, what did you do?

T. There was Tommy and Paul and myself. Marilyn was here for a couple of summers, and then she left. Paul usually had a good job at different places and Tom and I were elected to do the yards. Tom was only about 12 at first, and he mowed a lot of the widows' lawns here in Parker with a push mower, and he usually got around a $1.50 for each lawn mowed. He was a good worker and he helped his mother every minute. We used to sit up sometimes when we'd decide to house clean, we'd stay up sometimes till 3:00 in the morning painting and cleaning the house. So he was a good partner for his mother.

A. You say Uncle Babe served as an inspector for 17 years. How old would Tommy have been when Uncle Babe quit inspecting then? Was Tommy married and gone by then?

T. Yes. Babe came home the year Paul was married on the 15th of August [1968] to Cindy. He came home early that year for that wedding and stayed home. And the year that Tommy married Suzanne Hill, he came home for that. Well, he hadn't gone yet. He

stayed that summer, and that was in May [1975].

A. So did he go inspecting any more after that?

T. Yes, but not away. He was here for the summers and he was close to retirement then, and so he worked here in the winters, and did seed potatoes from Ashton a lot in late spring and then he didn't work very much during the summer. He just worked in this huge yard we had.

A. So, by the time Tommy got married, Uncle Babe was through going away for the summers. He stayed here for the summers.

T. He had his summers off.

A. And he didn't do any other kind of work during his lifetime. He was a sawyer and a potato and fruit inspector. Were you bothered by the fact that he was away so much?

T. He used to call every Sunday night at 10:00 and check on us. We had nice conversations. He worried about me, he worried about Paul and Tom and the yard, but we raised good gardens. One year, we were so anxious for him to get home to see the garden, and he got home early that year, about the latter part of August, and about the day before he came, it hailed and everything was gone. So, he couldn't see the garden we raised — it was all gone. But he loved to work in the yard and keep everything up.

A. Being hailed out like that, has that been a concern of yours through the years? Has it happened often?

T. Yes, often. We've had as much as a foot of hail on the highway in the latter part of August, lots of times.

A. So that would wipe out some of the farms here, wouldn't it?

T. Yes. And the freezes. Well, it would take the vines from the potatoes, but by that time, it should start to be ripening. But we've had through the valley, lots of times.

A. We started off talking about Uncle Babe by talking about hard times that you remember during your married life. I guess being separated from him during the summer months would be hard. Are there any other hard times that you remember during your married life you'd like to mention?

T. Well, those were the loneliest times, I think. At the sawmill we owned, he would be out there a lot of times and I was in here with the children. He would always come in on the weekends.

A. I'd like to talk about your health for just a few minutes. Have you been pretty healthy and well during your lifetime?

T. Well, we were married seven years before I was pregnant with Marilyn. And Dr. Harlo Rigby said that I shouldn't plan on that baby because I'd never carry that baby. But I carried her and she

was born. And when she was about four months old, I got infection in my breast, and the weather was so cold, we decided we'd got up here to a doctor and instead of our family doctor in Rexburg. He gave me sulpha that didn't digest. My temperature was 107° for 48 hours. So, Mother came down and she just insisted on Babe taking me over to Dr. Rigby, which he did, and Dr. Rigby said, "Well, if you'd kept her another hour, you wouldn't have had to bother."

A. Meaning you'd have been dead.

T. Yes.

A. So what did Dr. Rigby do for you?

T. They sweat the poison out of me, I can remember them coming in and taking everything about every hour — the bed spread, the sheets, everything was just wringing wet. But I didn't have to stay in the hospital too long. But it left Babe in charge of Marilyn, and he had a hard time getting her to take a bottle after she had nursed.

A. Sweating, of course, that broke the fever, but did the sulpha cure the infection?

T. I guess the infection sort of went away, I can't remember.

A. Were there other times in your life when you were very ill?

T. Yes. I can't remember the year. It was in January. Babe happened to be over to a meeting at the church, and I sent Betty Ann to get Babe. I thought I was having a heart attack ,and he came home, called Dr. Rigby. He said Babe didn't need to bring me that night because he know what I was having. It wasn't my heart, it was a nervous breakdown. So the next morning when we went, he informed us that it was a complete nervous and physical breakdown.

A. How did you feel at that time? You sent for Uncle Babe because you didn't feel well, but what were the symptoms?

T. Just a little pain around my heart. I wouldn't wish a nervous breakdown on a dog. No one has any idea what you go through. I went to every doctor around here. Then Dr. Passey sent me down to the Dee Hospital in Ogden where there was a specialist, and he was a good doctor. He was considered one of the best doctors in the west. I spent six weeks in the Dee Hospital. And I had 26 shock treatments.

A. Do you remember those?

T. I remember the treatments, but the treatments take a lot of things. There are lots and lots of things I can't remember. When I first came home, I couldn't even recall anybody's name, only my

children. I knew my children. I knew my father, but other than that, I didn't know anyone's name. The first time I went back to church, I did not know one soul's name. I was organist of the ward, so it was quite a while before I went back. So I played that night, we had sacrament meeting at night. And after I got through the opening and sacrament song, Marilyn was sitting over in back of me, and I turned around and told her I was going home, that I couldn't handle it. She shook her head and said, "Mother, you stay here. This is what you're going have to do, and you are going to do this." So I stayed, and did it. And after that, it was easier. President William Lewis was the stake president at the time, and he was a dear friend of mine. He cast the evil spirits from my body every time he administered to me.

We had an experience on the temple grounds. Babe used to come down early every Sunday morning at the hospital and they let me go out with him. He took me to Temple Square early one morning. There wasn't anyone on those grounds except us. And we were walking around enjoying ourselves when a man came up behind us and he called us every word he could lay his tongue to. He was almost crazy. Rulon stepped inside to one of the information desks and told a brother there that he should come as he felt there was a man who should be dismissed from off the grounds. So, he and Rulon went back out to see, but he had gone.

A. Why did he call you names?

T. I think he was . . . what would you say, the devil, Lucifer had sent him, or maybe it was Lucifer himself, I don't know. It was something that I was going through.

A. How long were you sick with this nervous breakdown?

T. Well, I went to the hospital in the first part of June in Ogden, but I had been ill since January. I came home the latter part of July. But that was so hard. I had a hard time making myself do anything.

A. Did you feel tired all the time?

T. I can't describe the feeling. I just didn't want to be around anyone, or I wanted everyone around me, but I wasn't concerned about life itself.

A. How long before you were able to begin work again as a mother and take care of your children and feel like you were making a contribution?

T. I was not too good the following January, so Dr. Passey told Rulon that we should go away, that he should take me away. So we went to Mesa, Arizona for six weeks and stayed with Pauline and Jay,

that's Babe's step-sister. I was fine while I was down there. We kept busy and we enjoyed it. When I came home in March, I had a hard time. Then one day in early April I went to Dr. Soules in St. Anthony. Dr. Soules residence was across the street from the Farm Bureau where I paid the insurance. Something directed me and told me to go see if he was home because he was retired at the time. I knocked at the door, he answered it, and he was delighted that I had come. He kept me in his home for at least two hours. He visited with me, talked with me and before I left, he had given me three shots. He then gave me the medicine to bring home to have a trained nurse give me those shots once a day until I felt better, and then I was to have them not as often as one a day. I know to this day, that's what helped me get better.

A. What were these shots?

T. B12, B6, and B1.

A. Have you been ill since then?

T. No.

A. You seem to me during the past few years to have been very healthy for your age.

T. That's right. I guess you have to have certain things on this earth to appreciate other things.

A. You have to taste the bitter that you might learn to appreciate the sweet.

T. I was under a lot of stress before I had the nervous breakdown, with the flues, and the sawmill, and my mother being so ill. I'll always remember the day I came home from the hospital, and my father walked down to our place and sat and cried because I had come home. He knew I was going to be better. He was alone at the time because Mother had gone.

A. That was probably the hardest time you remember in your life, wasn't it?

T. Yes it was. I wouldn't wish an animal that kind of misery. No one knows until they've gone through it. Of course, I think these days maybe it would be different. When I came home, I had a stack of pill boxes that different doctors had given me, but everything went opposite for me.

A. They didn't help?

T. No, no way.

A. Not until you got the "B" vitamins.

T. Yes.

A. Okay, let's talk about some of the good times in your life. When I ask you about the good times in your life, what comes to mind

first?

T. I guess it was because I was so active in the church, with my music. I was the organist of the ward, and I don't say this to brag, but I guess they always needed me or they'd have released me. I was organist of the ward for 48 years. I was organist for the Yellowstone Stake for 23 years, and Brother Rich had been the chorister in the ward a lot, too. I worked with him in the stake for a long time, and he was a dear man. He was just like my brother. I really enjoyed all that.

A. Okay, Aunt Therel, most of your playing the organ and the piano in church meetings was spent here in the Parker and St. Anthony area, right?

T. Until I was released from the Parker Ward as organist and the stake. Then I was called to work with Sister Helen Lamprect in the Stake Relief Society in the First Stake at Ricks College, and I was there for 12 years. And that was a beautiful experience to see all those many girls from all over the world. I was in charge of the 7th Ward "A" and "B," and I was in charge of 105 girls. I had a beautiful experience playing for all those girls, and participating in our stake conferences.

A. So, you were the stake organist?

T. On the Stake Relief Society Board.

A. I see. So you say you were there for how long?

T. Twelve years. Usually your time is 5 years, but I wasn't released until the third president of the stake came on and found out how long I'd been there, so I soon got released. And then I went right up to the Youth Training Center here in St. Anthony.

A. Tell me about that.

T. That's where they bring the boys who have been abused or have no families. Some of them have been caught by the law. Some of them are sweet boys. You learn to love those boys. They love to sing and we had our services at 9:30 every Sunday morning. I was there for 8 years. And Babe was a counselor in the presidency there for 3 years until he took very ill.

A. So you enjoyed that experience?

T. Very much so, but it was time for me to be released because I've enjoyed coming back to my own ward, and I'm organist of the Relief Society now.

A. Did Uncle Babe enjoy his experience at the Youth Center?

T. The boys loved him. One boy was there because he was 12 years old when he shot his father. He was in lock-up out at the school. It was Rulon's job every Sunday to go out to the lock-up cabin; he

and this boy became dear friends. I think this boy will remember Rulon all the days of his life because he loved him very much.

A. What happened to the boy, do you know?

T. He stayed at the school for quite some time, and there was only one senator that prevented him from staying at the school and being kind of a help with the boys there at the school, and he would have stayed there for five more years, and he would then have been released, but one senator wouldn't sign, and so he's in the penitentiary in Boise.

A. How long did you say Uncle Babe served over there?

T. Three years.

A. And then he quit because he became too ill to continue. Is that correct?

T. Yes, the last time he went, our grandson Travis took him to the lock-up that Sunday morning and when Babe came home, he said, "Do you know how many steps it is from the car to the door?" And I said "No, how many?" And he said, "Just 150 steps and every step I didn't know if I would make it or not."

A. Let's talk about Uncle Babe's passing away. How old was he when he died?

T. He would have been 83 two weeks ago. He's been dead 7 years, so he was 78 years old when he passed away. He was bound and determined he was going to live. He didn't want to go.

A. Do you remember the day he passed away?

T. May 20 [1990], Sunday morning. On the Thursday before he passed away, I was awakened and I went to get up, and he and Marilyn, Marilyn was here with us at that time. They were sound asleep, so I decided I'd go back and lay down for a few minutes. I must have dozed off, and in dozing off, my father came to me — very clear. He had the most beautiful smile on his face I've ever seen. I knew he'd come for a purpose, and I got the message. Also, Babe's brother, Jack, who was very fond of Babe, but his temple work hadn't been done, and he had been dead for a couple of years, and his image was there with us. I could tell that it was Jack standing by my father. Dad just gave me a beautiful smile and left. And when I got up, I said to Marilyn, "It's not going to be long because my father has been here this morning." And as Babe awakened and got up, he had a terrible hemmorage at 9:00, so I called the doctor and he said that's what he had been waiting for — and that we had three days. And in exactly three days, he died Sunday about 3:30 in the afternoon.

A. Tell me what his problem was. What did he die of?

T. Cancer. When they operated on him, the doctor said if it was benign that he could go in and lift it right out and everything would be fine. He thought it was about the size of a small football, and that it would take about 6½ hours for surgery. When 2½ hours were up, Marilyn and I were waiting, and the doctor came out, and I said to Marilyn, "He's either gone or there is something wrong." The doctor sat down and explained the whole thing. He said Babe was just full of cancer that he could have picked and picked and picked and never got it all.

A. In his stomach?

T. All through him. But he rallied good and he dressed himself and enjoyed a ride to town, and visiting with Tom and Paul, both boys were there. Paul worked in Idaho Falls then, but Tom had the business at Stone's. And then towards March he started failing faster, and he lived on till May.

A. Describe the circumstances at the time he died. Where were you?

T. That was on Sunday morning and I told him when I got up I said, "I'm not going up to the school this morning, I'm going to get someone to go and take my place." And he said, "no, I insist that you go." And I said, "Well, I don't want to go. I want to stay and be here with you." And he said, "No, I want you to go." And I had been there about an hour when Sue came up to the chapel where we held Sunday School. And I knew then that I needed to go home. I just got up from the piano and left. Paul and Tom came when I left, and they were going to bathe him. He said, "You boys will have to hurry because I'm on my way out." They barely got through bathing him when he went unconscious. And he was unconscious from then until he passed away.

A. About how long would that have been?

T. From about 11:00 in the morning till about a quarter to three in the afternoon when he left. I came within the hour, but it was too late to have a conversation with him. He didn't know a thing. Just heavy breathing. As he was going unconscious, he told the boys, "I just can't go through this, it's too dark. Someone's holding on to me." And then he said, "I'm all right now, don't worry any more. I can see the light at the end of the tunnel."

A. Were both the boys here?

T. Yes. They were both here and experienced all that.

A. So, he died in his home with his two boys to tend him. You can't ask for more than that.

T. And we never had to bother anyone to come and sit. If I had to go somewhere Cindy would come over, and Marilyn would come from

Ogden when she was able. Sue came, also. And, Sue was the one who came to the school that morning to get me, and then she just stayed right in the kitchen, bless her heart, and busied herself fixing some food so everybody could be fed. It was just all over with.

A. Was that a hard experience for you?

T. Yes. When the doctor came out of the room that morning and told us, it seemed like there was a black shroud that covered me. And it didn't leave for a long time. And I went to the cemetery every night for a long time, and I've never missed a week, when its been decent weather to take flowers, but now when I go, there is nothing there. I can tell there is no spirit or anything there. But I have felt his presence several times. I've never heard him. . . he came to Marilyn and she got the message he delivered to her. He had one finger that he had cut the chords in his middle finger when he was a young boy, and she said, "Mother, I wish you could have seen his hands, they are absolutely beautiful."

We had a huge funeral. One of the biggest ones we've ever had in Parker. And the floral offerings were just massive. Memorial Day was the following week, so we kept a lot of them here and took them on Memorial Day.

A. You remember the funeral then as a positive experience?

T. Yes.

A. Okay, is there anything else you want to talk about, Aunt Therel, in connection with your life and Uncle Babe and your children?

T. I have three good children. Marilyn has raised a big family, and the last boy is getting ready to go on his mission. Paul has been a real good boy. He is very very kind. He never says a derogatory thing about a person. If I ever start to say a little something about someone, he would say, "Mother, Mother. .." And Tom is busy with his business, but he is always here when there is something. . . when one of the boys is leaving on a mission or a wedding or something down to Marilyn's in Ogden, he's always here to take me. The daughters-in law have been really good, too.

A. So, they've helped to keep you comfortable?

T. Yes.

A. I want you to talk for a just a few minutes about Jenna. When we talked about your grandchildren, I couldn't hear on the tape where you mentioned Jenna. You talked about Elizabeth and you talked about Brook Ann, but you didn't mention Jenna.

T. She's an autistic child.

A. She is the child of Tom and Sue?

T. She is their third child. She'll be 17 in April of this year, but she has never said a word. And they give her excellent care. Never have I heard Sue complain one instant. Sue is there with her all the time. Brook and Elizabeth were really good to help until they moved on. Elizabeth lives in Logan now to go to school and work, and Brook works up to the college, and belongs to this jumping jazz team that's been all over — been to Japan, Orlando Florida, Nauvoo in late January, and in front of President Clinton. She's done a beautiful job, so she's had that fun time. But Jenna goes to school, and they have a place to take her, and she'll be in high school this year. She's a smart little girl. She had something like a little calendar that had words on it. And her mother would ask her and she would write, so after Babe had been gone for a while, Sue asked her one day, "Do you miss Granddad Ricks?" And she said, "No." Sue asked, "What did he used to bring you for treats?" And she said, "cheese curds." And that was right. And she said, "Where did Grandpa Ricks go?" And she said, "He died." And she said, "Do you miss him?" And Jenna said, "No, he is with me."

The girls have been really loyal to take care of her and help Tom and Sue. I know they'll never take her anywhere or put her in a place.

A. Just one more question, Aunt Therel. What do you want to say to close this interview? What do you want people to know about you and what you think, how you feel?

T. I know my Heavenly Father lives. I have a testimony of this gospel. I've really been blessed. While in my nervous breakdown, I forgot a lot of things, but I never did forget any note on the piano or how to read music. That stayed with me and that was the only thing that really stayed with me. And also, I know that I was blessed. I know that I was guided and my folks were guided to have me take lessons, and I would be able to play so freely all those years, and I don't regret one minute of ever helping out or doing things. I love to help the sick and whatever, and whenever I've been asked to play for a company of people, I've been willing to do that. Sometimes it was very hard when my children were little, but we always managed. Babe stayed home nights and nights to watch them while I was busy with choruses and practicing for the music. Babe sang in all our choirs. He had a beautiful tenor voice.

A. You're happy?

T. Yes, and I have dear friends. I've really enjoyed friends like that.

Oral Interview with Wilma Brown Quayle

A. Gloria and I are in Aunt Wilma's home in Parker this evening, and the date is February 18, 1996. We are here to interview Aunt Wilma about her and her father and mother, sisters, and brother, and family. Aunt Wilma, please give your full name.

W. Wilma Quayle

A. And your address?

W. Parker, Idaho Box 103

A. And your mother's full name.

W. Martha Letitia Orgill Brown

A. And your father's full name.

W. Charles William Brown.

A. Give the full names of your sisters and brother.

W. Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus, Therel Brown Ricks.

A. Therel doesn't have a middle name then?

W. I think not.

A. Okay, then what was your brother's name?

W. Charles Milton.

A. Where do you fit into the family?

W. I was the youngest.

A. Give me your birth date.

W. November 10, 1917.

A. So, how old are you now?

W. 78.

A. Where were you born and raised?

W. Over to my folks' home.

A. Tell something about your birth and childhood. Grandma and Grandpa must have told you something about circumstances leading to your birth.

G. Who was the midwife?

W. I think it was Mrs. Johnson, Mabel. She was midwife for a lot of people here in Parker.

A. So, Grandma and Grandpa didn't tell you anything about your birth that you remember?

W. No. Well, I think that Dad was back in Omaha with the sheep, selling sheep when I was born.

A. How old would Melba have been, about?

W. I think she was ten years older than I was.

A. So, when Grandpa would go away like that, was there someone here in the community to help Grandma when she needed help, or was she on her own?

W. I guess she was on her own.

G. Did she have any close relatives here?

W. Well, Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary, and I really don't know when they came to Parker, whether . . . you know, how much later they came than my dad and mother.

A. Was there a cow to milk, pigs to slop?

W. Gee, I don't have any idea about that.

A. Okay, what do you remember about your childhood?

W. Very little.

G. What's your first memory?

W. I don't know, but we used to play a lot. I used to go with my dad once in a while.

A. Do you remember being sick?

W. Later, I do. I was sick two or three times.

A Measles, chicken pox. . .?

W. I guess.

G. Do you remember who your playmates were when you were young?

W. Linna Rhodehouse.

A. Did she live nearby?

W. Yes, she lived right here in this house.

A. So she would be about your age?

W. No, she was two years younger than I was.

A. When you played, what did you play?

W. Oh, we played in ditches, made mud houses, and played with angle worms.

A. Did you ever play school?

W. No, really, I don't think we played school much. We used to dig places in the corn and play they were cars and things like that.

A. Did you like to play with dolls?

W. Yes. We had a lot of dolls. We used to . . . Dad had a sheep camp and that is where I had a play house, in the sheep camp.

A. It was parked on the lot somewhere?

W. It was right there where the old coal shed used to be. I'll have to tell you something funny. I had some rabbits. I cleaned the rabbit pen out one day and removed the straw and lit it and started the sheep camp on fire.

A. Did it destroy it?

W Well, the back end got burned, and I was always hoping my dad would buy some of those, I don't know what you call it, I guess, ribs that they put the canvas over, but he never did. I used to want a wagon so bad when I was a kid.

A. You mean a wagon that you could pull?

W. A little red wagon.

A. Was the sheep camp . . . was he through with the sheep camp when

you burned it?

W. Yes.

A. So, you say you never got your red wagon, what other toys did you have besides your dolls?

W. None.

G. You mentioned your dog. What was his name?

W. Jack. That was later.

G. He pulled you in the sleigh. So that was your winter fun?

W. That was our winter fun. Well, in the summer all of the neighbor kids, we'd play "run sheep run" a lot at night. We'd build a bonfire and throw some potatoes in the fire and "run sheep run."

G. Where would the bonfire be?

W. Oh, down on our place or on the sidewalk, the Humphrey kids, and I guess Lawrence Miller and Otheil.

A. So you'd play "run sheep run" and what else?

W. We'd play hide-n-go-seek and hopscotch. We played a lot of hopscotch. And, jump the rope, and we even played marbles over at the school. I had a lot of marbles. I had beautiful marbles. We used to buy them over at the general store.

G. Did you pick them out or did you have to buy a package?

W. Oh, no, we got to pick them out.

A. Were you good at marbles?

W. Not bad. We used to play purge . . .

G. Is that a marble game?

W. We dug holes and then we'd toss them.

G. Did girls have jacks in those days?

W. I never did play jacks. And when I was in the seventh grade, we used to have a clean-up day in the spring and had a lot of activities. I could do the high jump. I high-jumped through the eighth grade. We had races . . .

A. Were you a fast runner?

W. You bet.

A. Did you win your races?

W. I don't remember winning them. I guess I did, but I don't know.

A. Are there any other games or competitions that you remember participating in?

G. Did you have ice skates?

W. Oh, no. I don't think we ice skated, but I did wish I had a pair of roller skates. And I wanted a bicycle so bad. Grant Humphrey was the only one. Bishop Humphrey's son . . . he had a bicycle. And when he got it new, he would let us ride it around the block. I learned to ride a bicycle down in Ucon when I stayed with your

mother.

A. They were pretty expensive, I guess?

W. I don't know.

A. At least more expensive than what Grandpa could afford.

W. Well, he could afford some things but he couldn't afford other things, as far as I'm concerned. I don't know how he afforded all of Therel's music lessons. I would have loved a bicycle. A bicycle wouldn't have cost half as much as some of the music lessons. But I did enjoy having that dog. Melba and Reed gave me the dog for Christmas one year. And Dad bought me one of those harnesses just like the harnesses that are on dog racing teams. I used to go down to Mrs. Hibbert's for Mother. That was fun. We just flew.

G. How far away did Mrs. Hibbert live?

W. A good mile.

A. Really?

W. Down across Egin Canal and south of here.

G. Did Grandma churn her own butter?

W. Well, yes.

A. I can remember when she churned her own butter.

W. She did, but we also bought butter from Mrs. Hibbert for awhile. Whether it was when the cow was dry, or what, I don't remember.

A. So you went to school here in Parker?

W. Right.

A. Grade school and . . .

W. Two years of high school.

A. So, two years of high school. Did you graduate from high school here in Parker, then?

W. Well, I think we always had graduation from the eighth grade, but then we went to St. Anthony for the last two years of high school.

G. Who was your favorite teacher?

W. Well, Mary Jenkins was a good teacher. She taught me here. She didn't teach in St. Anthony when I went, but she taught here. And, oh, I don't know whether you remember Mr. Wilson from Rexburg. I think I was his pet; he was a good teacher.

A. What did he teach?

W. He taught the seventh grade. And when I was in the eighth grade, I had Mr. Squires and Mr. Hutchings. They both taught the eighth grade.

A. Do you remember the first names of these people?

W. I don't know if I ever knew Mr. Squires' first name because we always called him Mr.

A. What were your favorite subjects in school?

W. Spelling, literature.
A. Do you like to read?
W. I love to read.
A. Do you read a lot?
W. I read a lot.
A. Have you read a lot all through your life?
W. I wish I had kept track of all the books I've read.
G. What was your least favorite subject?
W. Math. Dad was an excellent mathematician. He was smart, and he figured a lot of people's hay here around. People would come and get him to figure haystacks, the amount of hay that was in a haystack.
G. You didn't bale it in those days, did you?
W. No, they stacked it. Anyway, Therel and Mother would sit there part of the time and Dad and I would go the rounds about arithmetic and he wouldn't help me 'til I could see it. He would never do it for me. I would cry and Mother would get mad and go to bed and Therel would leave. We had a lot of sessions.
A. Okay, he would try to teach you the concepts, but he wouldn't work any problems for you?
W. Right, he wouldn't work my problems for me. That's right. I agree there.
A. Did you have a pretty good relationship with Grandpa?
W. Yes. They always called me "Dad's boy."
G. I did some subtracting, and you were about 14 when Alyn was born. Is that right?
W. I think . . .
G. You were born in 1917 and he was born in 1931?
A. So when you graduated from high school, you would have been 17.
W. I was the valedictorian. But you know, my mother and dad never seemed to think that was any great thing. I never remember being complimented because I was valedictorian.
A. How many were in your graduating class? Do you remember?
W. Well, I would say 25 or 30.
G. So you probably graduated from high school in 1934, is that right?
A. You were 17 and you were born in 1917 and you graduated about 1934. So I would imagine . . . She was 14 years older than I am. I am 64 and you are 78. So, you were valedictorian, and you loved literature, English, spelling.
W. And I took typing and shorthand. I got "A's" in shorthand and typing. I don't know whether I should say this, it sounds like you're bragging. I didn't take History in third and fourth year. I

took typing, shorthand, English . . . what else did I take?

G. Did they make girls take Home Ec in those days?

W. We didn't have Home Ec in those days, but we had . . . well, what would you say . . . class in athletics, I guess. Nothing outside, but I remember we did tap dancing there.

A. Did you like that?

W. Loved tap dancing. I took several classes from Reggie Wayne and he tapped danced. He was a super tap dancer from Sugar City, he taught dancing.

A. Did you always do pretty well in sports?

W. We didn't have any sports outside in St. Anthony.

A. I know. You indicated that you had a class in PE or sports or something.

W. It was more or less inside. . .

A. Did you enjoy that?

W. Yes.

A. How would you get to school, from here to St. Anthony?

W. That was a problem. There wasn't any bus then. Dad took us and . . .

G. You'd go the south road, didn't you say?

W. Yes, we went that way until they made that north road. And there was a girl who lived up . . . and I can't remember who that was. They took their car out once in a while and you couldn't depend on them. Maxine Rice, we went with her and her folks. I don't know whether Ruby Davenport and Margaret Miller furnished cars or not. But it was a headache, a real headache.

A. Aunt Wilma, when did Granddad get a car? Did he have a car when you first remember your childhood?

W. Yes. He had quite a few cars.

A. It wasn't a matter of not being able to get around without a car as far back as you can remember?

W. Right. He had a Studebaker with all those curtains that you put up and turn those keys, kind of. Then we had that Chevrolet. I remember going with him over there to see about buying that Chevrolet over in Sugar City some place.

A. Did he have horses when you were young?

W. He had a couple of work horses but he never had riding horses. Oh, he bought me an old gray pony from Wallace Miller for me to ride.

A. Did you ride that pony?

W. Oh yes.

A. You liked it?

W. She was too fat, really.
G. What was her name?
W. I don't think she had one, but I used to ride her quite a bit.
A. I don't suppose these cars had heaters in them.
W. No.
A. So you just dressed up warm and rolled down the window to see where you were going?
W. And I can remember going down to your mother's place in Ucon once in a while in the winter, and how cold it was. When we got home, all the fires would be out, and we'd build this fire and stand on top of the heater. It was cold. We'd take stove irons to bed to keep our feet warm.
A. When you got up in the morning the fire would probably be out and Grandpa would have to start a new fire.
W. I don't remember it being cold, then, in the morning, but I know lots of times in the night . . . the few times we went down to Melba's, when we got back it was cold. I remember coming home on the south road once and we just barely made it through some of the drifts on the road.
G. Did you have a lot of flats?
W. Don't ever remember having a flat, other than, you know, unless one was fixed at the house. Now that picture I gave you kids of all the kids sitting on Grandpa's fender, I think Dad was fixing a flat that day.
A. Okay, you had this horse. You had a dog. What was his name, Jack? How old were you when you got your dog? Were you in high school?
W. No.
A. You were in grade school.
W. Yes, kind of like in the 6th or 7th grade.
A. So, you liked Jack?
W. Yes, right.
G. What was he?
W. He had a little Bulldog in him, but he was a shorthaired dog, black; he might have had some Labrador in him.
A. Did he like you?
W. Yes, I'm sure he did.
A. How long did you have him?
W. Well, I think I had him about two or three years. He went with me down to the canal where we used to go swimming. I wasn't much of a swimmer. I was scared of the water. Anyway, he went down there and when I got home, he had died on the front lawn,

somebody had poisoned him. Dad had him buried by the time I got home. I think the Jenkins had sheep over here, I think they were the ones who put the poison out because it was out in that area.

A. So he wasn't a very old dog when he died. How did that affect you?

W. Well, I felt bad.

A. Did you get another dog to take his place?

W. No, never did.

A. That was the only dog you had until you got married?

W. 'Till I got married.

A. Did you have any other pets?

W. A rabbit.

A. Do you regard the rabbit as a pet?

W. A chore, really.

G. Why did you raise rabbits then?

W. I guess you wanted one till you got one then you wished you didn't have one. That's the way my kids were. They wanted rabbits, but when it came to cleaning the pens or feeding them, they didn't want them.

A. Did Grandpa have you take care of your horse or did you take care of your horse?

W. I remember currying him, and I guess feeding him, just kept him out in the barnyard.

A. Did Grandpa always have a cow or cows? Did you learn to milk?

W. No. Mother never wanted us to learn to milk. She said if we learned how to milk then we would have to. We never learned to milk.

A. That is good philosophy.

W. Mother milked a lot.

A. Grandma milked?

W. Oh, yes.

A. I don't remember that.

W. Oh, yes.

A. So, if Grandpa left for Chicago or some other place distant from here and there were cows to be milked, Grandma could milk the cows.

W. Yes, Grandma could milk the cows, but by the time I had grown enough to remember anything, Grandpa was out of the

sheep business. I can just barely remember when Grandpa lost the sheep and everything. It seemed like a sad day that day. I can just vaguely remember that. I knew something was wrong.

G. Did somebody come and take the whole herd?

W. I don't know where the whole herd was, but he and A.D. Miller had the sheep together and they went bankrupt. I guess the bank took the sheep, but I don't know. The price of hay was so high.

A. Let's talk about hobbies for a minute. What were your hobbies?

W. Gee, I don't think I had any.

G. Did you learn to sew?

W. Oh, I used to sew. I used to sew quite a few clothes. I made your sisters quite a few dresses.

A. Did you like to cook?

W. No, I never liked to cook.

A. You do a pretty good job of that now. Is that because you had to learn?

W. It's because you had to.

A. I meant to ask this a little while ago, but forgot. You said you wanted a pair of roller skates. Where would you have roller skated?

W. Probably nowhere, unless . . . well, by the time we had the tennis courts over to the school house. I could have roller skated over there later on.

A. Did you ever learn to roller skate?

W. Oh, we roller skated a little. We used to roller skate up in the Beddes Hall and up at the church house in the gym.

A. Where is the Beddes Hall?

W. It's about where Lindon Crapo has that motorcycle repair place.

A. Over in Parker. So what was that then?

W. It was a post office and a confectionary. David Beddes and Mrs. Beddes lived there. And then they had a big dance hall upstairs. That's where they held all the big dances. We used to have a lot of fun. They would play basketball up there, too, a lot of basketball.

G. Who provided the music for the dances?

W. They had orchestras.

A. Would the community get together occasionally and hold dances?

W. Yes, right.

G. On a regular basis, like every Saturday night?

W. Well, I don't remember about that. And we used to have kid dances, the Primary children danced up there. And we usually had a new dress for Christmas.

A. Beddes Hall. So it was kind of a community center. A post office. . .

W. The post office was in the bottom, a confectionary, and Beddes's lived in the south part of it.

A. So that was kind of a gathering place.

W. Yes, right.

G. So when you say confectionary, what was that?

W. Candy, ice cream, and pop.

G. How did they keep the ice cream frozen? Did they have freezers already in those days?

W. Yes, they had some kind of a freezer.

A. But it wouldn't be a refrigerator.

W. No.

A. An ice box or something?

W. Probably a big, long ice box.

G. You mentioned a dress. Did Grandma make most of your clothes or were they store-bought?

W. No, I don't think Mother sewed too much. Mrs. Vawdry sewed for Mother.

A. Weren't she and Grandma friendly with each other?

W. Oh, they were almost relations.

G. Was she the only one who sewed for Grandma?

W. Olive Miller used to help Mother with sewing a little. When I learned to sew, I would go up to Olive Miller's a lot and she would help me with anything. She was a patient, kind, sweet woman.

A. Let's talk about Olive Miller for a minute. How was Olive Miller related to Grandma?

W. I think she was Mother's niece. Uncle Will Orgill and Mother were brother and sister, and Olive was Uncle Will's daughter. May and Uncle Will.

G. So was Olive Judd's grandmother?

A. Well, Ivan was Judd's father, so Ivan would be Olive's son.

W. There were Mina, Kenneth, Earl and Ivan.

A. So, they would be your second cousins?

W. Well, kind of. Earl was killed in the Second World War.

A. Was he a soldier?

W. Yes. He was on a . . . it wasn't a tank. It seemed like they had trucks that had half-tracks, yes.

A. Which one was the cowboy?

W. Kenneth, the oldest boy.

A. Did he have a ranch, or did he end up on a ranch, or . . . ?

W. Well, they worked on dude ranches a lot, Kenneth and Lowell Rudd. They were buddies. I'm trying to think of a name . . . the one right close to Canada — Glacier National Park. Kenneth used to haul things up there to Glacier. I remember Kenneth saying they took a cook stove up there once on horses. From here.

A. They loaded it in the wagons?

W. I don't know whether they had pack saddles on horses. I think that's what they did.

A. I guess we've covered pets, horses, cows, dogs, etc. Tell me how you regarded home and home live while you grew up. Tell me how you felt about home and about home life in general.

W. I guess it was okay. What shall I say?

A. What memories do you have of it? When I mention home life, what comes to mind? Besides the things we've already talked about. Besides your sewing, burning the sheep camp. Were there any special occasions that come to mind?

W. No, not really.

A. Tell me a little bit about the routine of living in the home in which you grew up. You know, what time did you get up? How would Grandma go about preparing for the day, and so on.

W. Gee, I don't know.

A. Just pretend you are inviting Gloria and me into your home when you are just a young girl. What would we see there?

G. Did Grandma make big breakfasts?

W. No, we ate cooked oatmeal, things like that. Well, maybe we

ate eggs. I don't remember that.

A. Did you have chickens?

W. We had chickens. I can remember Mother killing chickens, scalding them.

A. Did you always have a large garden?

W. Yes.

A. What about an orchard?

W. Oh, we had a big orchard. McIntosh apples, Transparent apples, Duchess apples, nice apples.

A. Did they keep you busy in the fall of the year?

W. They seemed to think I was the one to pick apples, 'cause I remember picking a lot of apples.

A. Did Grandma bottle apples?

W. Yes, she bottled apples, and we sold a lot of apples. We had that strawberry crab tree there, and some people from Rexburg always came and bought those strawberry crabs. Oh, and I used to play a lot over at Humphreys' — Otheil, Lola, Alice. They were just kitty-wampus from the folks.

A. How did Grandma feel about your going away to play?

W. Oh, she wouldn't mind me going away to play.

A. Did you have to ask her for permission?

W. If I did, I never did. I remember I went over to Humphreys', she told me not to go to Humphreys' once 'cause they were supposed to have measles, but I went anyway. I don't know that I ever got the measles. Otheil and I used to ride old Jeff — that was a horse they had. And he was, I guess you could say "rope shy." I think they killed a bear once and he drug it and after that . . . anyway, Otheil and I were on the horse and we had a rope behind him and he bucked and we flew off, just missed the big old pump that was there. I never told anybody about that. We used to play a lot over to the school house, too. We had that twirly-gig thing and we'd jump off in the snow and get sopping wet.

A. Did she ever spank you?

W. She gave me a few real spankings, she never knew how wet I was. I would go sit behind the stove when I got home so I could dry out.

A. Was she a severe disciplinarian?

W. She was a severe disciplinarian.

A. How would she discipline?

W. Well, I was locked in the closet once or twice, but I got a razor strap taken to me a couple of times. I climbed up in a tree once, there was no way she could get me now. She told me to get down and when I got down, I got the razor strap taken to me.

A. Was she a very vocal lady, or was she a little frugal with her words?

W. I guess she was frugal with her words. But I used to love to climb trees. She seemed to think I would fall down once I got up there.

A. So, tell me, how you remember your mother.

W. Stern.

G. Not very outgoing, it sounds to me.

W. Never outgoing. Never loving. I can never remember my mother kissing me.

A. Did she ever put her arms around you?

W. Not that I remember.

G. Did Grandpa hug you?

W. I guess, but I knew he liked me.

A. Did Grandma ever read to you?

W. No.

A. Did she ever tell you stories?

W. No.

A. Did Grandpa ever read to you?

W. He used to read to me quite a bit at night. I read a lot and Grandpa had quite a few good books when he went to the University of Utah. I read all of those when I was young. I read Silas Marner and all those when I was just young.

A. I want to finish with this home life business.

W. I remember when Dad brought home. . . well, when I got one of the first sets of electric lights for the Christmas tree. I was so excited. I thought that was wonderful. He bought them from Watson Drug. Watson Drug was our favorite drug store then. Joe and Percy, Joe Rice and Percy Wilcox run the store, and when I went to high school, my dad told me if I ever needed money real bad, just to go to Percy and have him give me some money and then he'd make it right with him.

G. Did Grandma appreciate the Christmas lights?

W. We didn't get to go in and warm up the parlor, I guess you'd say. And she very seldom built a fire in that stove, and I wonder where that stove ever went to. It was a beautiful stove.

A. You're talking about the parlor now?

W. Yes. The stove had those silver fenders around it. It was beautiful. Then once in a while she'd let us go in and play that Victrola.

A. So you never went into the parlor very much. That was kept spotless, I guess.

W. I guess. It wasn't on the beaten track.

A. When Grandma would have company, would she take company into the parlor?

W. No.

A. Would she ever go into the parlor?

W. You mean alone?

A. Just to sit, think. . .

W. We needed to clean it, but no, I don't think she ever did.

A. What was the value in having the parlor?

W. That's what I often wondered. I am sure it made my dad disgusted, too.

A. Okay, let's get back to this routine business. What time would you get out of bed in the morning?

W. I guess when we woke up. So we wouldn't miss school. See, then we wouldn't go to school until 9 o'clock, and we just walked to school. We used to have a lot of snow then, more so than we do now. It would get crusted on top and we could walk from the road here kitty-wampus through the school lot. We'd never sink in the snow, we'd walk right over the top of fences.

A. So would you take a lunch to school or would you come home for lunch?

W. No, we came home to lunch.

A. What would you have for lunch, usually?

W. I just don't remember. Mother used to make good frog-eyed tapioca pudding. I remember that. When Dad would kill a pig, she cured the bacon and that.

A. So, would Grandpa usually be home for lunch, or not, do you remember?

W. I don't remember. You see, he sorted potatoes, too.
A. So you'd come home from school about 3:00 - 3:30?
W. About 4 o'clock.
A. Then what would you do after you got home from school? Did you have chores around the house to do?
W. No.
A. Didn't Grandma have you do anything?
W. Just got my lessons, I guess.
G. Did she do all the dishes?
W. Well, I used to wipe dishes.
A. So in the evening when Grandpa came home from work you were all there. What would you do then? You indicated he would read a lot and you'd read.
W. He'd read the newspaper.
A. What would Grandma be doing while you were reading?
W. She used to sew and stuff like that.
G. Did she crochet?
W. No, Mother never did crochet or knit, never did. She used to darn things.
A. So while you and Grandpa were studying and reading, what was Aunt Therel doing?
W. I don't know.
A. Where would my mother have been at that time?
W. I don't know. I can't remember. I can't remember Melba ever being home. In the summer I can remember Melba being there. I just can't remember Melba being there very often.
G. She went to Rexburg and then to Utah?
W. She went to Ricks and I remember when she went to Ricks, and when she came home, she'd sleep with Therel, and when she went back to Ricks, I'd sleep with Therel. We got the itch . . . I had the itch terrible. I was raw from my neck clear down below my rear.
A. What brought that on?
W. It was just a contagious skin disease.
A. How did you get rid of it?
W. That was the problem. Some people used sulphur and lard.
A. Just rub it over the skin?
W. Dad thought bathing in creosote was the cure.
A. Wouldn't that sting?

W. It would burn my back just terrible. Mother had to put a flannel thing over my back until it healed up. We hardly ever went to the doctor.

A. Okay, what about special occasions like Thanksgiving and Christmas? What do you remember about those?

W. I got several dolls and I still have two dolls that I got, which I am really surprised that I ever got. I mean, after we moved out of the house. We never got a lot for Christmas.

A. Would you have a Christmas dinner?

W. I guess.

A. Would you have relatives come, or did you visit relatives?

W. No. Mother was no visitor, except when they went to Salt Lake. Mother and Dad went to Salt Lake quite a bit and I went several times with them.

G. On the train or in the car?

W. On the train. And then in the summer time we went in the car once. That time we went on the train, we took Mrs. Vawdry with us, and I kept pulling the blinds up to look out the window, and she'd wake up and yank it down again.

A. Describe your mother physically.

W. She was a tall, fairly thin woman, straight hair, never did get her hair done much. She used to have an old pair. . . and I wished a million times I would have got those. The old curling irons that you put in the stove to get hot. Melba used to do her hair once in a while.

A. She was a plain lady, then.

W. She was a plain lady.

A. Do you recall that she had any health problems?

W. Well, she used to have terrible headaches there for a while. I remember once we thought she was going to die. And they called the Elders in. She went numb all over. She got better and I really don't know whether it was her age that made her this way, or what.

A. How old would she have been then?

W. I imagine 40 or 50.

A. Tell me about her eating habits.

W. She drank tea. She loved tea. She kept a teapot on the back of the stove all the time.

A. She drank tea regularly?

W. Yes.

A. Did she eat well?

W. She wasn't a very heavy eater; she ate toast and tea.

A. Did she can a lot, bottle. . .

W. To some extent, yes. We did peaches.

A. Would you live on your bottled garden produce all winter?

W. Yes.

A. Did Grandma like fine clothing?

W. Well, I remember one or two nice dresses she had. One was a navy blue, one of a georgette that had tucks all along here, and it seems to me it was trimmed with pink, and a nice coat. That is all I remember about my mother's clothes. She always wore an apron, and I think she sewed a lot of her own, common ordinary dresses. I don't think she bought many work dresses.

G. Did she have a treadle sewing machine?

W. Oh, yes.

A. Did she sing? Did she play a musical instrument?

W. Oh no, I don't think she ever had the opportunity to do anything like that. Her mother died when she was 15 years old, and she took care of my granddad and her brother Andrew.

A. So, she had the duties of a housewife during her growing up years?

W. And maybe that did something to her disposition later. I don't think she had an easy life, and after Mother and Dad came up here, they bought that ranch out there, you know where I'm talking about, where Lee Miller farms. They lived there for several years. She used to say the coyotes would come and sit on the back doorstep and things like that. And then finally Dad bought this house here in Parker and he had to mortgage that and pay the mortgage off on that 3 times.

A. I understand when they first came up here they lived in a sheep camp.

W. No, I didn't know that. Maybe Melba remembers that.

A. I don't know how long they lived in that sheep camp.

W. And then they had that little house out there.

G. Let me follow up on the music thing. All of you girls have musical talent. Did it come from Grandpa? Mother Andrus

used to sing. I don't remember Mother playing the piano, but she sang well.

W. I don't think I have any musical ability.

A. What do you mean you don't have any? You have a piano in your room.

W. Yeah, but I don't play it.

A. Didn't Bill learn to play it?

W He took music for ten years.

A. Haven't you led music in the ward?

W. Yes.

G. Well, was Grandpa musical?

W. Yes. Let me think. He used to sing that song about, "Don't you remember sweet Alice." I remember singing that and him singing that. Something about the "kitchen door."

A. Was Grandma clean?

W. Yes, she was clean.

A. And tidy?

W. And tidy.

G. I remember Mother saying something about her taking the carpets out and cleaning them in the spring. What kind of floor coverings did you have when you came along?

W. Well, we had wool carpet. They were rugs. They weren't carpet, they were rugs.

A. Big rugs that you could take up without pulling any nails?

W. Ax Minister is what they were called. They were bordered around the edge and then you had the wood, and the wood was painted.

A. How would you clean your carpets without vacuum cleaners?

W. We had a vacuum cleaner. I think Mother had a vacuum cleaner for quite a while. But I guess you swept. I guess you'd take the broom and sweep it.

G. Was there electricity in your home when you remember?

W. Yes.

A. Do you remember a time when there was no electricity?

W. I can remember Mother. . . whether the electricity went off or not, I don't know. I remember lamps in the kitchen a few times. And Mother did give me a lamp, a kerosene lamp, that I have upstairs.

G. Was there always running water in your home, too?

W. No, not for a while. I can remember when Clark Jackson and Dad plumbed the house and put an electric pump in. Dad was so proud of that bathroom when we put a tub in.

G. How old were you then?

W. I don't know. Maybe 7, 8, somewhere along there. And we had a telephone for a long time. I think we had one of the first telephones in Parker.

A. Before you got your bathtub, what would you bathe in?

W. A tin washtub. And I don't remember bathing too long in the tin tub. I remember bathing here for a few years in a tin tub.

A. After you were married?

W. Yes. And I've often wondered why I was so dumb and didn't say to Mother, "I'm going to take a bath." I never thought of that. That is strange, isn't it.

A. Well, maybe you wanted to be independent.

G. Did you have electricity when you first moved into this house?

W. Yes.

A. Did you have running water?

W. No, I had a cook stove with a reservoir and a tea kettle. And I packed water for a full year from Bergesons over here. They had a well out there. I packed the water myself. And if I had been Ray's mother, I'd have insisted he put a pump in here. Therel and Babe lived here first and the water was bad. I don't know what the matter was with it.

A. What did you do in your leisure time while young?

W. Well, Dad and I used to play a lot of checkers, he usually beat.

A. Did you like checkers?

W. Yes, I liked to play, I loved to play games, and things like that, but we never had much to play with.

A. Grandma would never play games.

W. Oh, no.

G. You've mentioned a Victrola. Was there also a radio in the house?

W. Well, later, but not for a long time. Then we had that little radio that sat on that magazine rack there by the dining room door.

G. As you were growing up, was the floor plan essentially the same as it is now?

W. Yes.

G. On the Victrola, did you have big platters? Were they like our 78 records?

W. Yes, but you had to crank it with the handle to wind it up.

G. Who were the singers that you liked to listen to?
W. I just don't remember.
A. I don't know who the singers were, but I remember how it sounded.
W. Well, it sounded good.
A. It wasn't too bad.
W. It sounded good and I think you could make it a little faster; we had a lot of records over there. The Victrola had wooden slots in the bottom where you put all the records.
A. I remember, my favorite was "The Preacher and The Bear." A bear chased a preacher up a tree.
W. I have that record, but it's cracked, and I would give anything if there was any way to restore it. I have that one record.
A. It would be fun if you could have that repaired and put it on a tape.
W. Yes, it would. And they had that record later,

> A preacher went out hunting 'twas on a Sunday morn
> He took his gun along. . .

I used to know the words to that.

A. We are in Aunt Wilma's home tonight. This is March 10, 1996, and we are going to resume our conversation that we began a couple of weeks ago when we were here. I was asking Aunt Wilma about her and her mother and her father, and I think we had just gotten to where I was going to ask her to describe her father physically. How tall was he, how much did he weigh, what did he look like, as you remember him?
W. Well, he wasn't too tall of a man, and I would think he'd weigh about 160 pounds, and he had beautiful, dark hair. Never did lose his hair. When he died, I think it was still salt-and-pepper color.
A. That's the way I remember him. Did he keep himself trim?
W. Yes.
A. He never looked sloppy?
W. No.
A. Did he carry himself well?
W. Yes, of course.
A. I don't quite know how to ask this without making it sound like a dumb question, but did he seem to be well-coordinated? Was he athletic?
W. Yes, he was very athletic.
A. We'll talk a little more about that in a few minutes, I want to ask

some questions about what sports he loved, and how he did in them, but before we get to that, describe his personality.

W. He was happy, I've never seen him angry. I never heard him use bad language; he used good English. If I ever used bad English, he corrected me.

A. Did he graduate from the University of Utah?

W. Yes, he did, with David O. McKay.

A. Do you remember what his major at the University was?

W. I don't. Do you think they had majors at that time? I just wonder if they did back then. It was an accomplishment to even graduate, I think.

A. Did Grandma provoke him once in a while, or was that evident to you?

W. I suppose she did, but I don't know. During the Depression she resented not having hardly any money, and I can remember when we didn't hardly have enough money to buy a spool of thread. When you asked earlier what we did at night, I remember, of course, Dad sorted potatoes, and gloves weren't plentiful, nor money to buy them with, so Mother would sit and make fingers out of material and then stitch them by hand on the gloves where they were worn out. I remember her doing that. She'd sew them on the sewing machine, up and over and down, and then she'd sew them on by hand. But she usually always sat at the sewing machine, or she was patching or darning.

A. Was she a very good seamstress?

W. Well, not a very good seamstress, no, but she could put a patch on super. She didn't just sew it on the front side, but she sewed it on the back side, also.

A. During the Depression years, while you were short of money, did you ever go without food or clothing or anything like that?

W. No, no. I just don't remember that part of things.

A. How old would you have been, Aunt Wilma, by 1930? You were 13 years old?

W. Huh-uh.

A. Would you say that Grandpa was a good provider then?

W. Well, I'm sure he tried. I'm sure he was as good a provider as he could be for the times.

A. How was he regarded in the community? A good man . . .

W. Well, really I don't know. I never went around and asked anybody.

A. How did you feel he was regarded?

W. I wonder if I even thought about that. I think he was president of the MIA. I know he was that, and he was on the school board for

a long time, a trustee on the school board. And people would come and have him measure hay stacks for them, he was super there. And I'm sure he was the instigator of a lot of baseball games. I can remember going to Rexburg when he played baseball over there. I can just barely remember that.

A. When he played baseball, what position did he play?

W. I really don't know. Well, I suppose he was a catcher because Uncle George Brown, it seems to me like he was up here one summer and he pitched a little. And he was a lot bigger man than my dad. Uncle Joe Brown, Dad's brother, and Dad were a lot the same size, but Uncle George was a lot larger, and Aunt Nellie (she married a Fitzgerald) was a large woman. She was one of Dad's sisters. And Martha, another sister, was a smaller woman.

A. So, Vernal Brown was his nephew, right?

W. Vernal was Uncle Joe's son.

A. Was Vernal a tall person?

W. Vernal was tall. Vernal's brother, George, wasn't quite as big as Vernal.

A. Do you remember if Vernal played baseball?

W. I imagine he did.

A. It seems to me that later on here in Parker, Vernal pitched and Grandpa caught for him. It seems like Grandpa told me that; maybe I'm remembering incorrectly, but I think Grandpa also caught for his brother, George. Do you remember when Grandpa was at the University of Utah, he played baseball there, and he also ran track, is that right?

W. Yes, that's right.

A. In fact, I've seen a picture . . .

W. And a little later, or a little earlier, he was a jockey for Allens in Draper.

A. Do you know anything about his life as a jockey?

W. No, I just know that he rode horses for them because of his size he fit a jockey description, what a jockey had to be for size and weight.

A. Where was Grandad born?

W. In Draper. The only thing I know, and I think Mother told me this, that his dad ran out of the house one day, fell over a baby buggy and punctured his lung. I think that's how he died, but this could be entirely wrong. I just don't know. But I remember going to Aunt Nellie's a few times, and she was a smart woman. I think she went to the University of Utah, too. And Dad had several books that had "Nellie Brown" written in them.

A. Now who were his brothers and sisters, again?

W. Well, this book says Elizabeth was the first child, the only ones I remember were Uncle George, and I can remember, it seems like Fred came up once and visited, just for a day or two. It says here, "Annie Elizabeth, John Sivil, Martha Jane, Joseph Gurnsey, Mary Ellen (that was Nellie), Harriet Eliza (I don't remember her at all), my dad (born November 4, 1874), George Michael, Norman Frederick, and Ebenezer."

A. Were you ever in the home in which he was raised?

W. No, no.

A. Do you know where it was located?

W. No, I don't, just in Draper. And I don't know what happened to the house after the folks died, because I think that my Dad sent money to help get his parents buried, because I have some checks upstairs that he had written.

A. Do you know what he did to earn money when he was just a boy growing up?

W. No, I don't.

A. When did your father die? And what were the circumstances which led to and surrounded his death?

W. Well, he died in May of 1960, and he had a bad heart. I remember a couple of times, at least once, when he was sorting spuds down at the warehouse, I went and got him, I think Mrs. Dixon called me up and told me to come and get him, and he was just as gray as gray. He was really sick. I brought him home. I don't remember how much after that, he didn't feel good. I brought him over here one Sunday and I could tell he wasn't very well, so I called M. F. Rigby and he came over and checked him over. He didn't say too much. Later, Dad said he guessed he'd go home. The next morning I was going to take him up to the dentist because he lost his false teeth, and he was going to have another set made. Phillip was really little, and I left Phillip here eating breakfast. I said, "I'll go over and see why Grandpa doesn't answer his phone." I was going to take him up at nine o'clock. Well, when I got to the road, I knew there was something wrong because Dad had not raised the blind in the bedroom window. And I found him dead in bed.

A. Did it look like he died peacefully?

W. He died peacefully; the covers weren't even disturbed.

A. What happened after you found Grandpa dead in bed. Just tell the story of what happened after that.

W. I called Mickey Hansen, I can remember doing that. And Kathleen Hammond happened to come up the road; she was walking, and I

went out and told her. She must have called Ray because he came, and my dog, Butch, was there and I was crying and he jumped up on me and licked my tears.

A. Did you call my mother and Aunt Therel?

W. I'm sure we did, and we called our kids. I think Kathleen went down and told Therel.

A. How long after you found Grandpa did the ambulance come?

W. Half an hour or something like that, not too long.

A. What did you do between the time you found him and the time the ambulance came?

W. I just stayed there. And your mother, quite a bit later, she told me that, she said, "Wilma, I never thought much about that being a bad experience for you, but I'm sure it was." And she said, "I appreciate your being that brave."

A. Do you think Grandpa went right home from your place and went to bed?

W. No, I don't think he went to bed that early, no. I think he left here about, oh, I don't know, it was on a Sunday, and I think he probably sat up for awhile.

A. He didn't give any indication to you that he knew he was going to die?

W. Oh, no, huh-uh.

A. What about the funeral? How long after you found him did you have the funeral?

W. It was probably on a Thursday, don't you think?

A. What do you remember about the funeral? What stands out in your memory?

W. I don't know.

A. One of your boys read his life story, who was it?

W. And Bill played Clair de Lune. Maybe Doug read the life story.

A. Okay, let's talk about when your parents met and when they came to Parker and where they settled after they got here. Do you remember any of that? How did they meet?

W. I have no idea how they met. I never heard how they met; I really didn't.

A. I think maybe we've already talked about where they settled north of town, on the ranch, near the sand hills.

W. Yes.

A. Do you remember your father as a sheepman?

W. No, I do not.

A. So, you don't know why he lost the sheep?

W. No.

A. Do you remember anything about his shearing sheep?

W. I can remember when he used to run a shearing corral and that. I remember going out to the shearing corral a lot, you know, I'm sure we went out there once a year while he was there. But, see, he lost the sheep following World War I, and I wasn't very old at that time at all.

A. Did he lose the sheep during the Great Depression or did he lose them right after WWI in a recession we had then.

W. I think it was in the recession after WWI; no, it wasn't after the Depression.

A. Otherwise, you would have remembered.

W. I wouldn't have been very old when he really lost the sheep. Mother was sad, and I can just barely remember that, and that was one of my first remembrances, really. That would have been after WWI because I was born in 1917.

A. That makes sense.

W. Because he was sorting potatoes during the Great Depressions when everything was so hard, and if they sorted a car of potatoes, and they turned it down, then he would have to resort it for nothing.

A. Did he have a steady job sorting potatoes?

W. Seems like he did. He worked for Lew Davis and J.J. Remington, mainly for Lew.

A. In addition to sorting potatoes, did he milk cows?

W. Yes, he milked cows.

A. Do you know how many he had?

W. Seemed to me like he had about five or six cows.

A. You indicated earlier that Grandma kept the money from the milk checks.

W. Yes, I think she did.

A. What would she do with it, buy food for the family?

W. Yes, I'm sure she spent it on the family.

A. Do you remember any special experiences you had with your parents?

W. No, I can't. I used to pick a lot of apples in the fall, seems like that was my job — to pick apples. We sold a lot of apples, Wealthy, Dutchess, Macintosh Red, and those Strawberry Crabs. Mrs. Daugherty from Rexburg would come over, I think her husband was in the creamery business, they would come over and buy them.

G. Did you ever go to Yellowstone Park or Jackson?

W. We went once to Yellowstone Park with, I think it was with Aunt Gertrude and Uncle George and Aunt Mary. I'm not sure Aunt Mary

went because it seems to me that Annie was expecting a baby and she didn't go. Annie was Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary's girl.

A. I want you to describe your sisters; describe my mother as you remember her.

W. Melba was not a very large girl, and she was always good-natured, kind is how I would describe Melba. I remember once, Alyn, do you remember when you had that big Collie dog? You said to your mother, "Bob's got eyes just like you have, Mama." And that was a compliment.

A. Given the fact that I loved the dog, I'm sure it was. Was Mother liked here in Parker?

W. Well, what I remember of her, but then, see, she went to Ricks College, and she was home at times during the summer . . .

G. Did Mother have any boy friends before she married Reed Andrus?

W. She went with Lowell Remington for a little while, from up here.

G. When Ivan Miller talks about Mother, he gets all choked up about what an angel she was and how much he admired her.

W. But she never taught him. I don't know how he knew Melba that much.

A. He just remembers her as a little boy in the community would remember.

W. And Mother maybe went up to visit Olive, and I know we used to go down to Olive's when they lived across from George Rudd down here. We used to play with Mina down there a little bit.

A. Talk about Aunt Therel, how you remember her while you were growing up.

W. Well, she was the one with the good hair. Mother would spend hours making ringlets, I remember that. And I just don't remember when she started taking piano lessons, I'm sure she does.

A. So, Grandma and Grandpa had a piano. Is that the piano that Jeanie now has?

W. Yes, yes.

A. That must have cost a lot of money in that day.

W. It must have been expensive because it was a beautiful piano.

A. And Grandma took good care of it.

W. Oh, yes, and we hardly ever went in the living room, you couldn't go in the living room. Therel took piano lessons for a long time. I don't know how Dad could afford to pay for the lessons.

A. Maybe Grandma paid for the lessons out of the milk money.

W. No, that was before Dad was milking cows much. I think he was sorting potatoes then. I remember of going to one recital at least.

A. Did you ever take any piano lessons?
W. No, heavens no, I wasn't that lucky.
A. Did you want to?
W. Yes, I would have loved to have taken piano lessons, not to have played out in public and been the big hero, but I would have liked to play to entertain myself.
A. When did you get your piano in your own home?
W. When Bill first started taking music lessons.
A. What kind of a relationship did you have with Aunt Therel as you were growing up? Did you play with each other a lot?
W. Not too much, no. I had my own friends, I played with Elda Rudd a lot, Elda Jenkins that is, and Maxine Rice, she married Royal Garff in Salt Lake. He wrote several books and taught at the University of Utah for awhile. Oh, let's see, Ruby Davenport, Ivan's older sister, and Margaret Muir. We used to have a lot of good times. We used to go down to Davenports and make candy and to Muirs and play games.
A. So you would not describe your relationship with Aunt Therel as a close relationship.
W. No. Therel was always Mother's favorite. She always hung out for Therel.
A. Did Grandpa have his favorite?
W. Well, I suppose I was his favorite.
A. Was there a time when you were growing up when you did not have a car in the family, that you remember?
W. Not as I remember.
A. So, the mode of transportation that you remember was by automobile?
W. Yes.
G. Did you ever associate with any of your Brown cousins that you remember?
W. Uh-huh. No.
A. Did you ever attend any family reunions?
W. Yes, we went to one in Draper?
A. Do you remember how old you were?
W. I wasn't too old, maybe 10 or 12.
A. Did you drive down in the car or go by train?
W. Well, you know, I can't remember, it seems to me we went by car, and still I remember going once on the train, and we took Mrs. Emily Vawdry with us, and she sewed a lot of clothes for Mother.
G. You mentioned earlier when the tape was off that you visited the Dunyons in Draper.

W. Aunt Martha was married to a Dunyon and Aunt Nellie was married to a Fitzgerald.

G. Was the reunion held at their homes?

W. No, I don't know. It seems like it was in a park.

G. Did Grandma make her own soap?

W. I guess she made one or two batches. Oh, I should tell you some more funny things. I remember once, I went down to Ivan Miller's wife's folks — the Davenports — Charles Davenport, Helen and all of them. Mr. Davenport would always cut my hair. And Melba and Mother decided one time that, I don't know what I paid him, I'm sure it wasn't much, but maybe it was a dollar or fifty cents or something like that. They decided they'd save money, so they were going to cut my hair. And I remember sitting out there on the east side of the house by the cellar and they got it so crooked that I had to go back down to Mr. Davenport's to get him to even it up.

G. How old were you?

W. Maybe eight or ten. I used to play a lot with the Davenport kids, Dean and Melba and Helen and Ruby.

A. Okay, whom did you marry?

W. I married Stanley Ray Quayle.

A. When and where did you marry?

W. Otto Nielsen married us on the 28th day of March, I think, or April, 1937, down at Heman-Egin, in his home.

A. I want you to tell the circumstances under which you met and then those leading up to and surrounding your marriage. Just tell us the story.

W. I met Ray on the 4th of July in one of these celebrations they were having. He was with Garth Rudd, he was kind of friendly with Garth Rudd. He was about three years older than I was.

G. Why had you not met him before?

W. He came up from Salt Lake, well, it was during the Depression. His folks down there didn't have any money, so he came up here and stayed down to the Quayle ranch and lived there.

A. How old was Uncle Ray when you were married?

W. I was 19, going on 20, so Ray would have been about 23. He was born May 22, 1914, at Edmunds, Idaho. Edmunds is out here near Plano. I don't think they call it Edmonds anymore, just Plano.

A. What I want to know right now is, if Uncle Ray was born in '14, and you were married in 1937, and World War II broke out in 1939. We declared war in 1941. That would be four years later, so he would have been 27. How many children did you have by then?

W. Just Bill.

A. I guess I'm wondering why he didn't go to the Army.

W. Because he was farming.

A. So they made an exception for farmers, right?

W. For all farmers, even young farmers. But, I think there for a time it wasn't a certainty that they wouldn't go. I can remember just as plain as plain the day war was declared when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and Ray had walked in from the ranch. I guess we had a truck then, I'm sure it was just a truck. And I ran up to the road and told Ray that the Japanese had just bombed Pearl Harbor.

A. I guess you were concerned that he might have to go.

W. Oh, yes, and we'd listen to the radio. We had a good radio, and we'd listen to Franklin D. Roosevelt. That was thrilling.

A. Let's go back a few minutes and tell what led up to your marriage. How long after you met him were you married?

W. Oh, I think I met him in 1936, so about a year.

A. So, what did you do during that year while he courted you? I mean, where did you go? What did you do for fun?

W. I can't remember if we even had a pickup then. I guess we'd go with Earl and Elda Rudd. I worked in J.C. Penney and when I'd get off, Earl and Ray and Elda would come up to St. Anthony and we'd go to a show. I remember one night, we went to a show and we had to drain the radiator because it was so cold and it would have frozen up, so Earl Terry had that service station right there on the corner so they went over there and got a bucket of water, filled the radiator, and Ray was starting the pickup. Elda and I were in the pickup, and Earl filled the radiator and then threw the rest of the water on the windshield. And the water froze. Ray had to stick his head out of the window all of the way home to get home. Earl was just that crazy.

A. How would you get to St. Anthony to work?

W. I think Dad took me most of the time.

A. He'd take you and then come back, and then when you were ready to come home, he'd go get you.

W. Well, unless Ray came and got me.

G. Did you go to dances with Uncle Ray, did he like to dance?

W. He didn't like to dance at all, and that made me sad because I loved to dance. And I went a little with Pinky (Vernon)Remington when I was growing up. He was a marvelous dancer.

A. Who were the parents of your husband?

W. Stanley and Ethel Fisher Quayle.

A. Where were they born and raised?

W. Well, Ethel was born in St. Anthony. John T. Fisher's daughter. And Stan, I would imagine, was born down to Edmunds or Plano. They had a huge spread down there.

A. So, their parents were probably some of the first people into the upper Snake River valley, would you say?

W. Ernest Quayle had a lot of ground down there, a huge barn, was one of the first houses that had plumbing. It was a huge house, a gorgeous house, and they farmed a lot of land. That's why Quayle Lake is named Quayle Lake.

A. I want you to describe Uncle Ray physically.

W. He wasn't a very large person, either. I think he was more or less about the height of Dad, oh, about 5' eight or 9" at the most.

A. I think Grandpa was about 5'8" and weighed between 140 and 150 pounds.

W. Well, I guessed about 160 pounds, but I don't know. He didn't change much. My Mother didn't vary much either.

A. I think Uncle Ray was about 5'9" and 160 pounds.

W. Um-huh.

A. Tell me about his personality and character.

W. He had a temper. I guess he was caring, in a way. He tried to do the best he could do with what they had to do with. Those were bad times. We lived during the Depression.

A. Generally was he a happy person, pleasant?

W. Yes, optimistic.

G. What did you two enjoy doing together? Did you read together? I know you liked to take trips together later on.

W. Well, I don't know. Ray was out to the ranch most of the time, you know. He worked out there all day, well, I guess I did, too. I drove the potato truck for 25 years.

A. How was he regarded in the community?

W. Well, he wasn't known too well around here for a while. And they played basketball. He loved to play basketball.

A. Was he a good athlete?

W. Yes, he was. He played good ball. He played ball with the Plano team. He played ball with a team from St. Anthony, Roy Jacobs started a team and Ray played on that. And he played church ball.

A. Was he honest?

W. I'm sure he was honest.

A. You have no reason to believe that he wasn't.

W. No, I don't.

A. How did he treat his sons?

W. Good. Oh, he was strict in a way, but he wasn't mean with them.

A. When did he join the church?

W. We had the Cordinglys come from Ashton. They were stake missionaries. They came here and gave him all the lessons and then we went down to Irv and Vae Maces'. The night that Ray decided to join the church we were down at Maces'. I was surprised. I didn't think he'd join the church. For a long time he didn't like the church very well.

A. Why?

W. Well, I think mainly because of Ethel and Stan and the Fishers — they weren't Mormons!

A. You're suggesting that they talked against the church around him, and he was influenced by that.

W. Maybe not against the church, but they never did encourage him. And it was so funny because when we went to the temple, we went to the temple the same day as the day we were married previously — the 18th day of April 1965.

A. How old would he have been when he joined the church?

W. About 51.

A. How did you get the missionaries coming to visit?

W. I think the Bishopric just sent them here, they just came one night.

A. You didn't ask, then?

W. No, I would never have asked. That would have driven Ray that much further away.

A. Let's talk about your children for a minute. Name your children in the order of oldest to youngest, give me their full names.

W. William Ray, Douglas Clair, Scott Marshall, and Phillip Lee Quayle.

A. Do you remember their birth dates?

W. Sure. Bill is 12 December 1937, Doug is 10 March 1944, Scott is 12 August 1949, and Phillip is 19 March 1954.

A. Where was each of them born?

W. Bill was born in the hospital at St. Anthony, the one they tore down. It was about where the Maverick station is on the east side of the main road there, there by the park, across the bridge. We had to call Dr. Harlo Rigby from Rexburg. The only reason he came, I wasn't due then, but I'd had a lot of trouble, and the doctor I had was out of town, so Ray just called Dr. Harlo Rigby when we got to St. Anthony, and he said, "I know you don't know us, but she's Charlie Brown's daughter." Dad and Harlo Rigby were quite friendly, but I don't know why. But Harlo came up.

A. What kind of trouble did you have?

W. I had high blood pressure and albumin so bad. They didn't have anything modern then, so I was just taking salts to thin my blood, only I didn't think it was necessary, so I just never did do it.

A. You mean that the doctor had prescribed that you take these salts, but you weren't doing it?

W. Well, no, I was young.

G. Who was your regular doctor, the one who was supposed to look after you?

W. I can't even think of his name, I didn't go very often. But he said, "I have seen women go into convulsions that scared even me from having high blood pressure and albumin so bad."

A. How did Harlo know you had these problems? Did he read it off a chart?

W. No, he didn't even know.

A. Tell me what happened after the birth. Did you have a problem after Bill's birth?

W. No, I was all right — hale and hearty.

G. Did you have that same problem with any of the other boys?

W. Yes, Doug, I think. So, then I went to Harlo Rigby with Doug, and he said, "If you feel funny, you're supposed to come over." Well, how do you know when you feel funny?

A. Tell me about Bill. What was he like as a baby?

W. He was a darling baby, dark, had dark hair.

A. How did Uncle Ray feel about him?

W. I guess he thought he was super.

A. Where was Doug born?

W. He was born in Dr. Harlo Rigby's hospital in Rexburg.

A. Where there any special problems associated with his birth?

W. No, no.

A. As you carried him, did you get along okay? Any high blood pressure?

W. Well, I did, but I got along okay. By then I was driving truck in the potato fields.

A. What did they give you for high blood pressure in those days?

W. Nothing.

G. The doctor told you to take these salts for the albumin?

W. No, for high blood pressure, they thin your blood.

A. I thought salt increased blood pressure.

W. You're thinking of salt (sodium), these were salts.

G. Like the tissue salts we take.

A. What kind of a baby was Doug?

W. Oh, Doug was a good baby, good-natured and had cute hair. His hair was almost red and when you'd bathe him in the morning, his hair would look like you had put it up in pin curls, it was curly. As he grew up, he'd comb it until it was straight!

A. Bill was about six when Doug came along. Did he help you tend the baby?

W. Gosh, I don't even remember.

A. Where was Scott born?

W. Scott was born over there, too.

A. Any problems associated with his birth?

W. No, but Ray was cutting grain, and I was having a few pains, but I washed my sheets and hung them on the line. Alice Miller went by and she said, "I knew you were having a pain because you were hanging onto the clothes line." Then Therel came by, so she went out and got Ray. So Ray came and we got down to the corner down here, Crapo's corner, and I said to Ray, "We'll never make it." And I won't say what he said. He said, "Yes, we will." And I would have hated to have Ray deliver a baby because he would have just left me in the car and run the other way. When we got there, the Rexburg noon whistle was blowing, and it only took a half hour and everything was over by twelve thirty.

A. Any complications?

W. Well, Scott wasn't very good. I had a lot of trouble with Scott. There was something wrong with his stomach. The closest thing to a pediatrician then was that doctor in Idaho Falls. Melba got me an appointment, so I took Scott down to Dr. West. The food wasn't digesting right and he'd up-chuck at night and I'd have to get up and change all his clothes innumerable times. And he cried before you fed him, he cried after you fed him. I finally went back to Harlo and he said, "Well, he's got gas problems; can't you see that? His eyes are bulging." So then he had me cook liver on the back of the stove real slow and then I'd strain it and give that to him, and then I fed him goat's milk. When he was four months old, he looked about like a month-old baby. He was little.

A. So, the liver must have given him the B vitamins he needed to digest his food, and got rid of the gas.

W. Probably, and then I fed him goat's milk. That Myenberg goat's milk that was in a can. You'd have to warm it in the can.

A. Did he start doing better after that?

W. Yes, but that was expensive, then, or it seemed like it was, as poor as we were. I think it was about 75 cents a can.

A. After this initial problem, did he have fairly good health.

W. Yes, but his heart wasn't too good for awhile, and he took penicillin pills for awhile. Then I took him to Dr. Emery Soule, and he gave him those pills. Dr. Soule was a good doctor, so good to me.

A. Why do you say he was a good doctor?

W. I don't know if he was a good doctor, but he was certainly good to me, so considerate. When Scott had the measles so bad, and he slept terribly, it scared me. And I called Dr. Soule and he said, "Just wrap him up in a quilt really good and bring him up, and I'll come down and meet you." His offices were upstairs in that old building right on the corner of Main Street, there, and he said, "I'll just come down and give him a shot." The next day Scott was a lot better. He was really good to me. If I ever had a problem, all I had to do was call Dr. Soule, and he'd say, "Bring him up to my house."

A. How long did he practice here in St. Anthony?

W. He practiced for years and years. See, he just died about a year ago (1995).

A. Did he deliver Phillip?

W. No.

A. Where was Phillip born?

W. Phillip was born in St. Anthony, and I went to Harlo Rigby for him. Now, that's strange, isn't it?

G. Did Harlo come up again?

W. Uh-huh.

A. But Dr. Soule was your doctor during Phillip's growing-up years?

W. Yes. I think Dr. Rigby died soon after, . . . I don't know how old Phillip was, but Dr. Rigby died. He had a brain concussion and died while on a trip.

A. What was Phil like as a baby?

W. Well, I had trouble innumerable with him. First, I went to St. Anthony to have him, and I don't know why Dr. Rigby came up there, but he came, and he was born premature, he was only four pounds.

A. How much premature would that have been?

W. Heck, I don't remember, about six weeks, I think, or something like that. Then they thought Bill had smallpox, not chickenpox, but smallpox. He hadn't felt good and he stayed home from school for half a day, but he had a ball game that he had to go to. So, he went to the ball game and it was a cold, cold day, and the wind blew and when he came home he was sick as sick.

A. How old was he then?

W. He was a junior or a senior in high school. Anyway, they thought

it was smallpox, all the school was vaccinated for smallpox, and see, Phillip was just days old when this happened. Bill was upstairs with smallpox, I'd go upstairs and take care of Bill, dip my hands in Clorox water, then come downstairs and take care of Phillip. They vaccinated Phillip for smallpox when he was ten days old. Then he'd go just as black as coal. So, then I took him over to Dr. Rigby, and they found out that his heart was on the wrong side. So then I kept his bassinette 90 degrees and kept him by the stove. So, then Dr. Rigby told me to lay him on his left side all the time so his heart would go clear back over. But he fussed so much and cried, so I finally took him up to Dr. Soule. When I went in, Dr. Soule asked if I cared if he x-rayed Phillip. By then, his heart was just right under his sternum bone, and Dr. Soule said they had discussed this in a medical meeting between the local doctors. So, anyway, from then on, I just went to Dr. Soule, he'd sit and talk with me however long I wanted to talk.

A. Did you continue to lay Phil on his side so the heart would continue to move?

W. Yes, and then he had two congested lungs. But, anyway, he finally came out of the kinks.

A. How old was he when his heart straightened out?

W. Well, I think it was in August when Dr. Soule x-rayed his heart, it was right under his sternum bone, so, see, that moved fast from the time he was born. When they x-rayed him when he was born, his heart was way down here by his ribs, it looked like it was just floating around. Dr. Rigby was really upset. Anna Jane Coleman was the nurse, and he said, "Anna Jane, you've got that baby turned over." And she said, "No, Doctor Rigby, I haven't." Then he just screamed, "Well, that baby's heart is on the wrong side." So, then he called me up when I got home to see if he had upset me. But, anyway, after that I just went to St. Anthony to Dr. Soule. Once Dr. Soule gave Phillip a shot of penicillin, and he had welts on his little stomach about that big as a quarter from a reaction to the penicillin, and Dr. Soule said, "Don't ever let him have another penicillin shot." And he did wear a tag for quite awhile, warning that he was allergic to penicillin.

A. What other problems did Phil have as he grew up?

W. Well, he had acne so bad on his face, I felt so sorry for him.

A. Do you think that affected how he felt about himself?

W. Yes, I do. But, see, he worked in the grocery store at Monte Later's, he was a bag boy, and I appreciate Monte Later not saying, "Your skin's too bad, you can't work." He kept Phillip all that

time, he was real nice to Phillip. See, we took him down to Salt Lake once a week for almost a year.

A. Did they do him any good?

W. Well, for awhile they did wonderful. They gave him shots of Kenalog, or cortisone in those big, huge lumps that he had, and that would take them right down. If they had known about Acutane then, that's all that they would have had to have done. But that was before Acutane ever came out.

A. How did he get over that, just with the passage of time?

W. After we took him to Salt Lake that year, then he graduated, and then he went out to Oregon. The doctor we took him to said that the best thing he could do was to get in the sun as much as he could. That's all that they knew about it.

A. Did children his age focus on his skin condition?

W. Well, but he didn't have skin problems until he was in high school.

A. Did he have any problem with his peers in high school over that?

W. Well, I think several of the girls, . . . in fact, some of his pictures they wrote smart things on the back. It made him really self-conscious and he'd come home and cry. I've seen him sit at the table and cry. Kids are cruel. And Phillip had a speech problem until he was about six or seven. He couldn't speak plain, and I took him to a speech therapist down there at Lincoln, and he realized that he couldn't talk plain, and the kids made fun of him in kindergarten. He came home one day and said, "Somebody ought to be able to help me talk plain."

A. What was the problem?

W. Well, he just didn't pronounce his words right. It was the way he placed his tongue on the top of his mouth and that. The speech therapist helped him. He had to practice in front of a mirror and say "s's" and things like that. And he finally got over it. But, sometimes when he gets lazy with his speech, I can still hear a little of the old problem.

A. If Bill didn't have smallpox, what did he have?

W. The measles. They decided it was measles. I could have killed them.

A. As your boys grew up, I remember as I have visited with you before, you have told me of some very unpleasant experiences, hard work, demands made on you as a mother, a housewife, what stands out in your mind?

W. Ray and I and the kids did all of the farm work out there. We did all of the farm work. Every bit of it. Ethel never stepped foot on

the ranch ground in her life.

A. Of course, until the boys became old enough, they didn't do much work, you did most of the help.

W. Gosh, yes, I did a lot of things. I helped load beets in the truck, and I drove truck, loading the truck for 25 years.

A. So, who took care of the kids while you were out there?

W. I tended them in the truck when I drove in the potatoes, they just stayed in the truck with me.

A. So, what would you do, go out and harvest spuds and then come home and fix lunch?

W. We'd unload the last load before noon, they'd unload it while I came down to the house. We ate a lot of tv dinners for lunch, and then at night I'd cook dinner.

A. Of course, you'd do that after you quit work on the farm, and then you had to clean the house and do your washing and take care of the boys.

G. Wasn't there a story about Bill and the stove?

W. Well, we were going to go for valentines, over at Rexburg, and the wind came up while we had gone. So, the kids were over at Mother's, and Bill decided he'd come home and check the stove. I don't know why Mother let him go, he was probably nine or ten, maybe he wasn't that old. Maybe he was only about eight. Well, anyway, he came over, and I had filled the cook stove, I burned wood and coal in it. And I guess it was red-hot, and he had seen Ray start the stove in the mornings with kerosene, so Bill just got the kerosene and poured on the hot coals, and it blew up. I don't know why the house didn't catch on fire, why that poor kid wasn't burned. I've got to ask Bill if he remembers that. And this was the living room right here then (gesturing), and we were living in the kitchen. And he had taken the dish towel, he didn't want the dish towel to get dirty, so he tiptoed in here with the dish towel and left black footprints all over. There were just big cobwebs hanging on the wall of the kitchen. Oh, a film of oil from that kerosene and the soot, all on the floor, in the medicine cabinet in that little bathroom. There was metal, you know that metal like this that they put in the corners when they plaster. It popped the plaster right out of that. There must have been a real good concussion when that blew. I'll never get over that. Bill was just lucky. It's lucky it didn't burn the house down, because the wind was blowing just furious. And we didn't go to Rexburg, it was so bad, we turned around before we got about to Sugar City and came back. So I cleaned all night and all the next day. I don't remember if we had

any house insurance then or not. It's too bad I didn't look into that, I'd have charged them for cleaning. I thought I'd never get all that oil off the linoleum on the floor.

A. Did you have any experiences similar to that as the other boys grew up?

W. No. Well, they used to play a lot; they used to go down to the beet dump, and they always took Phillip on the bicycle with them.

G. Did Scott like to read?

W. Yes, he liked to read, and I read a lot to my kids. I read a lot of those Mother West Wind books to them. And we took the Saturday Evening Post way back then, and there were one or two good stories in there, that we'd sit on the oven door and read that every time it came out. I think the Saturday Evening Post came once a week. There was the best story in there about an airplane that wrecked, and this little boy and little teeny girl and the bobcat that followed them down the mountain. I wish I had saved that story.

A. Let's talk about your house for a few minutes. Where did you first live after you married?

W. We lived over in a house over there, south and east of here, clear across these two roads.

A. What kind of a house was that?

W. It was just two rooms. We rented that from Roy Jenkins. Next we moved out to a terrible, terrible little house out there on the corner, Tommy Grover's little house.

A. Where the road turns to go to St. Anthony?

W. Well, it was past the curve, it was on the corner. You came down the road going north and then you turned straight east and it was on the corner. And it was a terrible house. During the winter, the water ran down the walls inside the house.

A. Why did you move to that house, because it was closer to the farm?

W. No, I think it was because Olean Jenkins was dying of cancer, and I don't know if they wanted the rest of the house. He was in a part of the house over there. But then we moved out there and then we moved into two rooms in Clark Jackson's house, right across from the church house.

A. Who lived in the rest of the house?

W. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson rented out a part of their house.

G. Were all of these moves made before Bill arrived?

W. No, no. We had Bill while we lived in the Jenkins house. Doug was born in this house.

A. Describe this house when you moved into it.

W. It was just two rooms when we bought it. It belonged to Sid and Marva Hanks. I can remember, we were digging potatoes, and Marva and Sid were getting a divorce, and Sid came up said that they were going to sell the house, and we were renting it. It was about the only house in Parker that we could live in, there just wasn't any other place to go. I can remember right where we were digging potatoes when Sid came out and told us. We were on the north 80, right down there in the corner by the canal. We bought this for $750. There were just two rooms, and a rickety-rackety front porch, a few steps there.

A. Did you borrow the money?

W. I really don't remember whether we sold the potatoes and bought the house, I just don't know.

A. So when you moved into this house, you say it was two rooms?

W. Uh-huh, and an upstairs that wasn't finished.

A. So the two rooms were a kitchen and a living room. Where did you sleep?

W. Actually, it was a kitchen/living room and a bedroom.

A. How many boys did you have when you moved here?

W. Just Bill, and Doug were born here. I think after that we finished that upstairs, and the boys slept upstairs.

G. Was it heated in any way?

W. No, we just had wood stoves, coal stoves. We had a stove right there in the middle. We later built a little kitchen. First, we built a big back porch, and I can't ever decide why we thought we needed that big back porch. So then we made the porch and part of a kitchen, and then from there we just went on and on. But we did build that bedroom upstairs for the boys. And it was so hot in the summer time.

A. Did Uncle Ray do the work on the house himself, or did you hire it done?

W. Oh, no, he never was a carpenter, never was. Just didn't have the know-how. George Rudd finished the upstairs for me. It was kind of crude, but it was all right. We went down to Sears and bought a cute bedroom set, a chest of drawers and the bed. It was a cute set, Mexicany.

A. While the boys were young and growing up, during these years who were your friends, who did you and Uncle Ray go around with?

W. Oh, Alice Miller and Ken, and Fred and Cleo Crapo, and Earl and Elda Jenkins, Rudd.

A. What would you do for recreation?

W. We'd go to shows and to dances. Ray didn't like to dance and he

wasn't a good dancer, but he did dance. And we played a lot of cards, not bad cards, but we'd go down to Fred Crapo's and play cards at Christmas and New Years, and up to Alice and Ken's, and Lowe Rudd and Alyce Rudd.

A. Were the boys good students?

W. Well, not Bill. A "C" was average and that was good enough for him. He never brought a book home, and the same with Doug. But Scott was a good student, and he got a lot of A's on his report card, and he was always so proud when he came home with those A's. I'm sure we didn't praise him enough. Scott majored in literature at Utah State; he took some Russian. Phillip and Scott didn't have to be coaxed to study. I was working then up to Blocks, and Phillip would come home and sit down at the kitchen table and do his studies. Never did have to ask Phillip if he had his studies done, never.

A. What would you identify as the strong points of each boy, his talents and special interests and abilities?

W. Bill loved baseball, he loved football, he got an award for the outstanding player at Ricks College. That baseball team was the only one that went to Idaho Falls and played in high school was the one that Bill was on. He was the catcher. Elwin Mason was the pitcher. They did good when they went to Idaho Falls and played. He was a super basketball player. Bill and Bill Poulson were the two main players. They went from Parker and clear down to Logan and represented this whole area in a church tournament.

G. Let me ask about Bill's piano. How old was he when you started him on piano lessons?

W. I think about 10 or 12. He didn't quit until he was a senior in high school. Doug and Scott both played well, also. Then it got to be too much to drive clear to the Falls.

A. What were Doug's special interests and abilities?

W. He liked to play football and baseball, too. Rich and Doug played football against each other in St. Anthony.

A. What about Scott?

W. He managed the Little League team, he and Steve Hammond, for awhile. He liked that. He played quite a bit of baseball, but I don't know that he played any football. And he liked basketball.

A. What did Phillip play? Did he play any sports?

W. He was on the church baseball team, they went around, too. He played a lot of baseball. In fact, when they were playing church ball, the church team, Scott and Steve Hammond and all those kids were playing, and Phillip was fairly young, and he was the pitcher

part of the time. He was really young and he could pitch a baseball good. He used to stand out there by the hour and throw a baseball at that garage until I think he broke all the boards in it. And Ray said he was wearing the roof out, throwing the balls up on the house.

A. Did you and Ray go to any of the ball games?

W. Oh, yes, of course, we always went. And Ray played a lot of baseball. He played for the Plano team, he played for, . . . Roy Jacobs had a baseball team, he played for that one. He played church ball, he loved basketball.

A. Tell us the funny story about Doug.

W. Well, he was mad at me for some reason, and I had one of those big jade plants, they have funny fat, round leaves, so he took the scissors and cut the leaves off the jade plant. So I bawled him out, and he started running and I chased him with the broom in the corn patch, and gave him a lick, and he said to Scott afterwards, "Don't ever get Mom mad, 'cause she can run a lot faster than you think she can." And Doug was a really good runner, he was a speed demon. When we'd go over to the folks, Doug would say, "Dad, I'll race you going home." And he'd always beat.

A. Did any of the boys run track?

W. No, I don't think so. When I was in high school, gosh, I was a good high jumper and a broad jumper and a runner.

G. I want to know things like when you got central heating and when did you finally get an automatic washer and dryer.

W. When we were out in that little house, the Tommy Grover house, I washed on the scrub board quite a while. And then, I don't think I had a washer when we lived in Jackson's, but then we moved here, I had a Double Dexter, twin tubs, and it was electric and had a wringer on it.

A. Aunt Wilma, we may have talked about this before. Uncle Ray farmed for a living. How many acres?

W. He farmed 160 acres.

A. Did he own the farm?

W. Yes, he bought it before we were married. He came up from Salt Lake, his folks were in Salt Lake, it was during the depression, they didn't have jobs. He came up here and Emil Booth came to him, now, this is what I heard Ray say. Emil Booth came to him, and Emil was running that 160 out there, and he said to Ray, "I really don't want to run this, if you could find the money, you go ahead and buy it, because I don't really want it. Emil was a hired man that Ray's granddad had. He was a Russian-German. He had

come to St. Anthony, the way I understand it, and someone had called up Ray's granddad, Ernest Quayle, and said, "There's a fellow up here who needs a job. Would you be interested in hiring him?" So Ernest went up and got him, and he was a wonderful worker. He was as regular as a machine. He could shovel ditch something super. He wasn't only a worker, but I think he had a lot of good sense.

A. So, he went to Uncle Ray, and what did he tell him about the farm?

W. He said, "If you can raise the money, why don't you see if you can buy this because I don't want to rent it any more." So, Ray managed to get, I think it was $700. I can't understand to this day, and I guess I was terribly dumb about not asking more questions. I don't know why Stan and Ethel ever thought that the 80 on this side of the canal was theirs, but they seemed to think it was theirs, and Ray ran the 80 across the canal.

A. He ran both 80's, but the understanding that apparently developed was that he owned the 80 north of the canal and they owned the 80 south of the canal.

W. Yes, I never could understand why they thought that, because he got that ground before they came up from Salt Lake, and they didn't have a thing when they came from Salt Lake. They were starving to death down there. It was during the Depression. That's why Ray came up here in the first place. He said the only thing there ever was down there during the Depression was cement.

A. You mean cement work?

W. No, cement side walks and roads, and that didn't give you any livelihood.

A. Did Uncle Ray have cows to milk?

W. No, I don't think that at first they had any cows at all, but then they accumulated cows, and Ray had a team of horses. They finally had a pretty good bunch of milk cows. They milked about 20 or 30 cows. Ray and Stan milked all those cows by hand at first, and then they got a milking machine. You farmed and then you went home and milked cows.

A. Did your boys ever go out and milk?

W. No, Stan took care of it after they got that milking machine.

A. Tell me about the hard times you remember. Just describe what times were like for you and Uncle Ray.

W. When we were first married, when we lived over there in that Jenkins house, jobs were scarce, and Lowell Remington ran a potato crew, a sorting crew, and Ray finally got on that sorting

crew, and I think he worked for 13 cents an hour, and was glad to get it, because you had to go down the list to get on the crew. And we just didn't have much.

A. So he sorted spuds in the fall and during the winter months after the harvest.

W. Yeah, and farmed, you know.

A. What do you remember about your life? I mean, how hard did you work during those years? Do you remember working so hard you felt really tired?

W. No, I don't. I guess I was just used to work.

A. Would you want to go back and live those years again?

W. No, you didn't have any advantages, young people don't know what a privilege it is to work to live, we didn't have any disposable diapers, disposable bottles, buy the milk out of the can, have a washer and drier, an electric stove. I didn't have an electric stove for a long time. See, when we first moved here there wasn't a pump, the water was bad. And I packed water, I myself packed the water, from Bergesons for a whole year, and I don't think that is very complimentary to Ray, and filled the reservoir on my stove. I packed a lot of water, two buckets at a time.

A. So, you had a well here, but it wasn't good water.

W. It wasn't good water. When I'd wash, it would make the clothes brown. So Ray finally drilled another well. But, you know, I suppose he had enough things to think about.

A. Do you remember being cold in the house during the winter time?

W. Oh, my. Ray went to Chicago one winter with the Potato Growers, he was on that board with, oh, who was that doctor in Rexburg, he finally quit, anyway, and then that fellow from Idaho Falls that ran that big lumber yard down there on the east side of the railroad tracks. They went to Chicago one winter and that's when I still had that wood stove right here. When I came home from taking Ray to the Falls, it was freezing cold and I had a hard time starting the fire.

A. Where did you get your wood?

W. We used mainly coal. I burned coal in the stove.

A. I want you to tell about Uncle Ray getting ill, just talk about your last few years together before he passed away. Were they good years?

W. Yes, they were good years. After he joined the church, things were better.

A. Tell us about how he joined the church.

W. I never did try to persuade Ray to join the church because I think

that would have just set him against it that much more. And he didn't like people, several missionaries came here and told him he shouldn't smoke and all of that, and it griped Ray. But anyway, he worked with Morris Crapo and Fred and those fellows, and said if anybody made, I shouldn't say "made," but interested him in joining the church it would have been Fred and Morris and those fellows he worked with on the sorter. And then Cordinglys from Ashton were stake missionaries, seems like it was Don Cordingly and his wife, and they came here. They gave Ray the lessons, I think they came here most of the time. We went down to Erv and Vae Maces' a few times. Erv and Vae were our friends, too. I was really surprised the night that we were down there visiting and Ray said, "Well, I guess I'll have you baptize me." I was really surprised. He hadn't mentioned it to me before, but they were talking, and I guess he decided right then. So, anyway, we went up and saw the stake president and then we went to the temple.

A. Who baptized Uncle Ray?

W. Doug did. The funny thing was that we went to the temple on the same day of the year that we were married civilly. On the same anniversary, the 28th of April.

A. Tell me about your experience in the temple. Was it a good experience for you?

W. Yeah.

A. Was it a good experience for Uncle Ray?

W. I guess, but he didn't say much about it.

A. So, the years after you sold the farm, and you and he were alone here in the house together, you say they were pretty good years.

W. Yes, they were good years. We traveled quite a bit. Well, not a lot, but we went back and saw Bill and Julie two or three times at least, and went to Oregon maybe twice a year. We loved those trips together. I guess I didn't appreciate them enough, really.

A. Did you ever fly, or did you always drive?

W. Yes, we flew back east a couple of times.

A. Did Uncle Ray like to visit his kids and grandkids?

W. Yes.

A. I remember Uncle Ray used to take care of the lot, he used to mow the lawn and water and help you plant the flowers and take care of the shrubbery. He was always very attentive, but he started slowing down and having some health problems. Tell me about those.

W. Well, he'd have blackouts. He'd say that he could feel this thing coming on. A couple of times we were going to Idaho Falls and

he'd just pull of the road for a minute or two and then it would pass. He went up to see Dr. Soule a couple of times. Dr. Soule thought maybe it was because he wasn't getting enough blood up to his brain, he needed a bypass. But Ray kept saying he wasn't going to have a bypass. But then when he'd get to feeling so bad, he'd go over to Dr. Peterson. They x-rayed his heart and gave him an electrocardiogram a couple of times. And they never could figure that his heart was too bad.

A. When did you discover that his heart was bad?

W. Well, just before he finally died, he was in the hospital for ten days, but then he had pneumonia, too. That's when they discovered how bad his heart was. They finally did an angiogram the last day, and they said his heart was completely gone on the bottom of the heart.

A. How old was he when died?

W. He was 80. He never did come home.

Oral Interview with Ivan Richard Miller

A. Today is February 20, 1996. Gloria and I are in Ivan and Helen Miller's house; we're here to ask Ivan some questions about my grandfather, Charles William Brown, and his wife, Martha Letitia Orgill. Let's start, Ivan, by you giving your full name.

I. I'm Ivan Richard Miller, born and raised in Parker, Idaho.

A. And you are presently living in Rexburg. I want you to describe your relationship with my grandparents.

I. We always felt close to them because Aunt Tish was Mother's aunt and as far back as I can remember we were always in and out of their home. And, as Helen said a few minutes ago, Mother used to do quite a bit of sewing for the Brown girls. I remember Wilma sometimes would come to our home and do dishes while Mother would sew. And I worked for Charlie Brown, Charlie is how I knew him, a number of times in different things. I first started with him out at the Pine Butte shearing corrals there where he went out every spring for many years. I started out there as a sheep wrangler. That's the person who catches the sheep and puts them in little individual pens, so the shearer can reach into the pen and get sheep and shear them. It was a great opportunity for me to earn a little money and kind of get acquainted with those shearers who traveled all over the west to shear sheep. Somehow Charlie had connections with them, and when his turn came, they were there. But there were a number of us Parker boys that worked out there. And I remember Therel cooked out there some. I don't know whether Wilma did or not, I don't remember seeing her.

A. Wilma did not, but Therel did, and my mother told me she went out there.

I. Yes, your mother was there, too. I do remember those two, and it was a great experience. One of the old sheep men there always said his sheep had their heads on the wrong end; you couldn't drive them, so we had to literally pick them up and put them in the pens. Those old sheep had been there so many times, they knew what was coming up, and they skitted away.

A. How old were you when you started working for Granddad?

I. I tried to think of that today. I must have been about 15 or 16, somewhere around in there.

G. Let's see. You were born in 1919. . .

I. Right.

A. Where was Grandpa's shearing corral located?

I. At Pine Butte. Do you know where Pine Butte is?

A. I was there many years ago when I was just a kid. If I had to go there today, I don't know whether I could find it.

I. I'm not sure I know how to get there. Thinking about this today, I've wondered if those sheds and corrals are still there, and the cook shack where we ate. We slept in tents out around that thing, but there was this cook shack where we would go in to eat, and a shed where the shearers worked. They had an old gasoline motor, with a belt on it. We'd go up and go around this rod that went down along where the shearers were, and that would turn that, and somehow the gears from the shearers' contraption would make the blades go. That was a tough job. I'm glad I never tried to be a shearer.

A. Pine Butte; that's north of Parker, about how many miles?

I. Oh, I'd say about 20 to 25 miles. If you've been to Kilgore on the Red Road, it's off to the right. In fact, I could see it yesterday as we went over to Parker, the top of it where the rocks were. Actually, there's an old volcano there. The snow had melted off the rocks and against that white snow, you could see that rim of rocks across the top of it. But actually there's a crater there you can look down in where an old volcano was. That may be where all that lava rock came from out there.

A. How many shearers typically were in a shearing crew?

I. Well, I'm guessing, but I'd guess 15 or 20, somewhere in there. It was a pretty good sized operation.

A. So, Grandpa would shear not only his sheep, but other herds would come in to be shorn.

I. Yes, they had them scheduled. They would move the sheep through, wherever they came from, and they would wait out there until their turn came, and then they'd bring them in. They had a kind of a v-shaped fence affair. They'd crowd them in there and we wranglers would get 'em and get 'em into the pens. There'd be several hundred sheep in each band, I guess. Again, I had never thought of the numbers. Shearing would last a couple to three weeks, if I remember.

A. Did they shear every day for two weeks, or would they get Sundays off?

I. I don't remember. I think we went straight through, but . . .

A. That would be a lot of sheep, wouldn't it? You and I were figuring the other night about how many sheep a good shearer could handle in a day's time, and I think we figured maybe 80 to 100 that would be a good day. So, if you have 20 shearers, each one shearing 80 sheep a day, is that 1600 sheep a day?

I. I kinda doubt if we did that much, just thinking back, but, you know, I didn't write anything down. I'm just trying to remember

after all these years. See, that's been nearly 60 years ago, and I don't remember as well as I used to. Maybe I'm exaggerating my thinking, as I remember now.

A. I remember when I was a kid, I used to go with Dad to haul wool for my Uncle Howard who had sheep. We'd haul from Lava Creek east and south of Idaho Falls. His operation, I don't think, was as big as Granddad's. But, anyway, I know a little bit about how all that was handled, but, what would they do, set up a gasoline engine and a generator?

I. I don't think they had a generator.

A. Was the shaft that worked the shears attached to the engine?

I. All mechanical. As I recall, they had a big wheel up there, flat so the belt could go over it, and that would go down to the gasoline engine and they'd start that up. It was quite noisy in there, and that would turn that rod, and then they had a deal fixed up so the gears of the shearing apparatus were hooked on there, and whenever the shearer would clip it into gear, then his machine was going. And there'd be a fellow come along, and I think Reed Bergeson did this, came along and gathered the wool up and tied a string around it so it was in a ball. And then we'd take it out and give it to the wool tromper, who was out a little ways, and he tromped it into these huge sacks, and they would weigh, I'm guessing, 400 pounds or so; you'd probably know. I remember in Horse Prairie they told me I was getting too much in there; it was hard for them to lift, so they wanted me to not tromp quite so much as I did. And it was an interesting group of people. Like I told you the other day, this one old shearer, and I don't remember his name, but the old sheep jerked and he cut his arm right here in the forearm, just laid it wide open with those blades. So he shut off his machine, and went to his tent and got him a needle and thread and sewed that thing up, and wrapped an old dirty undershirt around it, and kind of fastened it, and came back and went to work. I thought nowadays someone would die from that, but he must have had bugs that killed bugs. It was just as if he had cut his finger or something. I don't ever remember him getting infection in it. Maybe that sheep lanolin or whatever the sheep had, maybe that kept it. But he impressed me because he was a tough old man.

A. What would these shearers eat for lunch? The reason I ask the question is that Aunt Wilma said the other night that instructions from the shearers to the cooks were that they didn't want a lot of liquid, soup or something like that. Where they were bent over a

lot, that didn't set as well on their stomachs as something solid might. Do you remember that?

I. I don't remember, I just remember it was good food and we had plenty of it, but I think we probably had a lot of potatoes and gravy and roast beef or ham. I don't recall exactly. In the evening when things would shut down, we'd gather around the fire and listen to the tall tales these shearers would tell. You know, they went all over the country. I wish I had written them down, but I was just a kid, and was fascinated by what they were saying.

A. I suppose there were lots of coyotes out there?

I. Yes, you could hear coyotes.

A. What about wolves?

I. No, I don't think there were wolves, not that I know of, at least. But we could hear coyotes all the time. And I remember one day that a rain storm came in, a kind of thunderstorm, and got the sheep all wet, and we couldn't shear. So, a bunch of us went through the ice caves that are right there nearly. Took some candles and things. Now, Alonzo Stoddard, who is dead now, used to be Charlie's wool tromper. And how come I got into it, they were just finishing up on a ranch up there in Island Park, and Charlie sent word and asked if I'd like to go to Montana and be the wool tromper, because Alonzo had to go to another job. I'd never done it before, We were getting late in the spring, so I caught a ride out there, rode with the mailman out to the Higgins ranch, and then I went on with the group up to Montana. That's where I started tromping wool. It greases your shoes and your pants up very good. You can stand them in the corner.

G. Do you recall how much you were paid?

I. I was wondering about that earlier today. I may have got 25 or 35 cents an hour. I remember in those days, I hoed beets and did things for 15 cents an hour, sometimes 10 cents. But I think Charlie probably paid us 20 cents, 25 or 30 cents.

A. After a good day's work tromping, how did you clean up?

I. It was very limited; they had a stream running through the ranch property there, and I'd go out in back of the barn and had some soap and towels and stuff that Mother had sent with me, and I'd try to clean up the best I could. We were probably on the Hughes ranch 10 days, maybe. It rained quite a bit, and that stopped us. When it rains, you can't shear sheep.

A. Who would haul the wool for you?

I. At the Hughes ranch, we'd just stack it up and they took care of it themselves. But out at Pine Butte, it seems to me like Uncle

Andrew Miller hauled some. And I don't know where they would haul it to, but they had poles up and they'd roll those big sacks up until they got six or eight sacks.

A. Did they haul it in a truck?

I. Yes, in an open-bed truck, flatbed truck. I think they hauled it to St. Anthony and put it on train cars.

G. How long would it take a sheep to dry out after getting rained on?

I. Their wool is so thick, the rain didn't go down far; there in Horse Prairie we had a number of storms; it was a stormy spring, and it seems like we'd work a day and then we'd be off a day. Of course, we didn't get paid unless we were working.

A. I don't think that it would take long; I think that it wouldn't get wet far down in because of the oil; it would tend to roll off. Do you remember about how many head of sheep Grandpa had?

I. I didn't know that he had sheep.

G. So, we're talking about around 1935, if you were 17?

I. Somewhere in there, '35 to '36.

G. When did he lose his sheep?

A. During the depression.

I. That was about '29. Oh, I believe he did have some sheep out north there.

A. When they first came to Parker and ranched out north of Parker, he raised Cotswold sheep.

I. Sure, I remember hearing that, but I was not involved with him in those days. I was too young. I worked for him, hauled some hay, and he ran a potato-sorting crew during the winter, and I worked for him a time or two there. What happened there, Alyn, was during the depression they tried to give all the married men opportunities to work, which was proper. Once in awhile, one of them would have to be gone a day for something, and I could fill in and work on the potatoes there. And Uncle George Ricks, that would be Babe's father, he was very good to me. And when they started to put out these little ten-pound sacks of potatoes, in the net, you know, someone had welded up a wheel which would weigh ten sacks or so. You'd have to use your foot to turn that thing around and keep it going. And I became pretty good at it, and so when they had a carload of that stuff, they'd ask me to come and run it, until Clem Rice finally aced me out of a job because he learned how to do it, and he was a married man. Now, that's off the sheep, but that's part of the life I remember.

A. That's okay. I wanted to ask if you worked for Granddad in any other way.

I. In the potatoes a time or two, I worked for him, but just under those circumstances. They tried to give the married men a chance because they needed it, of course. So, those of us who were unmarried and were just glad to earn a dollar or two here and there. We worked 10 hour days, 6 days a week when we worked in the potatoes in the fall.

A. Did you ever help lamb?

I. Nope, never got into that.

A. Do you remember any particular sheep dogs that were excellent sheep dogs while you worked with the sheep?

I. Yes, nearly every outfit that came in had their special dogs, and I was always fascinated with those, how well they were trained, and they learned how to round up and get the sheep in. They tell a story of Donnis Brower who grew up in Parker and had a dog that just loved to run through the sheep and scatter them. They tell about him being out on the Red Road and here came this herd of sheep, so he was riding along with the sheepherder, and he said, "I've got a dog that's pretty good; I can just tell him, and he'll go through the herd and scatter those sheep." The dog was out chasing rabbits out here somewhere. The old sheepherder said, "Naw, you can't tell me that." So, Brower whistled, and called, "Way around 'em, Shep, split them through the middle." The old dog looked up, and saw the sheep and scattered them all over the place. But you know, the old days of the sheepman and cattlemen kind of came to loggerheads, and there was a little of that going on, but when they'd move the sheep through, sometimes there'd be some lambs get separated, and I remember my brother and I raised three or four of those little bum lambs to maturity on our garden lawn there.

But, getting back to Charlie, there was a good guy. Oh, he was quite a talker. He liked to philosophize; I don't know what kind of an education he had, but I always had the feeling that he had a little more than most of the average people around there.

A. He graduated from the University of Utah.

I. Okay, I didn't know that, but I sensed that he had an education, because he could talk intelligently on a lot of subjects. I remember once I was going to high school there in St. Anthony and taking typing, and we didn't have a typewriter, but Charlie had got an old typewriter someway when they eliminated the Parker schools, an old Underwood. I remember I went down one night and borrowed that and hadn't said anything to Mother, and she was so upset. She said, "You're not supposed to ask to borrow

anybody's typewriter." I kept it a couple of days and took it back, I was kind of embarrassed for having asked, but he let me take it. And I beat out my assignments. Charlie was on the school board, and I think he was also on the "City Dads," as they called them there in Parker. They would be like, instead of a Mayor, I think they just had a group of guys, a council-type thing. I remember Charlie and Uncle Willis Humphreys coming down to Dad's one time when we lived down on the south side of Parker and borrowed Dad's shotgun because there were too many stray dogs around and they wanted to clean them up. So, a lot of people got dogs taken out. And I read in the paper recently, they're still having dog problems.

G. What was your father's name?

I. Charles Miller.

A. Describe Granddad physically.

I. Well, he was not a big man, I guess he would be 5 foot, 8 or 10 inches. He probably weighed 160 or 70 pounds. I don't know how close I'm coming, but that's how I think of him. He had dark, heavy eyebrows, and he always had a brown face, I guess from being out in the sun. He seemed to be quite athletic, I seem to remember him playing ball there in Parker. Helen's dad was a ball player and so that group of men had some ball games. And as I remember Charlie, he was very active in supporting the community. I was thinking the other day, since you and I talked about this, every Fourth of July they would have a rodeo and things there at Parker, lots of activities, and I think Charlie was very much involved as a community man. I remember when we built the church, he was heavily involved in that, too. I see they have a new church there now, they've torn the old one down. But the old church, the one that my granddad was involved with when he was Bishop, and they built it, then they added onto it in the '30's when Willis Humphreys was bishop, and that's the part I remember. They added the recreation hall where we played basketball. As I remember, Charlie was heavily involved in that. It was all volunteer work, they had a regular contractor to build it, but we'd go over whenever we had a few minutes and nail boards, and things.

A. So, how would you describe his character?

I. Well, from what I remember of him, I had a high regard for him. He was a good man, a good community man, in any dealings I had with him, he was honest. And he was always good to me, maybe because I was his nephew of some kind, but I always felt that he

gave me a break on jobs.

A. Based on how you saw things, how was he regarded by other community members?

I. They kidded him a lot, because he liked to talk, they'd kid him about exaggerating a little, but it was joshing, you know. They all used to josh one another. As far as I remember, I don't know of anyone who had any animosity toward him, not in my association, at least. He should have had some animosity toward some of us guys. I remember one Halloween night we stole his gate and one of our gates, wood panel gates, and made a corral out in the middle of the street and put his cow in there.

G. You say Granddad talked a lot, was your impression of Grandma that she was pretty quiet?

I. She was quite quiet; Aunt Tish wasn't jovial. Now Charlie was quite loquacious and jovial. He loved to tell a joke or tease someone. Aunt Cora lived kitty-cornered across the street from where Therel lives now. Charlie, I believe, was a Democrat, and Aunt Cora was a Republican, and they used to banter back and forth, and so Aunt Cora put a picture of Herbert Hoover up in her window on the inside. And Charlie went over and on the outside pasted a picture of Al Smith over Hoover's picture. And, of course, Cora didn't notice that and people would go by and laugh. They got a kick out of it. It was quite a while before she found out what they were laughing at. Charlie had a good sense of humor.

A. What did you think of Grandma?

I. Frankly, I was a little scared of Aunt Tish. She was quite sharp in telling us to stay away from the fence, and nobody got in their orchard, nobody. Unless it was at night. But she and Mother had a good relationship, and she would come to visit Mother, and Mother would go visit her; they enjoyed one another, for some reason. Maybe they remembered Draper and whatever. But Aunt Tish was a good cook; she'd bring tidbits down and wanted Mother to taste and see what she thought of them. Mother was a good cook, too. I do remember as a kid taking food down to Aunt Tish.

A. She was a good Mormon, but did she hold any church positions that you remember?

I. I don't know. I remember seeing them to church, but I don't know what positions Charlie held. I was maybe too little to be aware, I'm sure he held some, but I just don't know what they were.

A. Did Grandma have many friends in the community, or was she not the friendly type? My impression was that she was hard to make friends with.

I. I had the impression that she was not the most friendly person in town.

A. What do you remember about their children, Mother, Therel and Wilma?

I. I know Therel and Wilma better than I knew your mother. What year were your mother and father married?

A. 1929.

I. See, I would have been 10 or 11 when she was gone. But I got acquainted with your dad when we hauled timber, you know. And he was up here a few times and worked with Charlie there in the corral when I helped a little. Therel was dating Babe and we used to watch them, you know, as kids, and of course, Wilma and Ray. I really liked Ray, he was a great guy. I knew Babe because he grew up across the street from me there. We moved up into Granddad Miller's house up a block north and on the corner from where Therel lives now, that big home. Babe and them lived across the street, across the tracks. We used to kid each other about who was from the other side of the tracks.

A. When did you move into that red brick house?

I. In 1928.

A. So, that's not where you were born.

I. No, the house that I was born in doesn't exist anymore.

A. So, your grandfather lived in the red brick house?

I. Yes. I was just reading in his little notes today that he got sick and went to the hospital in Idaho Falls and was there from the first part of January to March 15. He had a heart attack of some kind. And he mentions that Charlie's family had moved into his home to take care of him when he came home. What was more interesting than that is his hospital bill for that length of time was $285 and the doctor charged him $100. Those were the days, huh?

Granddad was the first stake president of the Yellowstone Stake, and he was bishop of the Parker Ward before that; he was bishop of the Parker Ward when he was called to be the Stake President. So, we moved up there in '28, and, of course, that's where he lived at the time. He left the home to the folks for taking care of him.

A. When did you leave Parker?

I. I left in September of 1940. I went into the National Guard to get my year over with during World War II, and it took me 5 years, 4 months, 9 days to get that year over with.

A. When you were finally released, you didn't go back to Parker?

I. No, just temporarily. Helen and I were married in 1943 in the Salt

Lake Temple. When I came back from the war we stayed with the folks for about a month, then I started at Ricks College, and then from Ricks I went on to Logan. We did come back to Parker for one summer. I had been going to school summer and winter. And while we were in Logan I had an attack of something I had had in Europe in the war, and so they told me I had to back off a little, so for the summer I went up there and rested. Then after that summer, I went back to Logan, and finished my Master's program. I majored in Dairy Manufacturing and minored in Chemistry and Bacteriology and Business — 3 minors. In fact, I had 60 hours of business credit for my military service.

A. What have you done since then as your profession?

I. I started work as an inspector for the State of Idaho over in Boise, and then Meridian Creamery hired me to set up their laboratory for them. Then Upper Snake from Idaho Falls hired me to come and run the cheese plant here in Rexburg, where the Penney's store now stands. It used to be the Challenge Cheese plant, and I ran that for two or three years, and then I was made production manager and transferred to Idaho Falls. I became the manager of Upper Snake River Valley Dairymens, and then we merged with Cream of Weber and Highland in Utah, and formed Western General Dairies. I was transferred down there, and after about a year, I became the manager and that's what I did until I retired.

A. I'd like to ask you a question or two about Emily Vawdry. I understand she was a good friend of Grandma's. How many children did she have?

I. I only knew two, that was Elden and Vilda.

A. This daughter, then, would be older than Therel and Wilma?

I. Oh, yes.

A. So, Emily didn't have any children who would have played with Therel and Wilma?

I. I don't think so.

A. What was Emily's husband's name?

I. I never did know him, he was dead.

A. So she lived alone a long time?

I. Yes, a long time.

A. Do you remember any funny stories involving Granddad or Grandmother Brown or their children, you and your buddies going into the apple orchard, or whatever?

I. Like I told you, they'd get together for a Fourth of July celebration, and a bunch of us would go raking and fixing things up over there, and I remember this one time, they usually had a

few athletic events, and Charlie was telling them that he used to be a good broad jumper. They were kind of teasing him about it, but he said he had a hernia, so H. E. Jenkins said, "I'll tell you what, Charlie, when you make that broad jump, I'll just run along side of you and hold that hernia in." Charlie had a great sense of humor; I wish I could remember some of the things he said. He loved to tell a good story and Aunt Tish used to try and shush him up once in a while. She was not that way. He had a twinkle in his eye, maybe you remember that, a twinkle in his eye, a very congenial man. I remember hauling hay from Ray's onto Charlie's place. Ray and his dad were quite serious people, so I think that Stan Quayle looked at Charlie out of the corner of his eye, 'cause he didn't have much humor in him, and Charlie had quite a bit in him.

Joe Brown, Charlie's brother, lived there, you know. That would be George Brown's dad. George married Ruth Ricks, and he'd be a cousin to Therel and her sisters.

A. I did not know Joe; I knew George, and I guess I met Vernal, but I was young and then I went on a mission and then married Gloria and moved away.

I. Vernal was a tall, lanky fellow.

A. But he was a pitcher, and I guess he was a pretty good one.

I. Yeah, they made a good team, and Helen's dad, I think, played first or third base. I remember they had uniforms even. But Charlie was kind of a small man, and he could get down there and catch that ball; he was all right. Quite a ball player.

A. And at the University he also high jumped and ran the hurdles.

I. He didn't broad jump?

A. He probably did some of that, too.

I. Because that's what they were teasing him about in the incident I related to you. What did he study at the University? Before you told me about his graduating from the U, I told you I thought he was an educated man, a cut above the people around him.

A. He graduated as a teacher. He also became interested in sheep while living in the Salt Lake Valley. He cared for bum lambs, and I guess that's how he developed an interest in sheep. I think he and Grandma moved into the Parker area in about 1901.

I. That would have been the year that my Grandfather moved into that brick home up there. But when you mention sheep, it seems like Dad talked about Charlie having some sheep out there, I don't know what the place was called, but I know where it's out there north of Parker. Were he and Joe together on it?

A. No, he was alone. In fact, the first year here in Parker C.W. and Tish lived in a sheep camp, before they got a house built.

I. That would probably have been hard on Aunt Tish.

A. It surely was. If she had known what she was coming into, she probably wouldn't have married him.

I. She was so meticulous. Mother would warn me when I would go into their house, I was supposed to sit down and not touch a thing. I don't ever remember Aunt Tish saying anything to me.

A. I used to go to Parker and stay for a week each summer, and, of course, Grandpa was gone most of the time I was there, so I was alone with Grandma, and I used to love going up there to stay. She never kissed me or hugged me, but somehow I knew she really loved me.

I. You know, Alyn, that was the story of most of the people there, they didn't express their feelings. I don't ever remember of my parents telling me they loved me, but I felt like they did. I've tried to correct that in our family, I tell Judd out here that I love him.

As I've been sitting here looking at you, Alyn, I've concluded that you look a lot like your grandfather, I mean, a lot. You don't have his heavy, dark eyebrows, but your features. I'll bet if you had a picture of him as a young man, there'd be a lot of resemblance there, your build and everything.

A. I've had a lot of others tell me the same thing.

I. Well, you can be proud of your granddad. I'm sure he wasn't perfect, but then I don't know many people who are perfect. I read about a fellow in the Bible once that was perfect, but he's about the only one I know of.

I used to keep a little diary, it wasn't very impressive even to me after I looked at it when I came home from the war, but it was more mechanical, like "I went to school today," or "I wrangled sheep for Charlie Brown." I wish I had written more about what happened. If I think of anything else that I think would be important to you, I'll try to make a note of it and share it with you. I don't know where to look for anything now.

G. I'd like to know what you thought about Melba.

I. Well, my first reaction was that she was an angel. I mean it. She was about as sweet a girl as I ever knew, and I was around her a lot. Melba was without guile, as I recall. I kind of had her up on a pedestal. She was a sweet, sweet girl. And so prim and proper, that's my memory of her. I didn't know your dad, Reed, very well until I started to work with Charlie some.

And, you know, it has dawned on me since I moved up here,

I'm one of the older generation. I'm the oldest living grandson of my granddad. But while we were in Utah, we got acquainted with some of our Orgill cousins down there, and enjoyed them. They were nice people, and so that was a blessing in my life, to get acquainted with them.

In my own family, I'm the only boy left. My older brother, Kenneth, died in about 1963, and my brother, Earl, was killed in the war in Germany.

A. Kenneth was the cowboy?

I. He was the cowboy. He was born in 1911, he worked himself to death, and smoked heavy. I went over to his place one day, after he had a heart attack, that was when I was manager there in Idaho Falls, so I drove up to see him. He was out irrigating, sitting under a shed resting, and he said, "What are you doing here?" And I said, "I came to borrow your shovel." He said, "It's right there." I said, "I'm not bringing it back." He said, "Why?" And I said, "I don't want you out there irrigating." He said, "Oh, hell. If I have to sit around on a chair, I'd just as soon be dead."

A. What was he irrigating? Did he have a farm?

I. Yes, he had a farm out there.

A. How many acres?

I. I think there were 40 acres, and then he had some rented ground somewhere. He worked a lot of hours. But I think, in looking back, when I worked for him some while I was going to Ricks, I'd go on Saturdays just to help him, and for the noon meal Alice would cook big steaks, like this, and I mean, big, they'd hang over the plate. I've seen Kenneth eat two of those, and I could hardly put one away. That's the way he ate, potatoes and steak, just ruined his body. But he was a hard worker, but he was a good man.

A. I remember going over to the red brick house and meeting Aunt Olive, and some of the boys when I was quite little.

I. Mother always had such a high regard for your mom. Like I said, she was like an angel to me.

When we were out to Horse Prairie, I remember one of the hired men was there, and went into Armstead and got into a fight, and the guy just thumped him proper, and then when he went in the next night and said to this fellow who had beat him up, "I don't think you can do that again." And he said, "He did it again."

A. This Armstead you're talking about, how big of a place was it?

I. It was small, as I remember. I would guess it wouldn't be as big as Parker. There was a hotel, a store, and a few homes around there.

I think most of the ranchers lived out of town. Hagenbarth is the name of the ranch I went to to catch Charlie to go to up here, and I saw Mrs. Hagenbarth out to Kilgore a couple of years ago. She was sitting out there sunning herself on a bench.

You know Fern Ricks, Helen's sister that lives here. She and her husband, Bob, a brother to Babe, worked out there. I remember them telling about Jack. He was taking slabs and putting them on the pile, and he was sitting down, and Babe came along and said, "I'm not paying you to sit down." So Jack reached in his pocket and pulled out 50 cents and handed it to Babe and said, "Tell me when I've used up that time." And Jack's the one that, when coming from St. Anthony down on the South Road, and took a wrong turn and went into the cemetery, and said, "This sure is a dead place."

You know, that old gasoline motor that drove the saw, big old belts, they asked me to throw it off, and I was worried about it because of that big old heavy belt, afraid it would catch me and I was afraid I'd be caught in the belt and it would beat off my heels or something. No, I didn't care much for sawmill work.

In talking about cool woods, ... To get in there and start sawing down trees, and it's closed in and there's not a breath of air. The trees up above are waving, but on the ground it's just an oven. I decided the sawmill life was not for me. But Babe took it over and ran that for awhile. I worked for Clark Jackson one summer, and that was my experience in sawmilling

A. You went up to the mill site and worked for Clark up there?

I. Yes.

A. And he had sort of a lumber yard down here in Parker, didn't he?

I. Yes, he did. Out in back of his place there. He had several little cabins, and we would stay in there. And there was a cook house. It was fun to hear the creek rippling along, kind of sing you to sleep at night. But when we hit the bed, we were tired. We would work all day in the sawmill, and Clark would say, "Well, after supper why don't we go up and cut a few trees down so we'll have some for tomorrow." So we did a good day's work. Of course, during the summer it stays light for quite a while, so we'd cut down trees. I don't think he paid us for that, I think it was just the way we worked in the mill; it was alright, it was good experience.

G. Was this about the time you worked for Charlie?

I. Well, it was about the same time. You see, with Charlie I would just work in the spring for two or three weeks, whatever it was, I don't recall exactly.

Charlie was one of us in some ways, if I can use that expression, although we all knew he was boss and when he said do it, we did it. But, maybe I could say he was a comfortable boss to work for.

Oral Interview with Eldon Keith Grover

A. Today is August 16, 2003 (Saturday afternoon). My name is Alyn B. Andrus, and I'm here at Keith Grover's to interview him about my grandparents, Charles William Brown and Letitia Orgill Brown. Keith, please give me your full name.

K. My name is Eldon Keith Grover.

A. When were you born?

K. January 30, 1921.

A. Where were you born?

K. Parker, Idaho

A. Tell me a little bit about you now. What is your profession?

K. I'm retired, and tired, and I don't have any profession except trying to stay alive.

A. You are single right now.

K. Yes, my wife, Fern, died six and a half years ago.

A. What is your address?

K. 280 East Main Street, Rexburg, Idaho.

A. I want to ask you some questions about your childhood and your growing-up years, and especially what you remember about my grandparents who lived in Parker. Did you grow up in Parker?

K. Yes.

A. When did you leave Parker?

K. The first time I left Parker was about 1942, during World War II. I went to California and worked in the shipyards as a certified pipe and plate welder. I couldn't get into the service because I had a perforated ear drum, which I've never heard out of that ear, that I ever remember. They said I lost hearing in the ear when I was a baby through infections and things like that, that babies have. So, during the war that's when Fern and I left and went to California.

A. When were you married?

K. April 5, 1941, I think. That's been a long time ago. I can't remember back that far.

A. And Fern isn't here to remind you, is she?

K. No.

A. Let's talk about your growing-up years in Parker. Did you know my Grandpa and Grandma Brown?

K. Yes, I did.

A. About how old were you when you first remember them?

K. The first time that I really remember of having anything to do with Charlie Brown — we never called him "Charlie" and we never called him "Brown;" we called him "Charlie Brown" — was when I was about five or six years old [1926 or 1927]. He had some sheep in a field kitty-cornered across from where our home was. The fence

was in disrepair and he asked me to run up and down that fence and keep the sheep in. So, I think the first job I ever had was working for Charlie Brown. I ran up and down that fence and when the sheep would get close, I'd run up there and holler at them, and they'd get away from the fence. I did that all day. I don't know what he did with the sheep at night. I imagine they huddled around and were corralled in, but he paid me, I think, two quarters for that day. I thought I was the richest guy in town.

A. That would be pretty good pay for that day and age, wouldn't it?

K. Yeah. Charlie Brown was a very generous person in my opinion. Because I knew him as I grew up, too, and was a home teacher for him once, but he was always kind and gentle with me and always gave me a little advantage, I thought.

A. Tell me where your house was located in Parker.

K. We were located north of the center of Parker, just about three-quarters of a mile. The highway now goes on a curve through the place where I was born. Our house was right in the northwest corner of that 40 acres. The curve wasn't there then, but it is now, right on the northwest corner of where it is now.

A. So, your house was located in the southeast part of the intersection?

K. Yes, but there's no house there any more.

A. Ray Quayle's farm was just across the street from you?

K. Yes, kitty-cornered. That's where the sheep were at the time. Of course, Quayles didn't have that property right then. At that time there were two or three different families moved in there. One was a Japanese family by the name of Kaneko, and they had a son named Jake and a daughter named Hotsi. Sister Kaneko, even though they weren't members, we loved them and we called them Brother and Sister. The only problem I had with them was that every time I went by her, she'd grab me and kiss me. Don't know why she liked me. Then the Kanekos moved and I don't know what happened to them, but why Charlie Brown had sheep in that particular field, I don't know.

A. About how many sheep did he have at that time?

K. I think it was just like 50 or 60; there weren't a lot of them. Of course, my memory doesn't count that far back.

A. By this time, he and his family were living in Parker, right?

K. Yes, the old homestead where Therel Ricks lives today.

A. You mentioned that later on you were one of the home teachers to the Browns.

K. Yes. After I grew up and came back after the war, I was assigned

as Brother and Sister Brown's home teacher. He was quite a guy, he always treated me real good and was always kind and very dependable. When we made an appointment with him, we knew he'd be there. He was always very gentle with us. I can't remember who went home teaching there, but I think it was Robert Mace; we had the Browns and James Mason and a few like that. Bob used to say, "I used to sit there and wonder why you and James Mason quarreled about the scriptures." But with Charlie Brown, we gave him the lessons as they were printed up then.

I remember he was very athletic. I don't know that you knew that or not. When I was a boy, I used to go down and watch them play baseball. There were two or three things that I remember about him. He hit the ball real well and he could run. He was quite agile, I thought, at the time. Of course, he always seemed old to me, but at that time he wasn't very old, and he could scoot around those bases really fast. I admired him for that.

A. Do you remember what position he played on the team?

K. Well, it seems to me that he was a catcher, but I mostly remember his batting and running. They had quite a few good baseball players there at the time. I remember some of the Rudds were also very good.

A. Through the years as you grew up, were there any other times you worked for Grandpa?

K. No.

A. Were there any times you took special notice of him, besides playing baseball.?

K. Well, I can't remember too much about that because we were busy in our own lives, and I can't remember if he farmed or what he did. I knew he had the sheep, and that's about the size of my remembrance of his agricultural skills.

A. Do you remember Grandma?

K. Yes. She was a little far removed from what I remember, but I remember her home was very neat. I used to notice how neat she kept it. I also observed how fastidious she was about her personal grooming. She was always dressed up and had her hair combed. Her clothes were clean, I remember that about her. But I mostly had contact with Charlie Brown than with her.

A. Do you remember anything about their children?

K. Wilma used to come over to the school when we were in the first and second year of high school at Parker. We had a two-year high school at the time. And she used to come over and teach us dances up on the little stage in what they called the big high

school room, which had a stage on the south end of the room. I don't remember who played for her, but she taught us to dance. I don't think I was very good at that, but she really had a lot of patience. I had great admiration for her, and still do. She's quite a goer.

A. What about my mother. Did you know her?

K. I don't remember her too well, only seeing her with the girls sometimes. But, no, I didn't know Melba very well. She was gone probably long before I was old enough to get around.

A. Describe Granddad physically.

K. If I remember correctly, he wasn't too tall. I would think about 5' 7", or something like that. And a very nice build. He was husky when I remember him as a boy. When he played baseball, he was quite strong and agile.

A. I'm about 5' 7" and weight about 140 pounds. Would you say he was about my size?

K. I think he was about your size, but I think he was a little more muscular than you are. That probably came from working sheep. That's not an easy job, working sheep.

A. Of course, he'd be younger as you are describing him.

K. That's right. I don't remember how old he was when he passed away.

A. 85

K. I was in Arizona at that time.

A. You have touched on their characters and personalities, but is there anything else you'd like to add?

K. Everyone liked Charlie Brown. It seemed like Sister Brown was more reserved and not out as much as Charlie Brown. I didn't see them out together a lot like other couples, but I think he was out and around a lot more than she.

A. Honest people?

K. I never had any reason to mistrust them. I think they were very honest and very convinced of what they believed in.

A. Do you know anything about their church activity?

K. I've thought about that a little because I knew this question would come up, but I can't remember anything about their church activity at all. I know they went sometimes, but I didn't think your grandmother was too healthy, and I wondered if sometimes that may have held them both back.

A. What about their civic activity. Do you remember anything about that?

K. No, I don't. I just know he was always involved in athletics when

they were around.

A. Do you remember any of the vehicles they drove?

K. No, I don't.

A. When you hear the name "C.W. Brown" or "Charlie Brown" what is the first thing you think of? What goes through your mind?

K. The incident of herding his sheep, and the fact that I felt he was very athletic.

A. Do you remember the name of the local newspaper over there when you were growing up?

K. We always got the Post Register from Idaho Falls, and then there was the Fremont County News. I don't know that we had it all the time, but we always had a newspaper; Dad was a voracious reader. These newspapers were mailed out to us.

I always admired your grandparents, and they treated me great, so I felt they were good friends. They were just good, solid people.

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Index

No entries in this index relate directly to spouses of Brown cousins. All spouse names appear in material pertaining to their respective Brown cousin companions.

A

Aborigines and Egin Bench 4
Absence of a written history (C.W./Tish) 540-541
Accident (C.W. and Joy Bowen) 108-109
Adam/Eve and Egin Bench 2
Allen Brothers (livestock company) 47
Amendment Eighteen (prohibition) 116
Amendment Nineteen (womens' suffrage) 116
Amundson, Andrew 56, 71
Amusement Hall (Parker) 25
Anderson, Annie Pearl (Gheen Ricks) 427, 444
Andrew Henry 8-11
Andrus, Alyn Brown 491
    Biography 289-305
    Medical exam for military 292
    Church Activity 292
    Southwest Indian Mission 292
    Meeting Gloria Goodman 295
    Attending Ricks College 296
    Marriage to Gloria 296
    Attending Brigham Young University 296
    Teaching in Western Samoa 297
    Adopting Daniel Andrus 297
    Sending for Steve Danielson 298
    Emmie Matua 298
    Diana Narcisco 298
    Alyn's cats 299
    Attending Idaho State University 299
    Bishop of Ucon Second Ward 299
    Teaching at Bonneville High School 299
    Teaching at Ricks College 300
    Bishop of Rexburg Fifteenth Ward 300
    Idaho Centennial Commission 301
    Arizona Tucson Mission 302
    Teaching in Nauvoo at the Joseph Smith Academy 303
    Medical 305
    Pictures 409, 410, 425
Andrus, Beulah
    Gordon's poem 328-330
Andrus, Charles Robert
    Biography 336-342
    Work experiences 336-337

Teaching at Bonneville High School 337, 339
Teaching at Skyline High School 337
Ricks College 338
Netherlands/Belgium Mission 338
Meeting and marrying Jean McBride 339
Children 340
Singing 341
Democratic Party 341-342
Army Reserve 342
World Gym 342
Pictures 413-414, 425
Andrus, Gaylon Rich 504
Biography 389-402
Poem — "There is a Time in Summer" 390-391
Ricks College 392, 393, 396
Democratic Party 392
School years 393
Meeting Mildred Hart 393
Poem — "We Two" 393-394
Finnish Mission 394
Poem — "The Return of Spring 395-396
Eldon Hart's Death 396
Marriage to Millie Hart 396
Children 396
Attending Brigham Young University 396
Attending University of Oregon Law School 396
Law practice 397
Letter to Teresa and LaDawn (daughters) 397-399
Poem — "The Peace of Christ" 400
Music 401
Testimony 401-402
Politics 402
Pictures 421-422, 425
Andrus, Geniece
Biography 305-327
Church activities 311
Sextet singing 312
Car accident 313
Gordon's death 314
Attending Girls' State 314-315
Meeting David Smith 315
Marriage to David Smith 316
Births of children 317, 319

"Sport" 320-321
Curtis, vault 322-323
David Smith, Bishop 323
Cancer 324
Work experiences 325
Church callings 325
Singing groups 326
Idaho Falls Temple Officiators 326
Macular Degeneration 327
Pictures 411-412, 425
Andrus, Gordon Reed
Biography 327-332
Death of, ... 327
Poem by Beulah Beutler 328-330
"Little Boy Blue" 331-332
Pictures 425
Andrus, Howard 290
Andrus, Kendall Wayne
Biography 342-355
Canadian Mission 342
Marriage to Linda Biornstad 342
Attending Brigham Young University 342
Teaching school 342
Working experiences 342-343
Children 343
Church callings 343
Teton Dam Flood assistance 343
Democratic Party 345
Tribute by Alyn Andrus 347
Singing 347-348
Ucon church building 353
Gordon's death 354
Pictures 415-416, 425
Andrus, Lovenia (see Lovenia Bawden)
Andrus, Mary Jean
Biography 402-408
Gordon's death 402
Mr. Defi and a kiss 403
Elementary school experiences 403
Bonneville High School 404
Ricks College 404
Meeting Brad Strom 404
Marriage to Brad Strom 404

Children 404-405
Divorcing Brad Strom 405
Mother's death 406
Life as a single 406
Meeting Jerry Brink 406
Relief Society President and other church callings 407
Testimony 408
Pictures 423-425
Andrus, Melba (see Melba Phyllis Brown)
Andrus, Portia
Biography 355-371
Pearl Harbor 305
Life threatening experience 355-356
Gordon's death 356
Thanksgivings in Parker 357
Elementary school 360-361
Bonneville High School 361, 364
Childhood illnesses 362
Grandpa and Grandma Brown 362-363
Idaho Falls Hospital employment 363
Music 363-364
Ricks College 364, 365
Excellcis Beauty School 366
Utah State University 366-367
Dating Ron Morgan 367
Marriage to Ron Morgan 368
Children 370
Medical problems 370
Church callings 370-371
Pictures 417-418, 425
Andrus, Rula, death of 203
Andrus, Samuel Reed (see Melba Phyllis Brown) 196-210, 305, 306, 333, 355, 371, 389, 392, 402
Andrus, Therel
Biography 371-389
Gordon's death 372
Elementary school 373, 378
Teachers in Church 374
Lost money and prayer 374
Music 375
Grandma Lovenia Andrus 377
Trip to Albuquerque 378
"Old Rock Church" 378

Bonneville Jr. and Sr. High Schools 380-381
High school honors 381
Music 382
Work experiences 383
David Coles, death of 383
Ricks College 384
Meeting Merlin Frei 384
Marriage to Merlin Frei 384
Church Educational System 385
Mission to Canary Islands 385
Adopting Doug and Greg 385-387
Mother's death 387
Teaching piano and organ 388
Church callings 389
Pictures 419-420, 425
Animals (C.W.'s love of) 99-100
Arizona Tucson Mission 302
Armstead, Montana (Horse Prairie), sheep shearing 90
Atomic bombs over Hiroshima/Nagasaki (Truman) 169
Axis Powers 113, 224

B

Bannock Stake 20
Bannock Ward 20
Baseball, and C.W. 49-50, 100-101
Bawden, Lovenia 298, 306 356, 357, 363, 372, 377
Blessings by 206-207
Beal, Merrill D., and Fort Henry 9-11
Bear River 58
Beaver Canyon (Spencer) 58
Beaver Dick, Richard Leigh 12-14
Beaver pelts 8
Beddes, Dave (Parker businessman) 23
Beddes, Elva (postmistress) 24
Beddes Store and dance hall 23
Benson, Ezra Taft 437
Berlin, East/West airlift 170
Beutler, Beulah (see Beulah Andrus)
Blackfeet Indians, and Andrew Henry 8
Blessing given to Wilma during heart attack 266
Blessings, Patriarchal
Melba 211-212

Therel 241-243
Boise State University
Phillip 514
Bonneville High School
Geniece 316
Robert 332
Kendall 347
Portia 361, 364
Therel 381
Rich 393
Jean 404
Bowen Joy, and C.W. 108-109
Boy Scout Jamboree
Bridger, Jim (fur trapper) 12
Brigham Young University
Alyn 296
Kendall 342
Therel 375
Rich 396
Brink, Jean (see Mary Jean Andrus)
Brown, Annie (see Annie Smith)
Brown, Charles Milton
Birth and death 75-77, 216
Picture 122
Brown, Charles William (C.W.) 306, 357, 362, 372, 433, 504, 505
Birth and family 45
Salt Lake Valley at C.W.'s birth 45-46
United States at C.W.'s birth 46-47
Baptism/confirmation 47
Early years 47
The Church during C.W.'s early years 47-48
University of Utah 49-51
Sports (track/field and baseball) 49-50
Teaching school in Crescent, Utah 55
Marriage to Tish 55-56
Move to Parker 28, 56
Why did C.W. move to Parker? 57-58
How difficult was the move to Parker? 58-59
Description of the Upper Snake River Valley during settlement ... 59-61
Ricks Academy 61
Living in a sheep camp 71-72
Teaching school in Parker 72
Birth and early childhood of Melba 72-74

Village house and lot 74-75
Birth and death of Charles Milton 75-77
Birth and babyhood of Therel 77-78
Birth and early childhood of Wilma 78
World War I and economic depression 78-82
Additional land purchase 85
Selling the sheep 83-86
Life after selling the sheep 86-90
Honoring debts 97
Managing potato-sorting crews, and building roads 97-98
Investments and loans 98-99
Social Security 99
C.W.'s love of animals 99-100
C.W.'s love of baseball 100-101
C.W., Tish, and family life 101-104
C.W.'s temperament 103
C.W. and machines 104
Church and civic responsibilities 104-107
C.W.'s charity 107
Tragedy (Joy Bowen) 108-109
Politics and C.W. 109-111
National History from 1900 to World War II 111-117
C.W., Tish, married children and grandchildren 127-128
C.W. and his cows, genealogy 128
Death of Tish and funeral services 128-132
After Tish died 132
Death of C.W. and funeral services 132-137
Settling the estate 137-138
C.W. and Tish remembered 138-167
C.W./Tish (absence of a written history) 540-541
National/world history (World War II to 1960)
Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt 167-168
Harry S. Truman's presidency 169-174
Dwight D. Eisenhower's presidency 175-178
Brown, Ebenezer
Birth 35
Ancestry 35
Education (or lack thereof) 35
Marriage to Ann Weaver 35
Children 35-36
Baptism 35
Life in Missouri and Illinois 36
Ann's death 36

Marriage to Phoebe Draper Palmer 36
Children of combined families 37
Joseph Smith and the Nauvoo Temple 37
Mormon Battalion 37-39
Working the California gold fields 39
Settling Draper, Utah (Willow Creek) 39
Church callings in Utah 39
Loss of son, John Weaver 39-40
Polygamous wives 39-40
Death 40
Brown, George Michael
Utah athlete 100
Pitching to C.W. 100
Brown History (see *The Brown Book*) 538
Brown, Joseph Gurnsey
Going to Parker, settling there, land sale to C.W. 56, 57, 58
Marriage to Mary Ann Gooch, and journey back to Parker 57, 58
Joseph and C.W. 57
Joseph/Mary, parents of Vernal 100
Brown, Martha Letitia (see Martha Letitia Orgill)
Brown, Melba Phyllis 289, 306, 333, 355, 371, 387, 389, 402
Birth and early childhood 72-74
World War I and economic depression 79, 81-82
Selling the sheep 83-86
Shearing at Pine Butte 87-88
Caring for baby Therel 187
Baptism/confirmation 187
Elementary education 187-189
Two years in Parker High School 189-190
Ricks Academy 190-191
Teaching at Egin (Heman) 191-192
Hired to teach at Ucon 192-193
Teaching in Ucon 193-195
Courtship (Reed Andrus) 196-200
Marriage 200-202
Temporary lodging with Robert/Lovenia Andrus 202-203
Death of Rula Andrus 203
Temporary lodging in Grant/May Andrus's house 203
Description of Melba/Reed's house 204
Names and birth dates of Melba/Reed's children 205-206
Blessings by Lovenia Andrus 206-207
Gordon's death 207-209
Church activities 209-210

Teaching in the Little People's Academy 210
Reed's death, and thereafter 210
Melba's death and funeral 210-211
Patriarchal blessings 211-212
Testimony 213
Childrens' tributes 213-216
Brown, Norman
Birth 40
Missouri and Illinois 41
Joseph Smith's address to the Nauvoo Legion 41
Winter Quarters and the Mormon Battalion 42-43
Helping settle Draper, Utah (Willow Creek) 43
Crossing the plains three times and fighting Indians in Utah 43
Mining gold in California 43
Fighting Albert Sydney Johnston's army 43
Accompanying Territorial Governor Alfred Cumming 43
Marriage to Annie Smith 43
Children 43, 45
Physical description and education 44
Death 44
Brown, Therel
Birth and early childhood 77, 217-219
Economic depression 83
Selling the sheep 83, 86
Shearing at Pine Butte 88-90
Baptism/confirmation 219
Elementary education 219-220
Learning to play the piano 220-221
High school years in Parker 221
High school years in St. Anthony 221-222
Jobs (post-high school work) 222
Courtship and marriage 222-223
Where Therel/Babe lived after marriage 223-224
Betty Ann Ricks 224-225
Names and birth dates of Therel/Babe's children 225
Illness following Marilyn's birth 225-226
Kilgore sawmill and hard times 226-227
Therel and children during Babe's absences 227-228
Mental/physical collapse 228-230
Paul's leaving for Vietnam (stress) 230
Lightning and thunder storms (stress) 230
Church activities 230-232
Babe's death and funeral 232-235

Living alone following Babe's death 235
Therel's death and funeral 235-237
Tributes to Therel 238-241
Patriarchal blessing 241-243
Testimony 243-244
Brown, Vernal 100
Brown, Wilma
Birth and early childhood 78, 244-249
Economic depression (post-World War I) and hard times 80-82
Selling the sheep 83-86
Jack, the dog 249
Baptism/confirmation 249
Wilma and her father 249-250
Elementary education 250-251
High school in St. Anthony 251-253
Work after high school 253
Courtship and marriage 253-255
Scarcity of money and work following marriage 256
Buying a house 256-257
Young married friends 257
Names and birth dates of children 258
Working in the beets and potatoes 261
Bill, kerosene, and explosion in the house 261-262
Wilma/Ray's boys and sports 262-263
Wilma/Ray's boys and the military 263
Death of Tish and C.W. 263
Church activities 263
Retirement years 264-265
Ray's death 265-266
Wilma's loneliness 266
Heart attack and broken leg 266-267
Living alone 267
Wilma's tributes to her sons 267-269
Wilma's sons' tributes to her 269-275
Bum lambs 95
Business district (Parker) 21-22
Business and organized labor 111
Byron-Union Oil stock 137-138
BYU Semester at Nauvoo 303

C

Cache Stake 20
Camas, staple food for aborigines 4
Camas (Hamer) 58
Camas Meadows (near Kilgore) 4
Canadian Mission 342
Canals on Egin Bench
    Egin Canal 16-18
    St. Anthony Canal 17-18
    St. Anthony Union Canal 18
    Independence Canal 18
    Last Chance Canal 18
Canary Islands Mission 385
Cancer
    Geniece 324
    Bill 499
Cars (C.W./Tish's) 103-104, 144, 155
Castrating lambs 95
Cats (Alyn's) 299
Changes and creations 5
Church Educational System 385
Church house (Parker) 24
Civic and church activities (C.W./Tish) 104-107
Civil Work Administration (CWA) 98
Clive, C.C. (Therel's piano teacher) 220
Coles, David Wayne 383
Collette, Cindy Lynn 466
Colter, John (fur trapper) 6-7
Coolidge, Calvin 112
County seats 28
Coyotes and sheep 93-94
Croxall, Phoebe (Orgill) 52-53

D

Davis, Darrell Wayne (Parker Machine Shop) 22
Deaths
    Joy Bowen 108-109
    Rula Andrus 203
    "Tish" Orgill Brown 128-132
    C.W. Brown 132-137
    Gordon Reed Andrus 207

Melba Brown Andrus 210
Therel Brown Ricks 235-236
Rulon Thomas Ricks (Tom/Sue's son) 478
Democratic National Committee 110
Democratic Party 341, 345, 392
Dempsey, Jack (boxer) 117
Depression (economic, early 1920s) 80-82
Desegregation of schools 176-177
DeSmet, Pierre J. (Catholic priest) 12
Devil, and Egin Bench 3
Dewey, Thomas E., and Truman 171-172
Discipline (Tish's methods) 102-103
Disenfranchisement of Mormons 26-27
Docking sheep 95
Dogs (sheep dogs) 93-94
Dogs
Wilma's 248
Geniece's 320-321
Draper, Utah (Willow Creek) 39-40, 45
Drought (1919) 85-86
Dubois, Fred T. (Federal Marshal, Mormon hater) 26

E

Earl, Jed (Parker merchant) 22
Earthquakes 2
Ecclesiastical units of jurisdiction (size) 28
Egin Bench
A Garden of Eden 2
Settlers 15-16
Irrigation 16-18
Climate 16-18
Egin Branch 17, 20
Settlement of Parker 18-29
Eisenhower, Dwight D.
Speech on war 175
Politics 175
Extending Social Security benefits 175-176
Interstate Highway System 176
School desegregation 176-177
Nikita Khrushchev, Gary Powers and U-2 177-178
Election Act, 1891 27
Electric power 116

Estate of C.W. and Tish (settled) 137-138

F

Family life (C.W./Tish) 101-104
Farm (C.W./Tish, acquisition, total acres, and loss of) 56, 85
Farms on Egin Bench
    Absence of rocks 4
    Soil fertility 4
Finnish Mission 394
Flu (influenza following World War I) 188
Ford, Henry, and the Model T 114-115
Frei, Therel (see Therel Andrus)
Frugality 102-103
Funeral services
    Tish Orgill Brown 131-132
    C.W. Brown 136
    Gordon Reed Andrus 331-332
    Melba Brown Andrus 210-211
    Therel Brown Ricks 237
Fur trappers
    John Colter 6-7
    Andrew Henry, and Fort Henry 8-11
    John Jacob Aster, and the Pacific Fur Company 11-12
    Fur trapping and trading in Teton Valley 12
    Richard "Beaver Dick" Leigh 12-14

G

Gatherings (family, at Parker) 127-128
Genealogy of C.W.'s cows 128
Geologic processes
    Earthquakes 2
    Volcanic eruptions 2
    Ice melt 2
    Floods and soil deposition 2
God created Heaven and Earth 1-2
Grant, Heber J. 21
Great Depression (1929-1939) 113, 204, 256
Grizzly bears and Andrew Henry 8
Grover, Keith, and C.W. (interview) 86-87

H

Hagerman, Idaho 84
Harding, Warren G. 112
Health problems
  Tish 128
  Therel (after Marilyn's birth) 225-226
  Therel (mental/physical collapse) 228-230
  Wilma 258, 266-267
  Scott 259-260
  Phillip 260-261
Heman School 25
Henry's Fork of the Snake River 8
Henry's Fort 9
Henry's Lake 8
Herders (sheep herders) 93-95
Heritage (family, church, nation) 549-552
History (national, from 1900 to World War II)
  William McKinlay and Theodore Roosevelt 111
  Big business and organized labor 111
  William Howard Taft 112
  Woodrow Wilson 112
  Warren G. Harding, and Teapot Dome Scandal 112
  Calvin Coolidge 112
  Herbert Hoover 113
  Great Depression 113
  Franklin D. Roosevelt 113
  Axis Powers 1113
  Technology
    Henry Ford and the Model T 114-115
    Orville/Wilbur Wright and powered flight 115
    Charles Lindbergh 115
    Jet aircraft 115
    Electric power 116
    Radio 116
    Silent movies 116
  Amendment 18 (prohibition) 116
  Amendment 19 (women's suffrage) 116
  Man O'War 117
  Knute Rockne 117
  Jack Dempsey 117
  Babe Ruth 117
Hoover, Herbert 113

Horse Prairie (Armstead, Montana), shearing 90
House, Parker, (Brown house and lot) 74-75
Hunter, Heman 20

I

Idaho and sheep 90-91
Idaho Centennial Commission 301
Idaho Falls (Eagle Rock, 1863) 59
Idaho Falls Temple
    Geniece/David 326
    Robert 342
    Therel/Merlin 389
Idaho State University
    Alyn 299
    Robert 338
Illnesses (see Health problems)
Indians
    Lifestyle 4-6
    Indians of eastern Idaho 4-6
    To Camas Meadows and back, stopping at
        C.W./Tish's ranch 183
Interstate Highway System 176
Investments involving C.W./Tish 98-99
Iron Curtain 170

J

Jack (Wilma's dog) 248
Jenny (first wife of Richard "Beaver Dick" Leigh) 13-14
Jet aircraft 115
Johnson, Effie, and C.W. (politics) 109
Johnston's Army (Albert Sydney Johnston and the Utah War) 43
Judging past generations by modern standards 545-546
Juniper Hills and sand dunes 3

K

Kaysville, Utah (home of Annie Smith Brown) 45
Kilgore, Idaho 58
Korean War 172-174
    Alyn 174, 292
    Bill 174, 495, 507, 512

Robert (military service, 1955-1961) 174
Khrushchev, Nikita, and Eisenhower 177-178

L

Labor (organized) and business 111
Lambing 95
Land acquisitions by C.W./Tish 56, 74, 85
Lee, Eli (Parker businessman) 23
Leigh, Richard "Beaver Dick" 12-14
Lemhi Indians 5-6
Letter from Melba to Reed (January 1935) 205
Lindbergh, Charles 115, 85
Little Boy Blue 331-332
Lorenzo, Idaho (site of wagon/railroad bridges) 59
Lyman, F.M. (Apostle) 21

M

MacArthur, Douglas (General) and Truman 173-174
Man O'War 117
Market Lake (Roberts), Idaho 59
Marshall Plan, Europe and Truman 169
Math and C.W. 103
McKinley, William (President) 111
McMinn, William, and Fort Henry 10
McMinn, Tom and Bill (first settlers of Egin Bench) 16
Meek, Joe (fur trapper) 12
Meir, Golda, quote 465
Miller, Arnold D. (Parker leader) 24
Miller, A.D. and C.W. (sheep business) 84
Miller, Ivan, and C.W. (interview) 87, 90, 103, 107, 110
Millward, J.G. (Parker businessman) 22
Missouri Fur Company and Andrew Henry 8
Mormon disenfranchisement 26-27
Mormon migration and personal hardships 548-549
Motorcycles 301
Mountain ranges surrounding Parker 2
Movies (silent) 116

N

Nagle, Vernessa (Parker businesswoman) 22

O

Oregon country 15
Orgill, Joseph III 52-55
Orgill, Martha Letitia (Tish) 306, 433
- Ancestry 51-53
- Death on the plains (little Mary) 53
- Birth 54
- Siblings 53
- Baptism/confirmation 54
- Family responsibilities 54
- Education 54
- Love of music 54
- Marriage to C.W. 55-56
- Move to Parker 28, 56
- Living in a sheep camp 71-72
- Birth and early childhood of Melba 72-74
- Village house and lot 74-75
- Birth/death of Charles Milton 75-77
- Birth and babyhood of Therel 77-78
- Birth and early childhood of Wilma 78
- World War I and economic depression 78-82
- Additional land purchase 85
- Selling the sheep 83-86
- Life after selling the sheep 86-90
- Honoring debts 97
- Investments and loans 98-99
- Social Security 99
- C.W., Tish, and family life 101-104
- Tish's temperament 102-103
- Tish and the Church 105-106
- National History from 1900 to World War II 111-117
- C.W., Tish, married children, grandchildren 127-128
- Tish, physical description and health problems 128
- Death and funeral services 128-132
- Settling the estate 137-138
- C.W. and Tish remembered 138-167
- National and world history (World War II to 1960)
  - Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt 167-168
  - Harry S. Truman's presidency 169-174
  - Dwight D. Eisenhower's presidency 175-178

P

Pacific Fur Company 11-12
Palmer, Phoebe Draper (Brown) 36-40
Parker, Wyman M. and Eliza
  Settlers of Egin Bench 16
  Parker's well 17
  From Egin to Parker 18-19, 76
  Bishop 24
Parker Cash Store 22
Parker Elementary School
  Betty 433
  Bill 493
  Marilyn 449
  Paul 466
  Scott 506
  Tom 469
Parker High School 26, 189-190
Parker, Samuel (Presbyterian missionary) 12
Parker (town) 18-29
Parker (what conditions were like when the Browns
  went there to live) 28
Patriarchal blessings
  Melba 211-212
  Therel 241-243
Pearl Harbor 355
Persecution, Mormon while crossing the plains 548-549
Pierre's Hole (Teton Valley) 12
Pine Butte (shearing operations) 87-90
Pioneers in Parker (hardy, practical people) 29
Political administrative units (size) 28
Politics and C.W. 109-110
Portneuf River 58
Potatoes
  C.W. and potato sorting 97
  History on Egin Bench 97
  Yields on Egin Bench 97
Powers, Gary (U-2 fly over) 177-178
Pre-History
  Processes of creation 1-3
  Prehistoric aborigines 4-5
Preston, William B. 17
Prices of goods in early Parker 23

Pulsipher, Elsie Samantha (Brown) 39-40

Q

Qualifications to write this history 537-538
Quayle, Clair Douglas
- Biography 500-504
- Work training 500-504
- Baseball 501-502
- Football helmet 502
- Working in Jackson Hole 502
- Utah Sate University 502
- Vietnam 502-503
- Marriage and children 503-504
- Grandparents 504
- *Pictures* 529-530

Quayle, Marshall Scott
- Biography 504-512
- Grandparents 504-505
- Birth of Phillip 505
- Tribute to Ray 506
- Parker Elementary School 506
- South Fremont High School 506-507
- Western U.S. Forensic Competition 507
- Utah State University 508-509
- Graduation/Graduate Assistant Instructor 509
- Meeting and Marrying Susan Hadley 509
- Births of children 510
- Key Accounts Manager, Curly Dairy 511
- Wood-working 511-512
- *Pictures* 531-532

Quayle, Phillip Lee
- Biography 512-525
- Learning from older brothers 512
- Skin condition 513
- Later's Market 513
- South Fremont High School 514
- Boise State University 514
- Joining the Navy 514
- Basic Electric School 515
- Nuclear Power School 516
- *USS Chicago* 516
- First tour of duty 517

USS Cimarron 518, 522
USS Cowpens 518, 520, 522
USS Decatur 518, 520, 523
Wilma and Ray's 50th wedding anniversary — in Hawaii 520
Gulf War 520
Sergeant Major's Academy 521
Death of Ray 521
Command Master Chief 523
Electronic Attack Squadron 524
Tribute to U.S. Armed Forces 525
Pictures 533-535
Quayle, Stanley Ray 87, 253, 263, 265-266
Quayle, William Ray
Biography 491-500
Early home furnishings 491-492
Childhood — games and work 492-493
Parker Elementary School 493
Music 493-494
South Fremont High School 493-494
Working in Grand Teton National Park 494-495
Ricks College 495
Utah State University 495, 496
Korean War 495-496
Meeting and marrying Julie Somsen 496
Ford Motor Company 496
Vietnam veterans 497
Labor Relations Supervisor 498
Births of sons 498, 499
Industrial Relations Manager 499
Cancer 499
Pictures 526-528
Quayle, Wilma (see Wilma Brown)

R

Race horses
Family lore, C.W. 47
Man O'War 117
Radio 116
Railroad comes to Parker 188
Ranch (C.W./Tish), total acres and loss of 56, 85
Rawson, Francis (Parker leader) 24
Raynolds Pass (Continental Divide) 8

Red Road (Parker to Kilgore) and sand dunes 3
Reminiscences of C.W./Tish
Alyn Andrus 138-140
Geniece Smith 140-144
Robert Andrus 144-145
Kendall Andrus 145-146
Portia Morgan 146-147
Therel Frei 147-149
Rich Andrus 149-150
Jean Brink 150-151
Betty Williams 151-152
Marilyn Harris 152-155
Paul Ricks 155-156
Tom Ricks 156-157
Bill Quayle 157-160
Doug Quayle 161-164
Scott Quayle 164-166
Phillip Quayle 167
Remington, J.J. (Parker businessman) 88, 98
Revolutionary War (Washington and army) 549-552
Richards, Jane 549
Ricks Academy 26, 61
Ricks College
Alyn 296
Bill 495
Jeanie 404
Kendall 347
Portia 364
Rich 392, 393, 396
Robert 338
Therel 384
Tom 471
Ricks, Betty Ann 444, 446, 451, 465
Biography 427-444
Cold bedrooms 428
Three-hole privy 428
New shoes 430
Ruth's history, excerpt 430-431
Baptism 431-432
Death of Pearl 432
Living with Babe/Therel 432
Thanksgiving with the Brown family 433
Birth of Marilyn 434

St. Anthony High School 435
Orthodontia 436
Working at Jenny Lake 437
Elder Ezra Taft Benson 437
St. Alphonsus Hospital Nurses' Training 437
Mission to Samoa 438-440
Meeting Lewis Williams 441
Death of Grandpa Brown 443
Marriage to Lew 443
Children 444
Boise Temple ordinance workers 444
Pictures 482-484
Ricks, George 427
Ricks, Hattie (see Hattie Secrist)
Ricks, Marilyn
Biography 444-465
Betty Ann 444
Births of Paul and Tom 445, 446
Thanksgiving 446
Live in Kilgore 447
Baptism 449
Parker Elementary School 449
St. Anthony High School 449-450
Dating Dick Harris 450
Therel's emotional collapse 450-451
Working at Jenny Lake 451-452
Utah State University 452
Marriage to Dick 452
Children 453-457
Justin, Medical 455-456
Pregnant 72 months 456
Dick, Bishop 460
Church callings 461, 462
2002 Winter Olympic Games 462
Golda Meir quote 465
JRR Tolkein quote 465
Pictures 485-486
Ricks, Paul Rulon
Biography 465-468
Birth of Tom 465
Betty Ann 465
Parker Elementary School 466
St. Anthony High School 466

Working at Jenny Lake 466
Army National Guard 466
Marriage to Cindy Collette 466
Vietnam 466
Children 467
Deaths of Babe and Therel 467
1956 Chevy Nomad 468
Pictures 468
Ricks, Rulon "Babe" Secrist 222-223
Ricks, Ruth 430-431
Ricks, Therel (see Therel Brown)
Ricks, Thomas Charles
Biography 468-471
Parker Elementary School 469
South Fremont High School 469-470
Boy Scout Jamboree 470
Ricks College 471
NASCAR racing 471
Meeting and marriage to Sue 472
Births of children 473, 478
Teton Dam Flood 475
Rexburg Lions Club 476
Trips taken 476-477
Music 477
Deaths of Babe and Therel 477-478, 481
T&S Equipment 480
Pictures 488-489
Ricks, Thomas E. 17, 20
Rockne, Knute (Notre Dame coach) 117
Roosevelt, Franklin D. (President) 113
Roosevelt, Theodore (President) 111
Rustlers in the Upper Snake River valley 61
Ruth, Babe (baseball) 117

S

Salutatorian (Melba) 189
Samoa Mission
Alyn/Gloria 297-298
Betty 438-430
Sand dunes and Juniper Hills 3
Sawmill (Kilgore) 224, 226
School desegregation 176-177

School District #17 (including Egin Bench) 25
School house at Parker (elementary and high school) 26
Secrist, Hattie (Ricks) 427
Settlements in the Upper Snake River Valley 59
Menan (1879)
Lewisville (1879-1880)
Rexburg (1883)
Iona (1884)
Ucon (1885)
St. Anthony (1888)
Rigby (1889)
Ammon (1898)
Ashton (1906)
Ririe (1915)
Settlers of Egin Bench 15-16
Sheep camp, living in 71-72
Sheep, C.W.'s herd 47, 56, 83-87, 184
Sheep in Idaho
Selling and record keeping 90-92
Herders, dogs and horses 93-95
Lambing 95
Shearing 96
Shoshone-Bannock Indians 5
Skyline High School
Robert, teaching 337
Smith, Annie (Brown) 43, 44-45
Smith, Geniece (see Geniece Andrus)
Snake Indians 5
Snake River, leaving beds of sand 3
Snake River, North Fork and South Fork 58-59
Snake River Valley 2
Social Security 99, 175-176
Southwest Indian Mission 293
Sprinkling systems and Egin Bench farming 3
St. Alphonsus Hospital 437
St. Anthony Bank and Trust 84
St. Anthony (including high school) 22, 26
St. Anthony/South Fremont High School
Betty 435
Bill 493-494
Marilyn 449-450
Paul 466
Phillip 514

Scott 506-507
Tom 470-471
Stalin, Joseph, and Truman 469-470
Stocks, investments, and loans (C.W./Tish) 98-99
Sub-irrigation and Egin Bench 3, 17-18
"Summer Complaint" 75-77
Susan Tadpole (second wife of Richard "Beaver Dick" Leigh) 14

T

Taft, William Howard (President) 112
Tax deeds, and C.W. 109
Taylor, John (President) 21
Tea and Tish 128
Teaching school (C.W.)
Crescent, Utah 55
Parker, Idaho 72
Teapot Dome Scandal 112
Test Oath (required of Mormon polygamists) 27
Testimony
Melba 213
Therel 243-244
Teton Dam Flood
Kendall 343
Tom 475
The Brown Book
Why should it be written 538-541
What may be learned in it (conclusion) 541-544
Nineteen testimonies 544
C.W./Tish challenged and tried 544-545
Judging past generations by modern standards 545-546
From horse and buggy to jet planes 546
A great heritage 548-552
Three Forks and Andrew Henry 8
Tithing Office (Parker) 25
Test Oath (required of Mormon polygamists) 27
Tolkein, JRR, quote 465
Tributes
Melba 213
Therel 238-241

Wilma's tributes to her sons 267-269
Wilma's sons' tributes to her 269-275
Trips to Utah (C.W./Tish and girls) 103-104
Truman, Harry S.
Succeeded to the presidency 168
Atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki 169
Marshall Plan 169
Relationship with Joseph Stalin 169-170
The Truman Doctrine 170
Air-lifting food to West Berlin 170
Iron Curtain 170
Election 171-172
Korean War 172-174
General Douglas MacArthur 173-174
Tukarika Indians 5-6

U

U-32 incident 177-178
Ucon Elementary School
Alyn 291
Geniece 309
Portia 360
Rich 393
Robert 338
Therel 373
Ucon High School
Alyn 291
University of Oregon Law School
Rich 396
University of Utah 49-51
Upper Snake River Valley 59-60
Utah and Northern Railroad 58
Utah State University
Bill 495, 496
Marilyn 452
Doug 502
Portia 366-367
Scott 508-509
Therel/Merlin 384
Utah War and Norman Brown 43

V

Valedictorian (Wilma) 252
Vault, Curtis 321-322
Vietnam War
  Brad Strom 404
  Bill 497
  Doug 502-503, 507, 512-513
  Mike Brown 445
  Paul 466
Volcanic eruptions 2
Voting rights, Mormon loss of 26-27

W

Weaver, Ann (Brown)
  Marriage 35
  Children 35, 36
  Early years 35
  Baptism 35
  Life in Missouri and Illinois 36
  Death 36
Williams, Betty Ann (see Betty Ann Ricks)
Willow Creek, Utah (see Draper, Utah) 39-40, 45
Wilson Price Hunt and Fort Henry 9, 11-12
Winegar, Stephen (early Egin Bench settler) 15
Winter (first winter on Egin Bench) 16
Wood, George (Egin Bench school teacher) 25
Woodruff, Wilford (Apostle) 21, 27
World War I 112
World War I and resulting economic depression 78-82
Wright, Mary Elizabeth (Brown) 39-40
Wright, Orville and Wilbur (powered flight) 115
Writer's middle name "Brown" 537
Wyeth, Nathaniel (fur trader) 12

Y

Youth Training Center (St. Anthony) 231-232

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